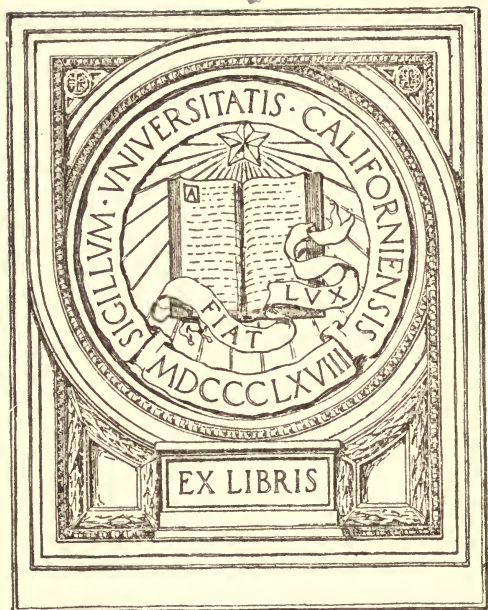


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LOWELL'S
FIRESIDE TRAVELS

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

E. V. LUCAS

AND NOTES BY

F. A. CAVENAGH

OXFORD
AT THE CLARENDON PRESS
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CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	5
CAMBRIDGE THIRTY YEARS AGO	23
A MOOSEHEAD JOURNAL	72
AT SEA	109
IN THE MEDITERRANEAN	121
ITALY	128
A FEW BITS OF ROMAN MOSAIC	181
EDITOR'S NOTES	207

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INTRODUCTION

I

Fireside Travels was first published, in America and England, in 1864, when Lowell was forty-five and was already famous as a poet and a satirist. Most of its contents had been written ten years or so earlier. It has been republished since in America, but this is the first English reprint. I read it first—allured by the title—when I was seventeen. That was in a borrowed copy. On acquiring my ticket, some few years after, I sought it in the British Museum Reading Room as soon almost as any book, and liked it better still; and the other day I found in the Charing Cross Road a copy for sixpence, from which this edition has been made.

I have from time to time asked many readers, including Americans, if they know the book, and they nearly all have said no. That here, in England, we should have missed it, is natural enough, since the original edition of 1864 was probably very small and it was a foreign work at that; but it is odd that Americans have not cherished it more, as they have cherished *Among my Books* and *My Study Windows*, which, although they cover wider ground and have more to them, are not essentially either better literature or more entertaining. Certainly they

are less humorous. What is the reason? Is it that the star-spangled banner does not flap quite so energetically in these pages as it should? One has heard it whispered that his countrymen considered that Lowell's gaze turned eastward rather too naturally. . . .

Whatever the reason, the neglect of *Fireside Travels* on both sides of the Atlantic has been a mistake, for it has meant the loss of much wisdom and wit, fancy and learning, wise humanity and not a little beauty. Lowell, in my opinion, never wrote better than in some of these pages, and one might even go farther and say that some of these pages could not have been improved by any man. There are character sketches in the first essay that can be mingled—and indeed have been mingled by a recent anthologist—with those of Lamb himself without any injury from the juxtaposition. There are wayside impressions that rank with the best *aperçus* of travel that exist. But above all, the book is a book: the projection of a very interesting and understanding personality. That its author should have possessed such a warm and mellow culture, such a comprehensive humour and sweet reasonableness, at the age of only thirty-four, is remarkable. He grew older and he grew sadder, but his wisdom was fixed, and I doubt if he would have made any changes in this work had he revised it thirty years after—except perhaps to correct a few lapses into the ‘and which’ heresy and (I

hope) cut out the dreadful pun about Milton's blindness.

Indeed, that which strikes one peculiarly on every page is the book's modernity. It was written nearly six decades ago and it might be new to-day. Nor have its best things become commonplaces: they do not, as much good writing of this age often does, read like imitations of its own progeny, —wherein lies one advantage of falling almost unnoticed from the press. None the less I should not be surprised to hear a reader remarking upon it that it was very like Stevenson in parts, and no doubt it is like Lamb too, in others. In so far as watchfulness goes, Lowell certainly had affinity with both men. He had not Stevenson's flexibility: there are in this book signs of straining a little; the sentences, although they may not have been less carefully artficed than Stevenson's, do not succeed in disguising the effort so successfully; he is not all of a piece, as Stevenson was. But of course in sheer learning he left him far behind—and the ease with which he introduces his parallels and illustrations fetched from the remotest regions is astonishing. As for Lamb, undoubtedly he was a predecessor of the author of the first essay, but no more. The man who could write as this book is written from so affluent a mind and so understanding a heart was in no need of anything more than a stimulus. Lowell's essay on Cambridge was, in a tender humorist who loved the backward

look, as spontaneous as Lamb's on the South Sea House. Given the desire to recall the past and people it again, there was no other way for such men to do it.

II

This first essay, 'Cambridge Thirty Years Ago,' was begun as a character sketch of Allston, the American painter, and was expanded as an after-thought; but before I come to its consideration I ought perhaps to set the book as a whole in its place in Lowell's life, particularly as it all came after that visit to Europe which is described in the concluding essays. In 1850, when the decision to travel was fixed, Lowell was thirty-two. He had flowered early, and *The Biglow Papers* and *The Vision of Sir Launfal* were already far behind him; he had been married since 1844 and had three children. Independent financially, he had come to a period in his life when he had to think seriously of what he would do. The law, for which he was trained, had given way (as it so often does) to journalism, journalism to satire, satire to poetry, and poetry to criticism; and he was now, still very young, although quite mature, suspended as it were above the earth, capable of alighting almost anywhere. The death of his third child, Rose, followed so swiftly by the death of his mother, in 1850, added to his unsettlement; but when after the birth

of his son Walter early in 1851 Mrs. Lowell's health began to decline, the contemplated severance from old associations and a long holiday in Europe became immediately essential.

Writing to his friend Gay when the plans were made, Lowell says: 'We are going in a fine ship which will sail from Boston on the 1st of July. She was built for a packet, has fine accommodations, and will land us at Genoa—a very fit spot for us New-Worlders to land at and make our first discovery of the Old.

Á Castilla y á León
(To Yankees also be it known)
Nuevo mundo dió Colón;
And so we Western men owe a
Kind of debt to Genoa.

Also people can live like princes (only more respectably) in Italy on fifteen hundred a year. We are going to travel on our own land. That is, we shall spend at the rate of about ten acres a year, selling our birthrights as we go along for messes of European pottage. Well, Raphael and the rest of them are worth it. My plan is to sit down in Florence (where, at least, the coral and bells and the gutta-percha dogs will be cheaper) till I have cut my eye (talian) teeth. *Tuscany* must be a good place for that. Then I shall be able to travel about without being too monstrously cheated. Another inducement for you—the Brownings are living there, from

whom (you will be pleased to hear) I got a kind message the other day through Charles Norton.'

The party consisted of Lowell, Mrs. Lowell, two children, a nurse and a goat. They sailed in July, 1851, and disembarked at Malta, passing from there to Civita Vecchia and Rome. Here ill fortune still dogged them, for the first news of home they received told of the paralysis of Lowell's father. Lowell wanted to return at once, but reflection showed this would be unwise. No wonder that Mr. Scudder, Lowell's biographer, describes them as not too happy at first in their exile: 'The Lowells had their quarters at Capo le Case, No. 68, on the third *piano*, and were surrounded by a few English and American friends. Mr. and Mrs. Story were not in Rome when they first arrived, but joined them in about a fortnight, when the rains had ceased at last and so permitted walks in the Campagna. The first part of their stay had been dreary enough, and drew from Lowell the whimsical remark: "Sometimes as I look from the Pincian, I think that the best thing about [modern Rome] is that the hills look like Brighton." And Mrs. Lowell draws a humorous picture of her husband, and their half homesick feelings, when she writes: "Through Mr. Black we have the English journals and papers, and it really gives me a little home feeling when I see a bundle of *Examiners* and *Athenæums* brought in just as they used to be from Mr. Wells's, and see James selecting his cigar with particular satisfaction and

giving the fire an express arrangement, and then drawing up his chair to it and putting his feet on the fender, beginning to read.”’

While still at Rome the baby son died, leaving the Lowells with but one child of the four that had been theirs. After Rome they went to Naples. ‘Thence’, says Mr. Scudder, ‘they appear to have made their way to Venice, and to have spent the summer in leisurely travel through the Italian lakes, Switzerland, Germany, Provence, and France, reaching England in the early autumn. Here they saw London, Oxford, and Cambridge. “We have been also”, Lowell wrote to his father, “at Ely, where the cathedral is one of the most interesting I have seen. I know nothing for which I am more thankful than the opportunity I have had of seeing fine buildings. I think they give me a more absolute pleasure than anything except fine natural scenery. Perhaps I should not except even this, for the sense that it is a triumph of the brain and hand of man certainly heightens the delight we feel in them. I think that Ely, more than anything else, turned the scale and induced us to stay a month longer.” From London Lowell made an excursion with Kenyon to Bath to see Landor. . . .

‘A trip followed through England and into Scotland and Wales, which took in Peterborough, Lincoln, York, Ripon, Fountains Abbey, Durham, Edinburgh, and the haunts of Scott, the Scottish and English lakes, and then the Lowells took steamer from

Liverpool, October 30, 1852.' Fellow passengers on the steamer were Thackeray, on his way to lecture on the English Humorists, and Clough. With both, but particularly with Clough, Lowell became friendly.

Exactly a year later, at the end of October, 1853, Mrs. Lowell died, and the poet was left alone with his only surviving child, Mabel, then aged six (now Mrs. Edward Burnett).

It was the founding of *Putnam's Magazine* in 1853, under the control of some of Lowell's friends, C. F. Briggs, G. W. Curtis, and others, that led to the composition and publication of the essays in this volume. Lowell, pressed to contribute, finished the Cambridge impressions, originally begun, as I have said, as a character sketch of Allston the painter, and regaining possession of a number of letters to his late wife, his sister, Charles Eliot Norton, John Holmes, Gay, and others, he constructed from them the rest of the book. It was no doubt a very good thing for him that he had such an interesting task at this period of frustration and grief; but surely no pleasanter fruit ever grew upon sadness. The crown of sorrow must truly have been with him as he worked. The Italian essays, however, he sent not to *Putnam's*, but to *Graham's Magazine*.

Of Lowell's life after the period of *Fireside Travels* little need be said. He succeeded Longfellow to the Smith Professorship at Harvard, and he lectured through America. In 1857 he married again, and

helped to found the *Atlantic Monthly*, of which he was editor until 1859, when he retired to Elmwood and composed the second series of *Biglow Papers*, took seriously to politics, wrote 'Commemoration Ode' on Lincoln, *Under the Willows* and *The Cathedral*, and edited the 'Old Dramatists'. The book by which he is best known in England, *My Study Windows*, appeared in 1870, and the first series of *Among my Books*, his most popular work in America, in 1869; the second in 1876. In 1872 he visited Europe again, and was honoured both at Oxford and Cambridge. In 1877 he was accredited United States Minister to Spain, and in 1880 he became Ambassador to the Court of St. James. This post he held with the utmost distinction until 1885, when he returned to America and private life. He died in 1893.

III

Fireside Travels might be called almost as much the late W. W. Story's book as Lowell's, for it was he that inspired it, Story being the Edelmänn Storg for whom the Cambridge reminiscences were evoked, and for whom the *Moosehead Journal* was remodelled, and who was the fellow-traveller of Lowell in the Campagna. William Wetmore Story was the American sculptor, resident in Rome most of his life, who died in 1905, twelve years after his old friend and schoolfellow. A memoir of him, perfect in form and manner, by Mr. Henry James, was published in

1908. Story also had a charming gift of painting *reisebilder*, as his letters prove, and I quote a passage here and there, to be read in association with the Italian part of this book, to show how the minds of the two companions were attuned each to the other. Story had not Lowell's memory of curious and varied books, or that happy knack of simile which Lowell shared with his friend the Autocrat; but he saw things probably more clearly, with an artist's eye, and transferred a more vivid impression to the reader. The following passage, in a letter from Story in 1848, may have had as much as anything to do with Lowell's decision to visit Rome three years later. Story writes: 'Some things there at Rome at Easter have been beautiful and appealing. To hear Allegri's *Miserere* in the Sistine Chapel with the awful and mighty figures of Michael Angelo looking down on one from the ceiling, to hear Guglielmi's *Miserere* in St. Peter's while the gloom of evening was gathering in the lofty aisles and shrouding the frescoed domes, was no humbug, but a deeply affecting and solemnly beautiful experience. Never can one forget the plaintive wailing of the voices that seemed to float in the air, and to implore pity and pardon. Then, again, in the illumination of St. Peter's the architecture seemed as if traced by a pencil of fire in the blue dark firmament. First it looked like a dream, when it was covered with the lanterns, the whole body of the church being lost and only the lines of light gleaming along the out-

lines and ribs and cornices. Then when the second illumination came it was like a huge jewelled tiara, the gems of which glittered in the air. Bah! how can one give any idea of such a spectacle? Imagine a swarm of enormous *cuculli* gathering round the dome, or the stars falling like a snow of fire and lodging in every nook, or recall every brilliant and magical and fantastic image that your dreams have ever given you, and describe it for yourself. These things were worth seeing, and cannot be forgotten. Browning and his wife are now in Florence; Ida Hahn-Hahn is in Naples, and we shall see her I hope. I am now thinking of going there, but as the time draws near I hate the more to leave Rome, so utterly exhaustless is it, and so strongly have I become attached to it. How shall I ever again endure the restraint and bondage of Boston? Still there are a great many things there which Italy has not, and which are great and good. There is life, and thought, and progress of ideas, and political liberty!—That is the kind of letter to make a New Englander very restive.

And here is a passage written by Story to Lowell when their Italian journey together was only a memory, in the autumn of 1852:—‘Such a summer as we have had I never passed and never believed in before. Sea and mountain breezes all the time, thunder-showers varying with light and shade the Campagna, donkey-rides and rambles numberless—a long, lazy, luxurious *far niente* of a summer, such

as you would have thoroughly enjoyed. And how often have I wished to have you here; what excursions might we not have made together into the Abruzzi, where I long to go; what games of billiards at home! All that I wanted was to have some old friend with me. As for heat, we have not felt it; there has always been a breeze, and in the long, shady galleries roofed over by ilexes one can walk even at noon for miles. Just now the Pope is here, and all is *fiesta*. Every day he makes a new excursion with all his *cortège*, and every town he visits has a rumpus to receive him. You cannot imagine anything more picturesque than all these mingling costumes and bright-coloured crowds and fairs such as we saw at Gennezzano, with sales of squash-seeds and pigs stuffed whole and *ciambelle* and spring-knives and false jewelry and glaring bandana handkerchiefs; with spouting fountains and almond-eyed children and cleanly dressed girls crowned with the white peaked *tovaglia*. Up at the castle *portone* stand the striped Swiss Guards with their long glittering lances, and the square is gay with soldiers and *canonici* and *monsignori*. When the Pope rides, or drives in his great gilt coach with his four black giants of stallions, what kneeling to his benediction as he enters the square, while tapestried hangings wave from the upper windows of the castello and boys cling to the gratings of the lower! And the bands burst into a clash of music, and the organ inside the church, which is strewn with flowers and

box and lighted with pyramids of candles, groans and thunders softly. I never tire of these doings. Then the dancing to thumping *tamborellas* and the laughter and gaiety and screaming are really reviving. But why talk of this to you? You saw enough of it to spur your imagination at Gennezano. . . . You never were *here*, were you? Poor fellow, been to Italy and never saw Castel Gandolfo!’

In February, 1853, Story writes again:—‘I have been so consumed by interest in my statue that I have been nowhere and seen nothing by day. The Barberini faun still spouts his fine column of water into the sunshine, and I stop every day as I walk to my studio to admire it. In about nine weeks I shall be at leisure, and mean to go into the mountains that seem to woo me to them as I see them in the distance whenever I drive out on the Campagna or over the Ponte Molle, as I frequently do after the day’s work is over. The more I live in Rome the more I love it. All that I want is a few choice old friends, and especially do I long for you and Frank H. How you would have enjoyed this divine winter here! Do come back.’

When, in 1864, *Fireside Travels* was published, the Edelman Storg wrote to praise it. Why he should have had to procure for himself the English edition is a mystery into which I am in no position to enter. There are diffidences of authorship. . . . Anyway Story had to buy the book, and this is how he wrote of it on December 10, 1864:—‘My

dear James,—I was taken ill a month ago at Paris, and while I was lying on my bed E. read to me your delightful book of “Fireside Travels”, which I was fortunate enough to procure from London. As she read it all the old days revived, all the old passages of love and hope and joy which we have known together came before me, and my heart yearned toward you as to one of the oldest and best loved of all my old friends. For years our correspondence has ceased—why I do not know; but my affection has never wavered for a moment, and I’ve eagerly sought from all who had seen you news and information about you and yours. But as I read your book—so genial, so rich in humour and fancy—I seemed as it were to be again talking with you, and I determined, as soon as I should be well and have a half hour of unoccupied time, to write and break this long silence, and thank you for the kindly mention of me which is scattered through your book, and for the dedication of it to me. I hear that there is a sonnet or some verses prefixed to the American edition, but this I have not seen, as it is omitted in the English edition.’

These were the lines in the American edition, omitted, for some unknown reason, in the English :—

Who carves his thoughts in marble will not scorn
These pictured bubbles, if so far they fly;
They will recall days ruddy but with morn,
Not red like those late past or drawing nigh!

IV

The annotator minded to run all of Lowell's allusions to earth would have a congenial if laborious task in this volume; and the wiser way is probably to attempt nothing in that direction. But a few points call for notes. A. H. C., on page 31, is Clough, who was staying in Cambridge in 1853.—The nameless author of *Diffugere Nives* was probably Lowell himself.—Allston, at the time Lowell entered Harvard (in 1834), was fifty-five. He had lived in England and on the Continent and had returned to Cambridge Port to end his days.—The lines on page 55 were from an unfinished satire which Lowell projected for *Putnam's* under the title *Our Own*.

The identification of the professors and other oddities of old Cambridge I must leave to the American reader. All that I know for certain is that S. (Lowell's Joseph Paice) on page 69 was Francis Sales. The following character sketch of Quincy, who was President of Harvard in Lowell's time, which was included by Lowell in a review of Edmund Quincy's life of his father, comes in very happily in connexion with the account of K.:—
'Mr. Quincy had many qualities calculated to win him favour with the young—that one above all which is sure to do it, indomitable pluck. With him the dignity was in the man, not in the office. He had some of those little oddities, too, which afford

amusement without contempt, and which rather tend to heighten than diminish personal attachment to superiors in station. His punctuality at prayers, and in dropping asleep there, his forgetfulness of names, his singular inability to make even the shortest off-hand speech to the students—all the more singular in a practised orator—his occasional absorption of mind, leading him to hand you his sand-box instead of the leave of absence he had just dried with it—the old-fashioned courtesy of his, “Sir, your servant,” as he bowed you out of his study—all tended to make him popular. He had also a little of what is somewhat contradictorily called dry humour, not without influence in his relations with the students. In taking leave of the graduating class, he was in the habit of paying whatever honest compliment he could. Who, of a certain year which shall be nameless, will ever forget the gravity with which he assured them that they were “the *best-dressed* class that had passed through college during his administration?” How sincerely kind he was, how considerate of youthful levity, will always be gratefully remembered by whoever had occasion to experience it.’

The Moosehead expedition was undertaken by Lowell and his nephew Charles in 1853, and was first described in a journal to his wife. In prefacing it for *Putnam’s* Lowell made Story again his correspondent. It seems to me a perfect example of a record of such an excursion, seizing all the salient points, conveying an admirable impression of the lake

and its dwellers, and steeping all in personality.—W. M. T. and A. H. C. on page 110 were Thackeray and Clough, who crossed to America with Lowell in 1853.—The knife which so pleased the mate, on page 122, had a spoon in it, and was given to Lowell by John Holmes, the Autocrat's brother.—The dear friend who asked that an old letter might be quoted, on page 176, was Charles Eliot Norton. The letter in its original form will be found in the two volumes of Lowell's correspondence.

E. V. L.

CAMBRIDGE THIRTY YEARS AGO

A MEMOIR

ADDRESSED TO THE EDELMANN STORG

IN ROME

IN those quiet old winter evenings, around our Roman fireside, it was not seldom, my dear Storg, that we talked of the advantages of travel, and in speeches not so long that our cigars would forget their fire (the measure of just conversation) debated the comparative advantages of the Old and New Worlds. You will remember how serenely I bore the imputation of provincialism, while I asserted that those advantages were reciprocal; that an orb'd and balanced life would revolve between the Old and the New as opposite, but not antagonistic poles, the true equator lying somewhere midway between them. I asserted also, that there were two epochs at which a man might travel,—before twenty, for pure enjoyment, and after thirty, for instruction. At twenty, the eye is sufficiently delighted with merely seeing; new things are pleasant only because they are not old; and we take everything heartily and naturally in the right way,—for even mishaps are like knives, that either serve us or cut us, as we grasp them by the blade or the handle. After thirty, we carry along our scales, with lawful weights stamped by experience, and our chemical tests acquired by study, with which to ponder and assay all arts, institutions, and manners, and to ascertain

either their absolute worth or their merely relative value to ourselves. On the whole, I declared myself in favour of the after thirty method,—was it partly (so difficult is it to distinguish between opinions and personalities) because I had tried it myself, though with scales so imperfect and tests so inadequate? Perhaps so, but more because I held that a man should have travelled thoroughly round himself and the great *terra incognita* just outside and inside his own threshold, before he undertook voyages of discovery to other worlds. ‘Far countries he can safest visit who himself is doughty,’ says Beowulf. Let him first thoroughly explore that strange country laid down on the maps of SEAUTON; let him look down into its craters, and find whether they be burnt-out or only smouldering; let him know between the good and evil fruits of its passionate tropics; let him experience how healthful are its serene and high-lying table-lands; let him be many times driven back (till he wisely consent to be baffled) from its speculative north-west passages that lead mostly to the dreary solitudes of a sunless world, before he think himself morally equipped for travels to more distant regions. But does he commonly even so much as think of this, or, while buying amplest trunks for his corporeal apparel, does it once occur to him how very small a portmanteau will contain all his mental and spiritual outfit? It is more often true that a man who could scarce be induced to expose his unclothed body even to a village of prairie-dogs, will complacently display a mind as naked as the day it was born, without so much as a fig-leaf of acquirement on it, in every gallery of Europe,—

Not caring, so that sumpter-horse, the back,
 Be hung with gaudy trappings, in what coarse,
 Yea, rags most beggarly, they clothe the soul.

If not with a robe dyed in the Tyrian purple of imaginative culture, if not with the close-fitting, work-day dress of social or business training,—at least, my dear Storg, one might provide himself with the merest waist-clout of modesty!

But if it be too much to expect men to traverse and survey themselves before they go abroad, we might certainly ask that they should be familiar with their own villages. If not even that, then it is of little import whither they go; and let us hope that, by seeing how calmly their own narrow neighbourhood bears their departure, they may be led to think that the circles of disturbance set in motion by the fall of their tiny drop into the ocean of eternity will not have a radius of more than a week in any direction; and that the world can endure the subtraction of even a justice of the peace with provoking equanimity. In this way, at least, foreign travel may do them good,—may make them, if not wiser, at any rate less fussy. Is it a great way to go to school, and a great fee to pay for the lesson? We cannot give too much for the genial stoicism which, when life flouts us, and says, *Put that in your pipe and smoke it!* can puff away with as sincere a relish as if it were tobacco of Mount Lebanon in a *narghileh* of Damascus.

After all, my dear Storg, it is to know *things* that one has need to travel, and not *men*. Those force us to come to them, but these come to us,—sometimes whether we will or no. These exist for us in every variety in our own town. You may find your antipodes without a voyage to China; he lives there, just round the next corner, precise, formal, the slave of precedent, making all his teacups with a break in the edge, because his model had one, and your fancy decorates him with an endlessness of airy pigtail.

There, too, are John Bull, Jean Crapaud, Hans Sauerkraut, Pat Murphy, and the rest.

It has been well said :

He needs no ship to cross the tide,
Who, in the lives around him, sees
Fair window-prospects opening wide
O'er history's fields on every side,
Rome, Egypt, England, Ind, and Greece.

Whatever moulds of various brain
E'er shaped the world to weal or woe,
Whatever empires wax and wane,
To him who hath not eyes in vain,
His village-microcosm can show.

But *things* are good for nothing out of their natural *habitat*. If the heroic Barnum had succeeded in transplanting Shakespeare's house to America, what interest would it have had for us, torn out of its appropriate setting in softly-hilled Warwickshire, which showed us that the most English of poets must be born in the most English of counties? I mean by a *Thing* that which is not a mere spectacle, that which some virtue of the mind leaps forth to, as it also sends forth its sympathetic flash to the mind, as soon as they come within each other's sphere of attraction, and, with instantaneous coalition, form a new product,—knowledge.

Such, in the understanding it gives us of early Roman history, is the little territory around Rome, the *gentis cunabula*, without a sight of which Livy and Niebuhr and the maps are vain. So, too, one must go to Pompeii and the *Museo Borbonico*, to get a true conception of that wondrous artistic nature of the Greeks, strong enough, even in that petty colony, to survive foreign conquest and to assimilate barbarian blood, showing a grace and fertility of inven-

tion whose Roman copies Rafaello himself could only copy, and enchanting even the base utensils of the kitchen with an inevitable sense of beauty to which we subterranean Northmen have not yet so much as dreamed of climbing. Mere sight one can see quite as well at home. Mont Blanc does not tower more grandly in the memory than did the dream-peak which loomed afar on the morning horizon of hope, nor did the smoke-palm of Vesuvius stand more erect and fair, with tapering stem and spreading top, in that Parthenopean air, than under the diviner sky of imagination. I know what Shakespeare says about homekeeping youths, and I can fancy what you will add about America being interesting only as a phenomenon, and uncomfortable to live in, because we have not yet done with getting ready to live. But is not your Europe, on the other hand, a place where men have done living for the present, and of value chiefly because of the men who had done living in it long ago? And if, in our rapidly-moving country, one feel sometimes as if he had his home on a railroad train, is there not also a satisfaction in knowing that one *is* going *somewhere*? To what end visit Europe, if people carry with them, as most do, their old parochial horizon, going hardly as Americans even, much less as men? Have we not both seen persons abroad who put us in mind of parlour gold-fish in their vase, isolated in that little globe of their own element, incapable of communication with the strange world around them, a show themselves, while it was always doubtful if they could see at all beyond the limits of their portable prison? The wise man travels to discover himself; it is to find himself out that he goes out of himself and his habitual associations, trying everything in turn till he finds that one activity,

that royal standard, sovran over him by divine right, toward which all the disbanded powers of his nature and the irregular tendencies of his life gather joyfully, as to the common rallying-point of their loyalty.

All these things we debated while the ilex logs upon the hearth burned down to tinkling coals, over which a gray, soft moss of ashes grew betimes, mocking the poor wood with a pale travesty of that green and gradual decay on forest-floors, its natural end. Already the clock at the *Cappuccini* told the morning quarters, and on the pauses of our talk no sound intervened but the muffled hoot of an owl in the near convent-garden, or the rattling tramp of a patrol of that French army which keeps him a prisoner in his own city who claims to lock and unlock the doors of heaven. But still the discourse would eddy round one obstinate rocky tenet of mine, for I maintained, you remember, that the wisest man was he who stayed at home; that to see the antiquities of the Old World was nothing, since the youth of the world was really no farther away from us than our own youth; and that, moreover, we had also in America things amazingly old, as our boys, for example. Add, that in the end this antiquity is a matter of comparison, which skips from place to place as nimbly as Emerson's Sphinx, and that one old thing is good only till we have seen an older. England is ancient till we go to Rome; Etruria dethrones Rome, but only to pass this sceptre of antiquity which so lords it over our fancies to the Pelasgi, from whom Egypt straightway wrenches it, to give it up in turn to older India. And whither then? As well rest upon the first step, since the effect of what is old upon the mind is single and positive, not cumulative. As soon as a thing is past, it is as infinitely far away

from us as if it had happened millions of years ago. And if the learned Huet be correct, who reckoned that all human thoughts and records could be included in ten follies, what so frightfully old as we ourselves, who can, if we choose, hold in our memories every syllable of recorded time, from the first crunch of Eve's teeth in the apple downward, being thus ideally contemporary with hoariest Eld?

The pyramids built up with newer might
To us are nothing novel, nothing strange.

Now, my dear Storg, you know my (what the phrenologists call) inhabitiveness and adhesiveness,—how I stand by the old thought, the old thing, and the old place, and the old friend, till I am very sure I have got a better, and even then migrate painfully. Remember the old Arabian story, and think how hard it is to pick up all the pomegranate-seeds of an opponent's argument, and how, as long as one remains, you are as far from the end as ever. Since I have you entirely at my mercy (for you cannot answer me under five weeks), you will not be surprised at the advent of this letter. I had always one impregnable position, which was, that, however good other places might be, there was only one in which we could be born, and which therefore possessed a quite peculiar and inalienable virtue. We had the fortune, which neither of us have had reason to call other than good, to journey together through the green, secluded valley of boyhood; together we climbed the mountain wall which shut in, and looked down upon, those Italian plains of early manhood; and, since then, we have met sometimes by a well, or broken bread together at an oasis in the arid desert of life, as it truly is. With this letter I propose to make you my fellow-traveller in

one of those fireside voyages which, as we grow older, we make oftener and oftener through our own past. Without leaving your elbow chair, you shall go back with me thirty years, which will bring you among things and persons as thoroughly preterite as Romulus or Numa. For so rapid are our changes in America, that the transition from old to new, the shifting from habits and associations to others entirely different, is as rapid almost as the passing in of one scene and the drawing out of another on the stage. And it is this that makes America so interesting to the philosophic student of history and man. Here, as in a theatre, the great problems of anthropology—which in the Old World were ages in solving, but which are solved, leaving only a dry net result—are compressed, as it were, into the entertainment of a few hours. Here we have I know not how many epochs of history and phases of civilization contemporary with each other, nay, within five minutes of each other, by the electric telegraph. In two centuries we have seen rehearsed the dispersion of man from a small point over a whole continent; we witness with our own eyes the action of those forces which govern the great migration of the peoples now historical in Europe; we can watch the action and reaction of different races, forms of government, and higher or lower civilizations. Over there, you have only the dead precipitate, demanding tedious analysis; but here the elements are all in solution, and we have only to look to know them all. History, which every day makes less account of governors and more of man, must find here the compendious key to all that picture-writing of the Past. Therefore it is, my dear Storg, that we Yankees may still esteem our America a place

worth living in. But calm your apprehensions; I do not propose to drag you with me on such an historical circumnavigation of the globe, but only to show you that (however needful it may be to go abroad for the study of aesthetics) a man who uses the eyes of his heart may find here also pretty bits of what may be called the social picturesque, and little landscapes, over which that Indian-summer atmosphere of the Past broods as sweetly and tenderly as over a Roman ruin. Let us look at the Cambridge of thirty years since.

The seat of the oldest college in America, it had, of course, some of that cloistered quiet which characterizes all university towns. Even now, delicately-thoughtful A. H. C. tells me that he finds in its intellectual atmosphere a repose which recalls that of grand old Oxford. But, underlying this, it had an idiosyncrasy of its own. Boston was not yet a city, and Cambridge was still a country village, with its own habits and traditions, not yet feeling too strongly the force of suburban gravitation. Approaching it from the west by what was then called the New Road (it is called so no longer, for we change our names whenever we can, to the great detriment of all historical association), you would pause on the brow of Symonds' Hill to enjoy a view singularly soothing and placid. In front of you lay the town, tufted with elms, lindens, and horse-chestnuts, which had seen Massachusetts a colony, and were fortunately unable to emigrate with the Tories by whom, or by whose fathers, they were planted. Over it rose the noisy belfry of the College, the square brown tower of the church, and the slim, yellow spire of the parish meeting-house, by no means ungraceful, and then an invariable characteristic of New England religious architec-

ture. On your right, the Charles slipped smoothly through green and purple salt-meadows, darkened, here and there, with the blossoming black-grass as with a stranded cloud-shadow. Over these marshes, level as water, but without its glare, and with softer and more soothing gradations of perspective, the eye was carried to a horizon of softly-rounded hills. To your left hand, upon the Old Road, you saw some half-dozen dignified old houses of the colonial time, all comfortably fronting southward. If it were early June, the rows of horse-chestnuts along the fronts of these houses showed, through every crevice of their dark heap of foliage, and on the end of every drooping limb, a cone of pearly flowers, while the hill behind was white or rosy with the crowding blooms of various fruit-trees. There is no sound, unless a horseman clatters over the loose planks of the bridge, while his antipodal shadow glides silently over the mirrored bridge below, or unless,

O wingèd rapture, feathered soul of spring,
 Blithe voice of woods, fields, waters, all in one,
 Pipe blown through by the warm, mild breath of
 June.

Shepherding her white flocks of woolly clouds,
 The bobolink has come, and climbs the wind
 With rippling wings that quiver not for flight,
 But only joy, or, yielding to its will,
 Runs down, a brook of laughter, through the air.

Such was the charmingly rural picture which he who, thirty years ago, went eastward over Symonds' Hill had given him for nothing, to hang in the Gallery of Memory. But we are a city now, and Common Councils have yet no notion of the truth (learned long ago by many a European hamlet) that picturesqueness adds to the actual money value of

a town. To save a few dollars in gravel, they have cut a kind of dry ditch through the hill, where you suffocate with dust in summer, or flounder through waist-deep snow-drifts in winter, with no prospect but the crumbling earth-walls on either side. The landscape was carried away cart-load by cart-load, and, dumped down on the roads, forms a part of that unfathomable pudding, which has, I fear, driven many a teamster and pedestrian to the use of phrases not commonly found in English dictionaries.

We called it 'the Village' then (I speak of Old Cambridge), and it was essentially an English village, quiet, unspeculative, without enterprise, sufficing to itself, and only showing such differences from the original type as the public school and the system of town government might superinduce. A few houses, chiefly old, stood around the bare Common, with ample elbow-room, and old women, capped and spectacled, still peered through the same windows from which they had watched Lord Percy's artillery rumble by to Lexington, or caught a glimpse of the handsome Virginia General who had come to wield our homespun Saxon chivalry. People were still living who regretted the late unhappy separation from the mother island, who had seen no gentry since the Vassalls went, and who thought that Boston had ill kept the day of her patron saint, Botolph, on the 17th of June, 1775. The hooks were to be seen from which had swung the hammocks of Burgoyne's captive redcoats. If memory does not deceive me, women still washed clothes in the town spring, clear as that of Bandusia. One coach sufficed for all the travel to the metropolis. Commencement had not ceased to be the great holiday of the Puritan Commonwealth, and a fitting one it was—the festival of Santa Scholastica,

whose triumphal path one may conceive strewn with leaves of spelling-book instead of bay. The students (scholars they were called then) wore their sober uniform, not ostentatiously distinctive or capable of rousing democratic envy, and the old lines of caste were blurred rather than rubbed out, as servitor was softened into beneficiary. The Spanish king was sure that the gesticulating student was either mad or reading Don Quixote, and if, in those days, you met a youth swinging his arms and talking to himself, you might conclude that he was either a lunatic or one who was to appear in a 'part' at the next Commencement. A favourite place for the rehearsal of these orations was the retired amphitheatre of the Gravel-pit, perched unregarded on whose dizzy edge I have heard many a burst of *plusquam* Ciceronian eloquence, and (often repeated) the regular *saluto vos, praestantissimae*, &c., which every year (with a glance at the gallery) causes a flutter among the fans innocent of Latin, and delights to applauses of conscious superiority the youth almost as innocent as they. It is curious, by the way, to note how plainly one can feel the pulse of self in the plaudits of an audience. At a political meeting, if the enthusiasm of the lieges hang fire, it may be exploded at once by an allusion to their intelligence or patriotism; and at a literary festival, the first Latin quotation draws the first applause, the clapping of hands being intended as a tribute to our own familiarity with that sonorous tongue, and not at all as an approval of the particular sentiment conveyed in it. For if the orator should say, 'Well has Tacitus remarked, *Americani omnes quadam vi naturae furca dignissimi*,' it would be all the same. But the Gravel-pit was patient, if irresponsible; nor did the declaimer always fail to bring down the

house, bits of loosened earth falling now and then from the precipitous walls, their cohesion perhaps overcome by the vibrations of the voice, and happily satirizing the effect of most popular discourses, which prevail rather with the earthy than the spiritual part of the hearer. Was it possible for us in those days to conceive of a greater potentate than the President of the University, in his square doctor's cap, that still filially recalled Oxford and Cambridge? If there was a doubt, it was suggested only by the Governor, and even by him on artillery-election days alone, superbly martial with epaulets and buckskin breeches, and bestriding the war-horse, promoted to that solemn duty for his tameness and steady habits.

Thirty years ago, the town had indeed a character. Railways and omnibuses had not rolled flat all little social prominences and peculiarities, making every man as much a citizen everywhere as at home. No Charlestown boy could come to our annual festival without fighting to avenge a certain traditional porcine imputation against the inhabitants of that historic locality, and to which our youth gave vent in fanciful imitations of the dialect of the sty, or derisive shouts of 'Charlestown hogs!' The penny newspaper had not yet silenced the tripod of the barber, oracle of news. Everybody knew everybody, and all about everybody, and village wit, whose high 'change was around the little market-house in the town square, had labelled every more marked individuality with nicknames that clung like burs. Things were established then, and men did not run through all the figures on the dial of society so swiftly as now, when hurry and competition seem to have quite unhung the modulating pendulum of steady thrift and competent training. Some slow-minded persons even

followed their fathers' trade,—a humiliating spectacle, rarer every day. We had our established loafers, toppers, proverb-mongers, barber, parson, nay, post-master, whose tenure was for life. The great political engine did not then come down at regular quadrennial intervals, like a nail-cutting machine, to make all official lives of a standard length, and to generate lazy and intriguing expectancy. Life flowed in recognized channels, narrower perhaps, but with all the more individuality and force.

There was but one white-and-yellow-washer, whose own cottage, fresh-gleaming every June through grape-vine and creeper, was his only sign and advertisement. He was said to possess a secret, which died with him like that of Luca della Robbia, and certainly conceived all colours but white and yellow to savour of savagery, civilizing the stems of his trees annually with liquid lime, and meditating how to extend that candent baptism even to the leaves. His *pie-plants* (the best in town), compulsory monastics, blanched under barrels, each in his little hermitage, a vegetable Certosa. His fowls, his ducks, his geese, could not show so much as a gray feather among them, and he would have given a year's earnings for a white peacock. The flowers which decked his little *door-yard* were whitest China-asters and goldenest sunflowers, which last, backsliding from their traditional Parsee faith, used to puzzle us urchins not a little by staring brazenly every way except towards the sun. Celery, too, he raised, whose virtue is its paleness, and the silvery onion, and turnip, which, though outwardly conforming to the green heresies of summer, nourish a purer faith subterraneously, like early Christians in the catacombs. In an obscure corner grew the sanguine beet, tolerated only for its usefulness in allaying the asperities of Satur-

day's salt-fish. He loved winter better than summer, because Nature then played the whitewasher, and challenged with her snows the scarce inferior purity of his overalls and neck-cloth. I fancy that he never rightly liked Commencement, for bringing so many black coats together. He founded no school. Others might essay his art, and were allowed to try their 'prentice hands on fences and the like coarse subjects, but the ceiling of every housewife waited on the leisure of Newman (*ichneumon* the students called him for his diminutiveness), nor would consent to other brush than his. There was also but one brewer,—Lewis, who made the village beer, both spruce and ginger, a grave and amiable Ethiopian, making a discount always to the boys, and wisely, for they were his chiefest patrons. He wheeled his whole stock in a white-roofed hand-cart, on whose front a signboard presented at either end an insurrectionary bottle; yet insurgent after no mad Gallic fashion, but soberly and Saxonly discharging itself into the restraining formulary of a tumbler, symbolic of orderly prescription. The artist had struggled manfully with the difficulties of his subject, but had not succeeded so well that we did not often debate in which of the twin bottles Spruce was typified, and in which Ginger. We always believed that Lewis mentally distinguished between them, but by some peculiarity occult to exoteric eyes. This ambulatory chapel of the Bacchus that gives the colic, but not inebriates, only appeared at the Commencement holidays, and the lad who bought of Lewis laid out his money well, getting respect as well as beer, three *sirs* to every glass,—‘Beer, sir? yes, sir: spruce or ginger, sir?’ I can yet recall the innocent pride with which I walked away after that somewhat risky ceremony (for a bottle sometimes

blew up), dilated not alone with carbonic-acid gas, but with the more ethereal fixed air of that titular flattery. Nor was Lewis proud. When he tried his fortunes in the capital on Election-days, and stood amid a row of rival vendors in the very flood of custom, he never forgot his small fellow-citizens, but welcomed them with an assuring smile, and served them with the first.

The barber's shop was a museum, scarce second to the larger one of Greenwood in the metropolis. The boy who was to be clipped there was always accompanied to the sacrifice by troops of friends, who thus inspected the curiosities *gratis*. While the watchful eye of R. wandered to keep in check these rather unscrupulous explorers the unpausing shears would sometimes overstep the boundaries of strict tonsorial prescription and make a notch through which the phrenological developments could be distinctly seen. As Michael Angelo's design was modified by the shape of his block, so R., rigid in artistic proprieties, would contrive to give an appearance of design to this aberration by making it the key-note to his work, and reducing the whole head to an appearance of premature baldness. What a charming place it was,—how full of wonder and delight! The sunny little room, fronting south-west upon the Common, rang with canaries and Java sparrows, nor were the familiar notes of robin, thrush, and bobolink wanting. A large white cockatoo harangued vaguely, at intervals, in what we believed (on R.'s authority) to be the Hottentot language. He had an unveracious air, but what inventions of former grandeur he was indulging in, what sweet South African Argos he was remembering, what tropical heats and giant trees by un conjectured rivers, known only to the wallowing hippopotamus, we could only

guess at. The walls were covered with curious old Dutch prints, beaks of albatross and penguin, and whales' teeth fantastically engraved. There was Frederick the Great, with head drooped plottingly, and keen side-long glance from under the three-cornered hat. There hung Bonaparte, too, the long-haired, haggard general of Italy, his eyes sombre with prefigured destiny; and there was his island grave;—the dream and the fulfilment. Good store of sea-fights there was also; above all, Paul Jones in the *Bonhomme Richard*: the smoke rolling courteously to leeward, that we might see him dealing thunderous wreck to the two hostile vessels, each twice as large as his own, and the reality of the scene corroborated by streaks of red paint leaping from the mouth of every gun. Suspended over the fireplace, with the curling-tongs, were an Indian bow and arrows, and in the corners of the room stood New Zealand paddles and war-clubs, quaintly carved. The model of a ship in glass we variously estimated to be worth from a hundred to a thousand dollars, R. rather favouring the higher valuation, though never distinctly committing himself. Among these wonders, the only suspicious one was an Indian tomahawk, which had too much the peaceful look of a shingling-hatchet. Did any rarity enter the town, it gravitated naturally to these walls, to the very nail that waited to receive it, and where, the day after its accession, it seemed to have hung a lifetime. We always had a theory that R. was immensely rich (how could he possess so much and be otherwise?), and that he pursued his calling from an amiable eccentricity. He was a conscientious artist, and never submitted it to the choice of his victim whether he would be perfumed or not. Faithfully was the bottle shaken and the odoriferous mixture rubbed in, a fact redolent to the whole school-

room in the afternoon. Sometimes the persuasive tonsor would impress one of the attendant volunteers, and reduce his poll to shoe-brush crispness, at cost of the reluctant ninepence hoarded for Fresh Pond and the next half-holiday. So purely indigenous was our population then, that R. had a certain exotic charm, a kind of game flavour, by being a Dutchman.

Shall the two groceries want their *vates sacer*, where E. & W. I. goods and country prodooce were sold with an energy mitigated by the quiet genius of the place, and where strings of urchins waited, each with cent in hand, for the unweighed dates (thus giving an ordinary business transaction all the excitement of a lottery), and buying, not only that cloying sweetness, but a dream also of Egypt, and palm-trees, and Arabs, in which vision a print of the Pyramids in our geography tyrannized like that taller thought of Cowper's?

At one of these the unwearied students used to ply a joke handed down from class to class. *Enter A.*, and asks gravely, 'Have you any sour apples, Deacon?'

'Well, no, I haven't any just now that are exactly sour; but there's the bell-flower apple, and folks that like a sour apple generally like that.' (*Exit A.*)

Enter B. 'Have you any sweet apples, Deacon?'

'Well, no, I haven't any just now that are exactly sweet; but there's the bell-flower apple, and folks that like a sweet apple generally like that.' (*Exit B.*)

There is not even a tradition of any one's ever having turned the wary Deacon's flank, and his Laodicean apples persisted to the end, neither one thing nor another.

Or shall the two town-constables be forgotten, in whom the law stood worthily and amply embodied, fit either of them to fill the uniform of an English

beadle? Grim and silent as Ninevite statues, they stood on each side of the meeting-house door at Commencement, propped by long staves of blue and red, on which the Indian with bow and arrow, and the mailed arm with the sword, hinted at the invisible sovereignty of the state ready to reinforce them, as

For Achilles' portrait stood a spear
Grasped in an armèd hand.

Stalwart and rubicund men they were, second only, if second, to S., champion of the county, and not incapable of genial unbendings when the fasces were laid aside. One of them still survives in octogenarian vigour, the Herodotus of village and college legend, and may it be long ere he depart, to carry with him the pattern of a courtesy, now, alas! old-fashioned, but which might profitably make part of the instruction of our youth among the other humanities! Long may R. M. be spared to us, so genial, so courtly, the last man among us who will ever know how to lift a hat with the nice graduation of social distinction! Something of a Jeremiah now, he bewails the decline of our manners. 'My children,' he says, 'say, "Yes, sir" and "No, sir"; my grand-children, "Yes" and "No"; and I am every day expecting to hear "D—n your eyes!" for an answer when I ask a service of my great-grand-children. Why, sir, I can remember when more respect was paid to Governor Hancock's lackey, at Commencement, than the Governor and all his suite get now.' M. is one of those invaluable men who remember your grandfather, and value you accordingly.

In those days the population was almost wholly without foreign admixture. Two Scotch gardeners there were,—Rule, whose daughter (glimpsed perhaps at church, or possibly the mere Miss Harris of

fancy) the students nicknamed Anarchy or Miss Rule,—and later Fraser, whom whisky sublimed into a poet, full of bloody histories of the Forty-twa, and showing an imaginary French bullet, sometimes in one leg, sometimes in the other, and sometimes, towards nightfall, in both. With this claim to military distinction he adroitly contrived to mingle another to a natural one, asserting double teeth all round his jaws, and, having thus created two sets of doubts, silenced both at once by a single demonstration, displaying the grinders to the confusion of the infidel.

The old court-house stood then upon the square. It has shrunk back out of sight now, and students box and fence where Parsons once laid down the law, and Ames and Dexter showed their skill in the fence of argument. Times have changed, and manners, since Chief Justice Dana (father of Richard the First, and grandfather of Richard the Second) caused to be arrested for contempt of court a butcher who had come in without a coat to witness the administration of his country's laws, and who thus had his curiosity exemplarily gratified. Times have changed also since the cellar beneath it was tenanted by the twin-brothers Snow. Oyster men were they, indeed, silent in their subterranean burrow, and taking the ebbs and flows of custom with bivalvian serenity. Careless of the months with an R in them, the maxim of Snow (for we knew them but as a unit) was, 'When 'ysters are good, they *air* good; and when they ain't, they *isn't*.' Grecian F. (may his shadow never be less!) tells this, his great laugh expected all the while from deep vaults of chest, and then coming in at the close, hearty, contagious, mounting with the measured tread of a jovial but stately butler who brings ancientest good-fellowship from exhaustless bins, and enough, with-

out other sauce, to give a flavour of stalled ox to a dinner of herbs. Let me preserve here an anticipated elegy upon the Snows, written years ago by some nameless college rhymer.

DIFFUGERE NIVES

Here lies, or lie,—decide the question, you,
 If they were two in one or one in two,—
 P. & S. Snow, whose memory shall not fade,
 Castor and Pollux of the oyster-trade :
 Hatched from one egg, at once the shell they burst,
 (The last, perhaps, a P. S. to the first,)
 So homooousian both in look and soul,
 So undiscernibly a single whole,
 That whether P. was S. or S. was P.
 Surpassed all skill in etymology ;
 One kept the shop at once, and all we know
 Is that together they were *the* Great Snow,
 A snow not deep, yet with a crust so thick
 It never melted to the son of Tick ;
 Perpetual ? nay, our region was too low,
 Too warm, too Southern, for perpetual Snow ;
 Still, like fair Leda's sons, to whom 'twas given
 To take their turns in Hades and in Heaven,
 Our new Dioscuri would bravely share
 The cellar's darkness and the upper air ;
 Twice every year would each the shades escape,
 And, like a sea-bird, seek the wave-washed Cape,
 Where (Rumour voiced) one spouse sufficed for both ;
 No bigamist, for she upon her oath,
 Unskilled in letters, could not make a guess
 At any difference 'twixt P. and S.—
 A thing not marvellous, since Fame agrees
 They were as little different as two peas,
 And she, like Paris, when his Helen laid
 Her hand 'mid snows from Ida's top conveyed

To cool their wine of Chios, could not know,
 Between those rival candours, which was Snow.
 Whiche'er behind the counter chanced to be
 Oped oysters oft, his clam-shells seldom he ;
 If e'er he laughed, 'twas with no loud guffaw,
 The fun warmed through him with a gradual thaw ;
 The nicer shades of wit were not his gift,
 Nor was it hard to sound Snow's simple drift ;
 His were plain jokes, that many a time before
 Had set his tarry messmates in a roar,
 When floundering cod beslimed the deck's wet
 planks,—

The humorous specie of Newfoundland banks.
 But Snow is gone, and, let us hope, sleeps well,
 Buried (his last breath asked it) in a shell ;
 Fate with an oyster-knife sawed off his thread,
 And planted him upon his latest bed.

Him on the Stygian shore my fancy sees
 Noting choice shoals for oyster colonies,
 Or, at a board stuck full of ghostly forks,
 Opening for practice visionary Yorks.
 And whither he has gone, may we too go,—
 Since no hot place were fit for keeping Snow !

Jam satis nivis.

Cambridge has long had its port, but the greater part of its maritime trade was, thirty years ago, entrusted to a single Argo, the sloop *Harvard*, which belonged to the College, and made annual voyages to that vague Orient known as Down East, bringing back the wood that, in those days, gave to winter life at Harvard a crackle and a cheerfulness, for the loss of which the greater warmth of anthracite hardly compensates. New England life, to be genuine, must have in it some sentiment of the

sea,—it was this instinct that printed the device of the pine-tree on the old money and the old flag,—and these periodic ventures of the sloop *Harvard* made the old Viking fibre vibrate in the hearts of all the village boys. What a vista of mystery and adventure did her sailing open to us! With what pride did we hail her return! She was our scholiast upon Robinson Crusoe and the Mutiny of the *Bounty*. Her captain still lords it over our memories, the greatest sailor that ever sailed the seas, and we should not look at Sir John Franklin himself with such admiring interest as that with which we enhaloed some larger boy who had made a voyage in her, and had come back without braces (*gallowses* we called them) to his trousers, and squirting ostentatiously the juice of that weed which still gave him little private returns of something very like sea-sickness. All our shingle vessels were shaped and rigged by her, who was our glass of naval fashion and our mould of aquatic form. We had a secret and wild delight in believing that she carried a gun, and imagined her sending grape and canister among the treacherous savages of Oldtown. Inspired by her were those first essays at navigation on the Winthrop duck-pond of the plucky boy who was afterwards to serve two famous years before the mast.

The greater part of what is now Cambridgeport was then (in the native dialect) a *huckleberry pastur*. Woods were not wanting on its outskirts, of pine, and oak, and maple, and the rarer tupelo with downward limbs. Its veins did not draw their blood from the quiet old heart of the village, but it had a distinct being of its own, and was rather a great caravansary than a suburb. The chief feature of the place was its inns, of which there were five, with

vast barns and courtyards, which the railroad was to make as silent and deserted as the palaces of Nimroud. Great white-topped wagons, each drawn by double files of six or eight horses, with its dusty bucket swinging from the hinder axle, and its grim bull-dog trotting silent underneath, or in midsummer panting on the lofty perch beside the driver (how elevated thither baffled conjecture), brought all the wares and products of the country to their mart and seaport in Boston. These filled the inn-yards, or were ranged side by side under broad-roofed sheds, and far into the night the mirth of their lusty drivers clamoured from the red-curtained bar-room, while the single lantern, swaying to and fro in the black cavern of the stables, made a Rembrandt of the group of ostlers and horses below. There were, besides the taverns, some huge square stores where groceries were sold, some houses, by whom or why inhabited was to us boys a problem, and, on the edge of the marsh, a currier's shop, where, at high tide, on a floating platform, men were always beating skins in a way to remind one of Don Quixote's fulling-mills. Nor did these make all the Port. As there is always a Coming Man who never comes, so there is a man who always comes (it may be only a quarter of an hour) too early. This man, as far as the Port is concerned, was Rufus Davenport. Looking at the marshy flats of Cambridge, and considering their nearness to Boston, he resolved that there should grow up a suburban Venice. Accordingly, the marshes were bought, canals were dug, ample for the commerce of both Indies, and four or five rows of brick houses were built to meet the first wants of the wading settlers who were expected to rush in—WHENCE? This singular question had never occurred to the enthusiastic projector. There

are laws which govern human migrations quite beyond the control of the speculator, as many a man with desirable building-lots has discovered to his cost. Why mortal men will pay more for a chess-board square in that swamp, than for an acre on the breezy upland close by, who shall say? And again, why, having shown such a passion for *your* swamp, they are so coy of *mine*, who shall say? Not certainly any one who, like Davenport, had got up too early for his generation. If we could only carry that slow, imperturbable old clock of Opportunity, that never strikes a second too soon or too late, in our fobs, and push the hands forward as we can those of our watches! With a foreseeing economy of space which now seems ludicrous, the roofs of this forlorn hope of houses were made flat, that the swarming population might have where to dry their clothes. But A.U.C. 30 showed the same view as A.U.C. 1,—only that the brick blocks looked as if they had been struck by a *malaria*. The dull weed upholstered the decaying wharves, and the only freight that heaped them was the kelp and eel-grass left by higher floods. Instead of a Venice, behold a Torzelo! The unfortunate projector took to the last refuge of the unhappy—book-making, and bored the reluctant public with what he called a right-aim Testament, prefaced by a recommendation from General Jackson, who perhaps, from its title, took it for some treatise on ball-practice.

But even Cambridgeport, my dear Storg, did not want associations poetic and venerable. The stranger who took the 'Hourly' at Old Cambridge, if he were a physiognomist and student of character, might perhaps have had his curiosity excited by a person who mounted the coach at the Port. So refined was his whole appearance, so fastidiously neat his apparel—

but with a neatness that seemed less the result of care and plan, than a something as proper to the man as whiteness to the lily,—that you would have at once classed him with those individuals, rarer than great captains and almost as rare as great poets, whom Nature sends into the world to fill the arduous office of Gentleman. Were you ever emperor of that Barataria which under your peaceful sceptre would present, of course, a model of government, this remarkable person should be Duke of Bienséance and Master of Ceremonies. There are some men whom destiny has endowed with the faculty of external neatness, whose clothes are repellent of dust and mud, whose unwithering white neck-cloths persevere to the day's end, unappeasably seeing the sun go down upon their starch, and whose linen makes you fancy them heirs in the maternal line to the instincts of all the washerwomen from Eve downward. There are others whose inward natures possess this fatal cleanliness, incapable of moral dirt spot. You are not long in discovering that the stranger combines in himself both these properties. A *nimbus* of hair, fine as an infant's, and early white, showing refinement of organization and the predominance of the spiritual over the physical, undulated and floated around a face that seemed like pale flame, and over which the flitting shades of expression chased each other, fugitive and gleaming as waves upon a field of rye. It was a countenance that, without any beauty of feature, was very beautiful. I have said that it looked like pale flame, and can find no other words for the impression it gave. Here was a man all soul, whose body seemed a lamp of finest clay, whose service was to feed with magic oils, rare and fragrant, that wavering fire which hovered over it. You, who are an adept in such matters, would have

detected in the eyes that artist-look which seems to see pictures ever in the air, and which, if it fall on you, makes you feel as if all the world were a gallery, and yourself the rather indifferent Portrait of a Gentleman hung therein. As the stranger brushes by you in alighting, you detect a single incongruity,—a smell of dead tobacco smoke. You ask his name, and the answer is, ‘Mr. Allston.’

‘Mr. Allston!’ and you resolve to note down at once in your diary every look, every gesture, every word of the great painter? Not in the least. You have the true Anglo-Norman indifference, and most likely never think of him again till you hear that one of his pictures has sold for a great price, and then contrive to let your grandchildren know twice a week that you met him once in a coach, and that he said, ‘Excuse me, sir,’ in a very Titianesque manner, when he stumbled over your toes in getting out. Hitherto Boswell is quite as unique as Shakespeare. The country gentleman, journeying up to London, inquires of Mistress Davenant at the Oxford inn the name of his pleasant companion of the night before. ‘Master Shakespeare, an’t please your worship.’ And the Justice, not without a sense of the unbending, says, ‘Truly, a merry and conceited gentleman!’ It is lucky for the peace of great men that the world seldom finds out contemporaneously who its great men are, or, perhaps, that each man esteems himself the fortunate he who shall draw the lot of memory from the helmet of the future. Had the eyes of some Stratford burgess been achromatic telescopes, capable of a perspective of two hundred years! But, even then, would not his record have been fuller of *says I’s* than *says he’s*? Nevertheless, it is curious to consider from what infinitely varied points of view we might form our estimate of a great man’s char-

acter, when we remember that he had his points of contact with the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, as well as with the ingenious A, the sublime B, and the Right Honourable C. If it be true that no man ever clean forgets everything, and that the act of drowning (as is asserted) forthwith brightens up all those o'er-rusted impressions, would it not be a curious experiment, if, after a remarkable person's death, the public, eager for minutest particulars, should gather together all who had ever been brought into relations with him, and, submerging them to the hair's-breadth hitherward of the drowning-point, subject them to strict cross-examination by the Humane Society, as soon as they become conscious between the resuscitating blankets? All of us probably have brushed against destiny in the street, have shaken hands with it, fallen asleep with it in railway carriages, and knocked heads with it in some one or other of its yet unrecognized incarnations.

Will it seem like presenting a tract to a *colporteur*, my dear Storg, if I say a word or two about an artist to you over there in Italy? Be patient, and leave your button in my grasp yet a little longer. A person whose opinion is worth having once said to me that, however one's notions might be modified by going to Europe, one always came back with a higher esteem for Allston. Certainly he is thus far the greatest English painter of historical subjects. And only consider how strong must have been the artistic bias in him, to have made him a painter at all under the circumstances. There were no traditions of art, so necessary for guidance and inspiration. Blackburn, Smibert, Copley, Trumbull, Stuart—it was, after all, but a Brentford sceptre which their heirs could aspire to, and theirs were

not names to conjure with, like those from which Fame, as through a silver trumpet, had blown for three centuries. Copley and Stuart were both remarkable men; but the one painted like an inspired silk-mercator, and the other seems to have mixed his colours with the claret of which he and his generation were so fond. And what could a successful artist hope for, at that time, beyond the mere wages of his work? His picture would hang in cramped back-parlours, between deadly cross-fires of lights, sure of the garret or the auction-room ere long, in a country where the nomad population carry no household gods with them but their five wits and their ten fingers. As a race, we care nothing about Art; but the Puritan and the Quaker are the only Englishmen who have had pluck enough to confess it. If it were surprising that Allston should have become a painter at all, how almost miraculous that he should have been a great and original one! We call him original deliberately, because, though his school is essentially Italian, it is of less consequence where a man buys his tools than what use he makes of them. Enough English artists went to Italy and came back painting history in a very Anglo-Saxon manner, and creating a school as melodramatic as the French, without its perfection in technicalities. But Allston carried thither a nature open on the southern side, and brought it back so steeped in rich Italian sunshine that the east winds (whether physical or intellectual) of Boston and the dusts of Cambridgeport assailed it in vain. To that bare wooden studio one might go to breathe Venetian air, and, better yet, the very spirit wherein the elder brothers of Art laboured, etherealized by metaphysical speculation, and sublimed by religious fervour. The beautiful old man! Here was genius

with no volcanic explosions (the mechanic result of vulgar gunpowder often), but lovely as a Lapland night; here was fame, not sought after nor worn in any cheap French fashion as a ribbon at the buttonhole, but so gentle, so retiring, that it seemed no more than an assured and emboldened modesty; here was ambition, undebased by rivalry and incapable of the sidelong look; and all these massed and harmonized together into a purity and depth of character, into a *tone*, which made the daily life of the man the greatest masterpiece of the artist.

But let us go back to the Old Town. Thirty years since, the Muster and the Cornwallis allowed some vent to those natural instincts which Puritanism scotched, but not killed. The Cornwallis had entered upon the estates of the old Guy-Fawkes procession, confiscated by the Revolution. It was a masquerade, in which that grave and suppressed humour, of which the Yankees are fuller than other people, burst through all restraints, and disported itself in all the wildest vagaries of fun. Commonly the Yankee in his pleasures suspects the presence of Public Opinion as a detective, and accordingly is apt to pinion himself in his Sunday suit. It is a curious commentary on the artificiality of our lives, that men must be disguised and masked before they will venture into the obscurer corners of their individuality, and display the true features of their nature. One remarked it in the Carnival, and one especially noted it here among a race naturally self-restrained; for Silas and Ezra and Jonas were not only disguised as Redcoats, Continentals, and Indians, but not unfrequently disguised in drink also. It is a question whether the Lyceum, where the public is obliged to comprehend all vagrom men, supplies the place of the old popular amusements. A hundred and fifty years

ago, Cotton Mather bewails the carnal attractions of the tavern and the training-field, and tells of an old Indian who imperfectly understood the English tongue, but desperately mastered enough of it (when under sentence of death) to express a desire for instant hemp rather than listen to any more ghostly consolations. Puritanism—I am perfectly aware how great a debt we owe it—tried over again the old experiment of driving out nature with a pitchfork, and had the usual success. It was like a ship inwardly on fire, whose hatches must be kept hermetically battened down; for the admittance of an ounce of Heaven's own natural air would explode it utterly. Morals can never be safely embodied in the constable. Polished, cultivated, fascinating Mephistopheles! it is for the ungovernable breakings away of the soul from unnatural compressions that thou waitest with a deprecatory smile. Then it is that thou offerest thy gentlemanly arm to unguarded youth for a pleasant stroll through the City of Destruction, and, as a special favour, introducest him to the bewitching Miss Circe, and to that model of the hospitable old English gentleman, Mr. Comus!

But the Muster and the Cornwallis were not peculiar to Cambridge. Commencement-day was. Saint Pedagogus was a worthy whose feast could be celebrated by men who quarrelled with minced-pies, and blasphemed custard through the nose. The holiday preserved all the features of an English fair. Stations were marked out beforehand by the town constables, and distinguished by numbered stakes. These were assigned to the different vendors of small wares and exhibitors of rarities, whose canvas booths, beginning at the market-place, sometimes half encircled the Common with their jovial embrace. Now

all the Jehoiada-boxes in town were forced to give up their rattling deposits of specie, if not through the legitimate orifice, then to the brute force of the hammer. For hither were come all the wonders of the world, making the Arabian Nights seem possible, and which we beheld for half price; not without mingled emotions,—pleasure at the economy, and shame at not paying the more manly fee. Here the mummy unveiled her withered charms, a more marvellous Ninon, still attractive in her three-thousandth year. Here were the Siamese twins; ah! if all such forced and unnatural unions were made a show of! Here were the flying horses (their supernatural effect injured—like that of some poems—by the visibility of the man who turned the crank), on which, as we tilted at the ring, we felt our shoulders tingle with the *accolade*, and heard the clink of golden spurs at our heels. Are the realities of life ever worth half so much as its cheats? And are there any feasts half so filling at the price as those Barmecide ones spread for us by Imagination? Hither came the Canadian giant, surreptitiously seen, without price, as he alighted, in broad day (giants were always foolish) at the tavern. Hither came the great horse Columbus, with shoes two inches thick, and more wisely introduced by night. In the trough of the town-pump might be seen the mermaid, its poor monkey's head carefully sustained above water, to keep it from drowning. There were dwarfs, also, who danced and sang, and many a proprietor regretted the transaudient properties of canvas, which allowed the frugal public to share in the melody without entering the booth. Is it a slander of J. H. who reports that he once saw a deacon, eminent for psalmody, lingering near one of those vocal tents, and, with an assumed air of abstraction, furtively

drinking in, with unhabitual ears, a song, not secular merely, but with a dash of libertinism? The New England proverb says, 'All deacons are good, but—there's odds in deacons.' On these days Snow became superterranean, and had a stand in the square, and Lewis temperately contended with the stronger fascinations of egg-pop. But space would fail me to make a catalogue of everything. No doubt, Wisdom also, as usual, had her quiet booth at the corner of some street, without entrance-fee, and, even at that rate, got never a customer the whole day long. For the bankrupt afternoon there were peep-shows, at a cent each.

But all these shows and their showmen are as clean gone now as those of Caesar and Timour and Napoleon, for which the world paid dearer. They are utterly gone out, not leaving so much as a snuff behind—as little thought of now as that John Robins, who was once so considerable a phenomenon as to be esteemed the last great Antichrist and son of perdition by the entire sect of Mugglestonians. Were Commencement what it used to be, I should be tempted to take a booth myself, and try an experiment recommended by a satirist of some merit, whose works were long ago dead and (I fear) deeded to boot.

Menenius, thou who fain wouldst know how calmly
men can pass

Those biting portraits of themselves, disguised as fox
or ass,—

Go borrow coin enough to buy a full-length psyche-
glass,

Engage a rather darkish room in some well-sought
position,

And let the town break out with bills, so much per
head admission,—

GREAT NATURAL CURIOSITY !! THE BIGGEST LIVING
FOOL !!

Arrange your mirror cleverly, before it set a stool,
Admit the public one by one, place each upon the
seat,

Draw up the curtain, let him look his fill, and then
retreat.

Smith mounts and takes a thorough view, then comes
serenely down,

Goes home and tells his wife the thing is curiously
like Brown ;

Brown goes and stares, and tells his wife the wonder's
core and pith

Is that 'tis just the counterpart of that conceited
Smith.

Life calls us all to such a show : Menenius, trust in
me,

While thou to see thy neighbour smil'st, he does the
same for thee.

My dear Storg, would you come to my show, and,
instead of looking in my glass, insist on taking your
money's worth in staring at the exhibitor ?

Not least among the curiosities which the day
brought together were some of the graduates, post-
humous men, as it were, disentombed from country
parishes and district schools, but perennial also, in
whom freshly survived all the college jokes, and who
had no intelligence later than their Senior year.
These had gathered to eat the College dinner, and to
get the Triennial Catalogue (their *libro d'oro*), re-
ferred to oftener than any volume but the Con-
cordance. Aspiring men they were certainly, but
in a right unworldly way ; this scholastic festival
opening a peaceful path to the ambition which might
else have devastated mankind with Prolusions on the

Pentateuch, or Genealogies of the Dormouse family. For since in the academic processions the classes are ranked in the order of their graduation, and he has the best chance at the dinner who has the fewest teeth to eat it with, so, by degrees, there springs up a competition in longevity,—the prize contended for being the oldest surviving graduateship. This is an office, it is true, without emolument, but having certain advantages, nevertheless. The incumbent, if he come to Commencement, is a prodigious lion, and commonly gets a paragraph in the newspapers once a year with the (fiftieth) last survivor of Washington's Life-Guard. If a clergyman, he is expected to ask a blessing and return thanks at the dinner, a function which he performs with centenarian longanimity, as if he reckoned the ordinary life of man to be fivescore years, and that a grace must be long to reach so far away as heaven. Accordingly this silent race is watched, on the course of the Catalogue, with an interest worthy of Newmarket; and as star after star rises in the galaxy of death, till one name is left alone, an oasis of life in the stellar desert, it grows solemn. The natural feeling is reversed, and it is the solitary life that becomes sad and monitory, the Stylites there on the lonely top of his century-pillar, who has heard the passing-bell of youth, love, friendship, hope,—of everything but immittigable eld.

Dr. K. was President of the university then, a man of genius, but of genius that evaded utilization,—a great water-power, but without rapids, and flowing with too smooth and gentle a current to be set turning wheels and whirling spindles. His was not that restless genius of which the man seems to be merely the representative, and which wrecks itself in literature or politics, but that of milder

sort, quite as genuine, and perhaps of more contemporaneous value, which *is* the man, permeating the whole life with placid force, and giving to word, look, and gesture a meaning only justifiable by our belief in a reserved power of latent reinforcement. The man of talents possesses them like so many tools, does his job with them, and there an end; but the man of genius is possessed by it, and it makes him into a book or a life according to its whim. Talent takes the existing moulds, and makes its castings, better or worse, of richer or baser metal, according to knack and opportunity; but genius is always shaping new ones, and runs the man in them, so that there is always that human feel in its results which gives us a kindred thrill. *What* it will make, we can only conjecture, contented always with knowing the infinite balance of possibility against which it can draw at pleasure. Have you ever seen a man whose cheque would be honoured for a million, pay his toll of one cent? and has not that bit of copper, no bigger than your own, and piled with it by the careless toll-man, given you a tingling vision of what golden bridges *he* could pass,—into what Elysian regions of taste and enjoyment and culture, barred to the rest of us? Something like it is the impression made by such characters as K.'s on those who come in contact with them.

There was that in the soft and rounded (I had almost said melting) outlines of his face which reminded one of Chaucer. The head had a placid yet dignified droop, like his. He was an anachronism, fitter to have been Abbot of Fountains or Bishop Goliass, courtier and priest, humorist and lord spiritual, all in one, than for the mastership of a provincial college, which combined with its

purely scholastic functions those of accountant and chief of police. For keeping books he was incompetent (unless it were those he borrowed), and the only discipline he exercised was by the unobtrusive pressure of a gentlemanliness which rendered insubordination to *him* impossible. But the world always judges a man (and rightly enough, too) by his little faults, which he shows a hundred times a day, rather than by his great virtues, which he discloses perhaps but once in a lifetime, and to a single person—nay, in proportion as they are rarer, and he is nobler, is shyer of letting their existence be known at all. He was one of those misplaced persons whose misfortune it is that their lives overlap two distinct eras, and are already so impregnated with one that they can never be in healthy sympathy with the other. Born when the New England clergy were still an establishment and an aristocracy, and when office was almost always for life, and often hereditary, he lived to be thrown upon a time when avocations of all colours might be shuffled together in the life of one man, like a pack of cards, so that you could not prophesy that he who was ordained to-day might not accept a colonelcy of filibusters to-morrow. Such temperaments as his attach themselves, like barnacles, to what seems permanent; but presently the good ship Progress weighs anchor, and whirls them away from drowsy tropic inlets to arctic waters of unnatural ice. To such crustaceous natures, created to cling upon the immemorial rock amid softest mosses, comes the bustling Nineteenth Century, and says, ‘Come, come, bestir yourself and be practical! get out of that old shell of yours forthwith!’ Alas! to get out of the shell is to die!

One of the old travellers in South America tells

of fishes that built their nests in trees (*piscium et summa genus haesit ulmo*), and gives a print of the mother fish upon her nest, while her mate mounts perpendicularly to her without aid of legs or wings. Life shows plenty of such incongruities between a man's place and his nature (not so easily got over as by the traveller's undoubting engraver), and one cannot help fancying that K. was an instance in point. He never encountered, one would say, the attraction proper to draw out his native force. Certainly, few men who impressed others so strongly, and of whom so many good things are remembered, left less behind them to justify contemporary estimates. He printed nothing, and was, perhaps, one of those the electric sparkles of whose brains, discharged naturally and healthfully in conversation, refuse to pass through the non-conducting medium of the inkstand. His *ana* would make a delightful collection. One or two of his official ones will be in place here. Hearing that Porter's flip (which was exemplary) had too great an attraction for the collegians, he resolved to investigate the matter himself. Accordingly, entering the old inn one day, he called for a mug of it, and, having drunk it, said, 'And so, Mr. Porter, the young gentlemen come to drink your flip, do they?' 'Yes, sir, sometimes.' 'Ah, well, I should think they would. Good-day, Mr. Porter,' and departed, saying nothing more; for he always wisely allowed for the existence of a certain amount of human nature in ingenuous youth. At another time the 'Harvard Washington' asked leave to go into Boston to a collation which had been offered them. 'Certainly, young gentlemen,' said the President, 'but have you engaged any one to bring home your muskets?'—the College being responsible for these weapons, which belong

to the State. Again, when a student came with a physician's certificate, and asked leave of absence, K. granted it at once, and then added, 'By the way, Mr. —, persons interested in the relation which exists between states of the atmosphere and health have noticed a curious fact in regard to the climate of Cambridge, especially within the College limits—the very small number of deaths in proportion to the cases of dangerous illness.' This is told of Judge W., himself a wit, and capable of enjoying the humorous delicacy of the reproof.

Shall I take Brahmin Alcott's favourite word, and call him a demonic man? No, the Latin *genius* is quite old-fashioned enough for me, means the same thing, and its derivative *geniality* expresses, moreover, the base of K.'s being. How he suggested cloistered repose, and quadrangles mossy with centurial associations! How easy he was, and how without creak was every movement of his mind! This life was good enough for him, and the next not too good. The gentleman-like pervaded even his prayers. His were not the manners of a man of the world, nor of a man of the other world either; but both met in him to balance each other in a beautiful equilibrium. Praying, he leaned forward upon the pulpit-cushion as for conversation, and seemed to feel himself (without irreverence) on terms of friendly, but courteous, familiarity with Heaven. The expression of his face was that of tranquil contentment, and he appeared less to be supplicating expected mercies than thankful for those already found,—as if he were saying the *gratias* in the refectory of the Abbey of Theleme. Under him flourished the Harvard Washington Corps, whose gyrating banner, inscribed *Tam Marti quam Mercurio (atqui magis Lyaeo* should have been added), on the evening of

training-days, was an accurate dynamometer of Willard's punch or Porter's flip. It was they who, after being royally entertained by a maiden lady of the town, entered in their orderly book a vote that Miss Blank was a gentleman. I see them now, returning from the imminent deadly breach of the law of Rechab, unable to form other than the serpentine line of beauty, while their officers, brotherly rather than imperious, instead of reprimanding, tearfully embraced the more eccentric wanderers from military precision. Under him the Med. Facs. took their equal place among the learned societies of Europe, numbering among their grateful honorary members Alexander, Emperor of All the Russias, who (if College legends may be trusted) sent them in return for their diploma a gift of medals confiscated by the authorities. Under him the College fire-engine was vigilant and active in suppressing any tendency to spontaneous combustion among the Freshmen, or rushed wildly to imaginary conflagrations, generally in a direction where punch was to be had. All these useful conductors for the natural electricity of youth, dispersing it or turning it harmlessly into the earth, are taken away now—wisely or not, is questionable.

An academic town, in whose atmosphere there is always something antiseptic, seems naturally to draw to itself certain varieties and to preserve certain humours (in the Ben Jonsonian sense) of character—men who come not to study so much as to be studied. At the head quarters of Washington once, and now of the Muses, lived C——, but before the date of these recollections. Here for seven years (as the law was then) he made his house his castle, sunning himself in his elbow-chair at the front-door, on that seventh day, secure from every arrest but Death's. Here long survived him his turbaned widow, studious

only of Spinoza, and refusing to molest the canker-worms that annually disleaved her elms, because we were all vermicula alike. She had been a famous beauty once, but the canker years had left her leafless, too; and I used to wonder, as I saw her sitting always alone at her accustomed window, whether she were ever visited by the reproachful shade of him who (in spite of Rosalind) died broken-hearted for her in her radiant youth.

And this reminds me of J. F., who, also crossed in love, allowed no mortal eye to behold his face for many years. The eremitic instinct is not peculiar to the Thebais, as many a New England village can testify; and it is worthy of consideration that the Romish Church has not forgotten this among her other points of intimate contact with human nature. F. became purely vespertinal, never stirring abroad till after dark. He occupied two rooms, migrating from one to the other, as the necessities of housewifery demanded, thus shunning all sight of woman-kind, and being practically more solitary in his dual apartment than Montaigne's Dean of St. Hilaire in his single one. When it was requisite that he should put his signature to any legal instrument (for he was an anchorite of ample means), he wrapped himself in a blanket, allowing nothing to be seen but the hand which acted as scribe. What impressed us boys more than anything else was the rumour that he had suffered his beard to grow—such an anti-Sheffieldism being almost unheard of in those days, and the peculiar ornament of man being associated in our minds with nothing more recent than the patriarchs and apostles, whose effigies we were obliged to solace ourselves with weekly in the Family Bible. He came out of his oysterhood at last, and I knew him well, a kind-hearted man, who gave annual

sleigh-rides to the town paupers, and supplied the poor children with school-books. His favourite topic of conversation was Eternity, and, like many other worthy persons, he used to fancy that meaning was an affair of aggregation, and that he doubled the intensity of what he said by the sole aid of the multiplication table. 'Eternity!' he used to say, 'it is not a day; it is not a year; it is not a hundred years; it is not a thousand years; it is not a million years; no, sir,' (the *sir* being thrown in to recall wandering attention), 'it is not ten million years!' and so on, his enthusiasm becoming a mere frenzy when he got among his sextillions, till I sometimes wished he had continued in retirement. He used to sit at the open window during thunderstorms, and had a Grecian feeling about death by lightning. In a certain sense he had his desire, for he died suddenly, —not by fire from heaven, but by the red flash of apoplexy, leaving his whole estate to charitable uses.

If K. were out of place as President, that was not P. as Greek Professor. Who that ever saw him can forget him, in his old age, like a lusty winter, frosty but kindly, with great silver spectacles of the heroic period, such as scarce twelve noses of these degenerate days could bear? He was a natural celibate, not dwelling 'like the fly in the heart of the apple', but like a lonely bee rather, absconding himself in Hymettian flowers, incapable of matrimony as a solitary palm-tree. There was, to be sure, a tradition of youthful disappointment, and a touching story which L. told me perhaps confirms it. When Mrs. — died, a carriage with blinds drawn followed the funeral train at some distance, and, when the coffin had been lowered into the grave, drove hastily away to escape that saddest of earthly sounds, the first rattle of earth upon the lid. It was afterwards known

that the carriage held a single mourner,—our grim and undemonstrative Professor. Yet I cannot bring myself to suppose him susceptible to any tender passion after that single lapse in the immaturity of reason. He might have joined the Abderites in singing their mad chorus from the *Andromeda*; but it would have been in deference to the language merely, and with a silent protest against the sentiment. I fancy him arranging his scrupulous toilet, not for Amaryllis or Neaera, but, like Machiavelli, for the society of his beloved classics. His ears had needed no prophylactic wax to pass the Sirens' isle; nay, he would have kept them the wider open, studious of the dialect in which they sang, and perhaps triumphantly detecting the Aeolic digamma in their lay. A thoroughly single man, single-minded, single-hearted, buttoning over his single heart a single-breasted surtout, and wearing always a hat of a single fashion,—did he in secret regard the dual number of his favourite language as a weakness? The son of an officer of distinction in the Revolutionary War, he mounted the pulpit with the erect port of a soldier, and carried his cane more in the fashion of a weapon than a staff, but with the point lowered, in token of surrender to the peaceful proprieties of his calling. Yet sometimes the martial instincts would burst the cerements of black coat and clerical neck-cloth, as once, when the students had got into a fight upon the training-field, and the licentious soldiery, furious with rum, had driven them at point of bayonet to the College gates, and even threatened to lift their arms against the Muses' bower. Then, like Major Goffe at Deerfield, suddenly appeared the grey-haired P., all his father resurgent in him, and shouted: 'Now, my lads, stand your ground, you're in the right now! Don't let one of

them set foot within the College grounds ! ' Thus he allowed arms to get the better of the *toga* ; but raised it, like the Prophet's breeches, into a banner, and carefully ushered resistance with a preamble of infringed right. Fidelity was his strong characteristic, and burned equably in him through a life of eighty-three years. He drilled himself till inflexible habit stood sentinel before all those postern-weaknesses which temperament leaves unbolted to temptation. A lover of the scholar's herb, yet loving freedom more, and knowing that the animal appetites ever hold one hand behind them for Satan to drop a bribe in, he would never have two cigars in his house at once, but walked every day to the shop to fetch his single diurnal solace. Nor would he trust himself with two on Saturdays, preferring (since he could not violate the Sabbath even by that infinitesimal traffic) to depend on Providential ravens, which were seldom wanting in the shape of some black-coated friend who knew his need, and honoured the scruple that occasioned it. He was faithful, also, to his old hats, in which appeared the constant service of the antique world, and which he preserved for ever, piled like a black pagoda under his dressing-table. No scarecrow was ever the residuary legatee of *his* beavers, though one of them in any of the neighbouring peach-orchards would have been sovereign against an attack of Freshmen. He wore them all in turn, getting through all in the course of the year, like the sun through the signs of the zodiac, modulating them according to seasons and celestial phenomena, so that never was spider-web or chick-weed so sensitive a weather-gauge as they. Nor did his political party find him less loyal. Taking all the tickets, he would seat himself apart, and carefully compare them with the list of regular nominations as

printed in his Daily Advertiser, before he dropped his ballot in the box. In less ambitious moments, it almost seems to me that I would rather have had that slow, conscientious vote of P.'s alone, than to have been chosen Alderman of the Ward!

If you had walked to what was then Sweet Auburn by the pleasant Old Road, on some June morning thirty years ago, you would very likely have met two other characteristic persons, both phantasmagoric now, and belonging to the past. Fifty years earlier, the scarlet-coated, rapiered figures of Vassall, Lechmere, Oliver, and Brattle creaked up and down there on red-heeled shoes, lifting the ceremonious three-corned hat, and offering the fugacious hospitalities of the snuff-box. They are all shadowy alike now, not one of your Etruscan Lucumos or Roman Consuls more so, my dear Storg. First is W., his *queue* slender and tapering, like the tail of a violet crab, held out horizontally by the high collar of his shepherd's-grey overcoat, whose style was of the latest when he studied at Leyden in his hot youth. The age of cheap clothes sees no more of those faithful old garments, as proper to their wearers and as distinctive as the barks of trees, and by long use interpenetrated with their very nature. Nor do we see so many Humours (still in the old sense) now that every man's soul belongs to the Public, as when social distinctions were more marked, and men felt that their personalities were their castles, in which they could intrench themselves against the world. Nowadays men are shy of letting their true selves be seen, as if in some former life they had committed a crime, and were all the time afraid of discovery and arrest in this. Formerly they used to insist on your giving the wall to their peculiarities, and you may still find examples of it in the parson or the

doctor of retired villages. One of W.'s oddities was touching. A little brook used to run across the street, and the sidewalk was carried over it by a broad stone. Of course there is no brook now. What use did that little glimpse of a ripple serve, where the children used to launch their chip fleets? W. in going over this stone, which gave a hollow resonance to the tread, had a trick of striking upon it three times with his cane, and muttering, 'Tom, Tom, Tom!' I used to think he was only mimicking with his voice the sound of the blows, and possibly it was that sound which suggested his thought, for he was remembering a favourite nephew, prematurely dead. Perhaps Tom had sailed his boats there; perhaps the reverberation under the old man's foot hinted at the hollowness of life; perhaps the fleeting eddies of the water brought to mind the *fugaces annos*. W. like P. wore amazing spectacles, fit to transmit no smaller image than the page of mightiest folios of Dioscorides or Hercules de Saxonia, and rising full-disked upon the beholder like those prodigies of two moons at once, portending change to monarchs. The great collar disallowing any independent rotation of the head, I remember he used to turn his whole person in order to bring their *foci* to bear upon an object. One can fancy that terrified Nature would have yielded up her secrets at once, without cross-examination, at their first glare. Through them he had gazed fondly into the great mare's-nest of Junius, publishing his observations upon the eggs found therein in a tall octavo. It was he who introduced vaccination to this Western World. Malicious persons disputing his claim to this distinction, he published this advertisement: 'Lost, a gold snuff-box, with the inscription, "The Jenner of the Old World to the Jenner of the New."' Whoever shall

return the same to Dr. — shall be suitably rewarded.' It was never returned. Would the search after it have been as fruitless as that of the alchemist after his equally imaginary gold? Malicious persons persisted in believing the box as visionary as the claim it was meant to buttress with a semblance of reality. He used to stop and say good-morning kindly, and pat the shoulder of the blushing school-boy who now, with the fierce snowstorm wildering without, sits and remembers sadly those old meetings and partings in the June sunshine.

Then there was S., whose resounding, 'Haw, haw, haw! by George!' positively enlarged the income of every dweller in Cambridge. In downright, honest good cheer and good neighbourhood, it was worth five hundred a year to every one of us. Its jovial thunders cleared the mental air of every sulky cloud. Perpetual childhood dwelt in him, the childhood of his native Southern France, and its fixed air was all the time bubbling up and sparkling and winking in his eyes. It seemed as if his placid old face were only a mask behind which a merry Cupid had ambushed himself, peeping out all the while, and ready to drop it when the play grew tiresome. Every word he uttered seemed to be hilarious, no matter what the occasion. If he were sick, and you visited him, if he had met with a misfortune (and there are few men so wise that they can look even at the back of a retiring sorrow with composure), it was all one; his great laugh went off as if it were set like an alarm-clock, to run down, whether he would or no, at a certain tick. Even after an ordinary *Good-morning!* (especially if to an old pupil, and in French), the wonderful *Haw, haw, haw! by George!* would burst upon you unexpectedly, like a salute of artillery on some holiday which you had forgotten.

Everything was a joke to him,—that the oath of allegiance had been administered to him by your grandfather,—that he had taught Prescott his first Spanish (of which he was proud),—no matter what. Everything came to him marked by Nature *Right side up, with care*, and he kept it so. The world to him, as to all of us, was like a medal, on the obverse of which is stamped the image of Joy, and on the reverse that of Care. S. never took the foolish pains to look at that other side, even if he knew its existence; much less would it have occurred to him to turn it into view, and insist that his friends should look at it with him. Nor was this a mere outside good-humour; its source was deeper, in a true Christian kindness and amenity. Once, when he had been knocked down by a tipsily-driven sleigh, and was urged to prosecute the offenders, ‘No, no,’ he said, his wounds still fresh, ‘young blood! young blood! it must have its way; I was young myself.’ *Was!* few men come into life so young as S. went out. He landed in Boston (then the front door of America) in ’93, and, in honour of the ceremony, had his head powdered afresh, and put on a suit of court-mourning before he set foot on the wharf. My fancy always dressed him in that violet silk, and his soul certainly wore a full court-suit. What was there ever like his bow? It was as if you had received a decoration, and could write yourself gentleman from that day forth. His hat rose, regreeting your own, and, having sailed through the stately curve of the old *régime*, sank gently back over that placid brain, which harboured no thought less white than the powder which covered it. I have sometimes imagined that there was a graduated arc over his head, invisible to other eyes than his, by which he meted out to each his rightful share of castorial con-

sideration. I carry in my memory three exemplary bows. The first is that of an old beggar, who, already carrying in his hand a white hat, the gift of benevolence, took off the black one from his head also, and profoundly saluted me with both at once, giving me, in return for my alms, a dual benediction, puzzling as a nod from Janus Bifrons. The second I received from an old Cardinal, who was taking his walk just outside the Porta San Giovanni at Rome. I paid him the courtesy due to his age and rank. Forthwith rose, first, *the Hat* ; second, the hat of his confessor ; third, that of another priest who attended him ; fourth, the fringed cocked-hat of his coachman ; fifth and sixth, the ditto, ditto, of his two footmen. Here was an investment, indeed ; six hundred per cent. interest on a single bow ! The third bow, worthy to be noted in one's almanac among the other *mirabilia*, was that of S. in which courtesy had mounted to the last round of her ladder,—and tried to draw it up after her.

But the genial veteran is gone even while I am writing this, and I will play Old Mortality no longer. Wandering among these recent graves, my dear friend, we may chance upon —— ; but no, I will not end my sentence. I bid you heartily farewell !

A MOOSEHEAD JOURNAL

ADDRESSED TO THE EDELMANN STORG AT
THE BAGNI DI LUCCA

THURSDAY, 11th *August*.—I knew as little yesterday of the interior of Maine as the least penetrating person knows of the inside of that great social millstone which, driven by the river Time, sets imperatively a-going the several wheels of our individual activities. Born while Maine was still a province of native Massachusetts, I was as much a foreigner to it as yourself, my dear Storg. I had seen many lakes, ranging from that of Virgil's Cumæan to that of Scott's Caledonian Lady; but Moosehead, within two days of me, had never enjoyed the profit of being mirrored in my retina. At the sound of the name, no reminiscential atoms (according to Kenelm Digby's Theory of Association,—as good as any) stirred and marshalled themselves in my brain. The truth is, we think lightly of Nature's penny shows, and estimate what we see by the cost of the ticket. Empedocles gave his life for a pit-entrance to Aetna, and no doubt found his account in it. Accordingly, the clean face of Cousin Bull is imaged patronizingly in Lake George, and Loch Lomond glasses the hurried countenance of Jonathan, diving deeper in the streams of European association (and coming up drier) than any other man. Or is the cause of our not caring to see what is equally within the reach of all our neighbours to be sought in that aristocratic principle so deeply

implanted in human nature? I knew a pauper graduate who always borrowed a black coat, and came to eat the Commencement dinner,—not that it was better than the one which daily graced the board of the public institution in which he hibernated (so to speak) during the other three hundred and sixty-four days of the year, save in this one particular, that none of his eleemosynary fellow-commoners could eat it. If there are unhappy men who wish that they were as the Babe Unborn, there are more who would aspire to the lonely distinction of being that other figurative personage, the Oldest Inhabitant. You remember the charming irresolution of our dear Esthwaite (like Macheath between his two doxies), divided between his theory that he is under thirty and his pride at being the only one of us who witnessed the September gale and the rejoicings at the Peace? Nineteen years ago I was walking through the Franconia Notch, and stopped to chat with a hermit, who fed with gradual logs the unwearied teeth of a saw-mill. As the panting steel slit off the *slabs* of the log, so did the less willing machine of talk, acquiring a steadier up-and-down motion, pare away that outward bark of conversation which protects the core, and which, like other bark, has naturally most to do with the weather, the season, and the heat of the day. At length I asked him the best point of view for the Old Man of the Mountain.

‘Dunno—never see it.’

Too young and too happy either to feel or affect the Juvenalian indifference, I was sincerely astonished, and I expressed it.

The log-compelling man attempted no justification, but after a little asked, ‘Come from Bawsn?’

‘Yes’ (with peninsular pride).

‘Goodle to see in the vycinity o’ Bawsn.’

‘O yes!’ I said, and I thought,—See Boston and die! see the State-Houses, old and new, the caterpillar wooden bridges crawling with innumerable legs across the flats of Charles; see the Common,—largest park, doubtless, in the world,—with its files of trees planted as if by a drill-sergeant, and then for your *nunc dimittis*!

‘I should like, ’awl, I *should* like to stan’ on Bunker Hill. You’ve ben there offen, likely?’

‘N—o—o,’ unwillingly, seeing the little end of the horn in clear vision at the terminus of this Socratic perspective.

‘’Awl, my young frien’, you’ve larned neow thet wut a man *kin* see any day for nawthin’, childern half price, he never doos see. Nawthin’ pay, nawthin’ vally.’

With this modern instance of a wise saw, I departed, deeply revolving these things with myself, and convinced that, whatever the ratio of population, the average amount of human nature to the square mile is the same the world over. I thought of it when I saw people upon the Pincian wondering at the Alchemist sun, as if he never burned the leaden clouds to gold in sight of Charles Street. I thought of it when I found eyes first discovering at Mont Blanc how beautiful snow was. As I walked on, I said to myself, There is one exception, wise hermit,—it is just these *gratis* pictures which the poet puts in his show-box, and which we all gladly pay Wordsworth and the rest for a peep at. The divine faculty is to see what everybody can look at.

While every well-informed man in Europe, from the barber down to the diplomatist, has his view of the Eastern Question, why should I not go personally down East and see for myself? Why not,

like Tancred, attempt my own solution of the Mystery of the Orient,—doubly mysterious when you begin the two words with capitals? You know my way of doing things, to let them simmer in my mind gently for months, and at last do them *impromptu* in a kind of desperation, driven by the Eumenides of unfulfilled purpose. So, after talking about Moosehead till nobody believed me capable of going thither, I found myself at the Eastern Railway station. The only event of the journey hither (I am now at Waterville) was a boy hawking exhilaratingly the last great railroad smash,—thirteen lives lost,—and no doubt devoutly wishing there had been fifty. This having a mercantile interest in horrors, holding stock, as it were, in murder, misfortune, and pestilence, must have an odd effect on the human mind. The birds of ill-omen, at whose sombre flight the rest of the world turn pale, are the ravens which bring food to this little outcast in the wilderness. If this lad give thanks for daily bread, it would be curious to inquire what that phrase represents to his understanding. If there ever be a plum in it, it is Sin or Death that puts it in. Other details of my dreadful ride I will spare you. Suffice it that I arrived here in safety,—in complexion like an Ethiopian serenader half got-up, and so broiled and peppered that I was more like a devilled kidney than anything else I can think of.

10 P.M.—The civil landlord and neat chamber at the 'Elmwood House' were very grateful, and after tea I set forth to explore the town. It has a good chance of being pretty; but, like most American towns, it is in a hobbledehoy age, growing yet, and one cannot tell what may happen. A child with great promise of beauty is often spoiled by its second teeth. There is something agreeable in the sense of

completeness which a walled town gives one. It is entire, like a crystal,—a work which man has succeeded in finishing. I think the human mind pines more or less where everything is new, and is better for a diet of stale bread. The number of Americans who visit the Old World is beginning to afford matter of speculation to observant Europeans, and the deep inspirations with which they breathe the air of antiquity, as if their mental lungs had been starved with too thin an atmosphere. For my own part, I never saw a house which I thought old enough to be torn down. It is too like that Scythian fashion of knocking old people on the head. I cannot help thinking that the indefinable something which we call *character* is cumulative,—that the influence of the same climate, scenery, and associations for several generations is necessary to its gathering head, and that the process is disturbed by continual change of place. The American is nomadic in religion, in ideas, in morals, and leaves his faith and opinions with as much indifference as the house in which he was born. However, we need not bother: Nature takes care not to leave out of the great heart of society either of its two ventricles of hold-back and go-ahead.

It seems as if every considerable American town must have its one specimen of everything, and so there is a college in Waterville, the buildings of which are three in number, of brick, and quite up to the average ugliness which seems essential in edifices of this description. Unhappily, they do not reach that extreme of ugliness where it and beauty come together in the clasp of fascination. We erect handsomer factories for cottons, woollens, and steam-engines, than for doctors, lawyers, and parsons. The truth is, that, till our struggle with nature is

over, till this shaggy hemisphere is tamed and subjugated, the workshop will be the college whose degrees will be most valued. Moreover, steam has made travel so easy that the great university of the world is open to all comers, and the old cloister system is falling astern. Perhaps it is only the more needed, and, were I rich, I should like to found a few lazyships in my Alma Mater as a kind of counterpoise. The Anglo-Saxon race has accepted the primal curse as a blessing, has deified work, and would not have thanked Adam for abstaining from the apple. They would have dammed the four rivers of Paradise, substituted cotton for fig-leaves among the antediluvian populations, and commended man's first disobedience as a wise measure of political economy. But to return to our college. We cannot have fine buildings till we are less in a hurry. We snatch an education like a meal at a railroad station. Just in time to make us dyspeptic, the whistle shrieks, and we must rush, or lose our places in the great train of life. Yet noble architecture is one element of patriotism, and an eminent one of culture, the finer portions of which are taken in by unconscious absorption through the pores of the mind from the surrounding atmosphere. I suppose we must wait, for we are a great bivouac as yet rather than a nation,—on the march from the Atlantic to the Pacific,—and pitch tents instead of building houses. Our very villages seem to be in motion, following westward the bewitching music of some Pied Piper of Hamelin. We still feel the great push toward sundown given to the peoples somewhere in the grey dawn of history. The cliff-swallow alone of all animated nature emigrates eastward.

Friday 12th.—The coach leaves Waterville at five

o'clock in the morning, and one must breakfast in the dark at a quarter-past four, because a train starts at twenty minutes before five, the passengers by both conveyances being pastured gregariously. So one must be up at half-past three. The primary geological formations contain no trace of man, and it seems to me that these eocene periods of the day are not fitted for sustaining the human forms of life. One of the Fathers held that the sun was created to be worshipped at his rising by the Gentiles. The more reason that Christians (except, perhaps, early Christians) should abstain from these heathenish ceremonials. As one arriving by an early train is welcomed by a drowsy maid with the sleep scarce brushed out of her hair, and finds empty grates and polished mahogany, on whose arid plains the pioneers of breakfast have not yet encamped, so a person waked thus unseasonably is sent into the world before his faculties are up and dressed to serve him. It might have been for this reason that my stomach resented for several hours a piece of fried beefsteak which I forced upon it, or, more properly speaking, a piece of that leathern conveniency which in these regions assumes the name. You will find it as hard to believe, my dear Storg, as that quarrel of the Sorbonists, whether one should say *ego amat* or no, that the use of the gridiron is unknown hereabout, and so near a river named after St. Lawrence, too!

To-day has been the hottest day of the season, yet our drive has not been unpleasant. For a considerable distance we followed the course of the Seabasticook River, a pretty stream with alternations of dark-brown pools and wine-coloured rapids. On each side of the road the land had been cleared, and little one-story farm-houses were scattered at

intervals. But the stumps still held out in most of the fields, and the tangled wilderness closed in behind, striped here and there with the slim white trunks of the elm. As yet only the edges of the great forest have been nibbled away. Sometimes a root-fence stretched up its bleaching antlers, like the trophies of a giant-hunter. Now and then the houses thickened into an unsocial-looking village, and we drove up to the grocery to leave and take a mail-bag, stopping again presently to water the horses at some pallid little tavern, whose one red-curtained eye (the bar-room) had been put out by the inexorable thrust of Maine Law. Had Shenstone travelled this road, he would never have written that famous stanza of his; had Johnson, he would never have quoted it. They are to real inns as the skull of Yorick to his face. Where these villages occurred at a distance from the river, it was difficult to account for them. On the river-bank a saw-mill or a tannery served as a logical premise, and saved them from total inconsequentiality. As we trailed along, at the rate of about four miles an hour, it was discovered that one of our mail-bags was missing. 'Guess somebody 'll pick it up,' said the driver coolly; 't any rate, likely there's nothing in it.' Who knows how long it took some Elam D. or Zebulon K. to compose the missive entrusted to that vagrant bag, and how much longer to persuade Pamela Grace or Sophronia Melissa that it had really and truly been written? The discovery of our loss was made by a tall man who sat next to me on the top of the coach, every one of whose senses seemed to be prosecuting its several investigation as we went along. Presently, sniffing gently, he remarked: "'Pears to me's though I smelt sunthin'. Ain't the aix het, think?' The driver pulled up, and, sure enough,

the off fore-wheel was found to be smoking. In three minutes he had snatched a rail from the fence, made a lever, raised the coach, and taken off the wheel, bathing the hot axle and box with water from the river. It was a pretty spot, and I was not sorry to lie under a beech-tree (Tityrus-like, meditating over my pipe) and watch the operations of the fire-annihilator. I could not help contrasting the ready helpfulness of our driver, all of whose wits were about him, current, and redeemable in the specie of action on emergency, with an incident of travel in Italy, where, under a somewhat similar stress of circumstances, our *vetturino* had nothing for it but to dash his hat on the ground and call on Sant' Antonio, the Italian Hercules.

There being four passengers for the Lake, a vehicle called a mud-wagon was detailed at Newport for our accommodation. In this we jolted and rattled along at a livelier pace than in the coach. As we got farther north, the country (especially the hills) gave evidence of longer cultivation. About the thriving town of Dexter we saw fine farms and crops. The houses, too, became prettier; hop-vines were trained about the doors, and hung their clustering thyrsi over the open windows. A kind of wild rose (called by the country folk the primrose) and asters were planted about the dooryards, and orchards, commonly of natural fruit, added to the pleasant home-look. But everywhere we could see that the war between the white man and the forest was still fierce, and that it would be a long while yet before the axe was buried. The haying being over, fires blazed or smouldered against the stumps in the fields, and the blue smoke widened slowly upward through the quiet August atmosphere. It seemed to me that I could hear a sigh now and then from the imme-

morial pines, as they stood watching these camp-fires of the inexorable invader. Evening set in, and, as we crunched and crawled up the long gravelly hills, I sometimes began to fancy that Nature had forgotten to make the corresponding descent on the other side. But ere long we were rushing down at full speed; and, inspired by the dactylic beat of the horses' hoofs, I essayed to repeat the opening lines of Evangeline. At the moment I was beginning, we plunged into a hollow, where the soft clay had been overcome by a road of unhewn logs. I got through one line to this corduroy accompaniment, somewhat as a country choir stretches a short metre on the Protestant rock of a long-drawn tune. The result was like this:—

Thi his ihis thehe fohorest prihihimeheval; thehe mur-
hurmuring pihines hahand thehe hehemlohocks!

At a quarter-past eleven, p.m. we reached Greenville (a little village which looks as if it had dripped down from the hills, and settled in the hollow at the foot of the lake), having accomplished seventy-two miles in eighteen hours. The driver rapped upon the bar-room window, and after awhile we saw heat-lightnings of unsuccessful matches, followed by a low grumble of vocal thunder, which I am afraid took the form of imprecation. Presently there was a great success, and the steady blur of lighted tallow succeeded the fugitive brilliance of the pine. A hostler fumbled the door open, and stood staring at but not seeing us, with the sleep sticking out all over him. We at last contrived to launch him, more like an insensible missile than an intelligent or intelligible being, at the slumbering landlord, who came out wide-awake, and welcomed us as so many half-dollars—twenty-five cents each for bed, ditto break-

fast. O Shenstone, Shenstone ! The only roost was in the garret, which had been made into a single room, and contained eleven double beds, ranged along the walls. It was like sleeping in a hospital. However, nice customs curtsy to eighteen-hour rides, and we slept.

Saturday, 13th.—This morning I performed my toilet in the bar-room, where there was an abundant supply of water, and a halo of interested spectators. After a sufficient breakfast, we embarked on the little steamer *Moosehead*, and were soon throbbing up the lake. The boat, it appeared, had been chartered by a party, this not being one of her regular trips. Accordingly we were mulcted in twice the usual fee, the philosophy of which I could not understand. However, it always comes easier to us to comprehend why we receive than why we pay. I dare say it was quite clear to the captain. There were three or four clearings on the western shore ; but after passing these, the lake became wholly primaeval, and looked to us as it did to the first adventurous Frenchman who paddled across it. Sometimes a cleared point would be pink with the blossoming willow-herb, 'a cheap and excellent substitute' for heather, and, like all such, not *quite* so good as the real thing. On all sides rose deep-blue mountains, of remarkably graceful outline, and more fortunate than common in their names. There were the Big and Little Squaw, the Spencer and Lilybay Mountains. It was debated whether we saw Katahdin or not (perhaps more useful as an intellectual exercise than the assured vision would have been), and presently Mount Kineo rose abruptly before us, in shape not unlike the island of Capri. Mountains are called great natural features, and why they should not retain their names long enough for them also to become

naturalized, it is hard to say. Why should every new surveyor rechristen them with the gubernatorial patronymics of the current year? They are geological noses, and, as they are aquiline or pug, indicate terrestrial idiosyncrasies. A cosmical physiognomist, after a glance at them, will draw no vague inference as to the character of the country. The word *nose* is no better than any other word; but since the organ has got that name, it is convenient to keep it. Suppose we had to label our facial prominences every season with the name of our provincial governor, how should *we* like it? If the old names have no other meaning, they have that of age; and, after all, meaning is a plant of slow growth, as every reader of Shakespeare knows. It is well enough to call mountains after their discoverers, for Nature has a knack of throwing doublets, and somehow contrives it that discoverers have good names. Pike's Peak is a curious hit in this way. But these surveyors' names have no natural *stick* in them. They remind one of the epithets of poetasters, which peel off like a badly-gummed postage-stamp. The early settlers did better, and there is something pleasant in the sound of Graylock, Saddleback, and Great Haystack.

I love those names
Wherewith the exiled farmer tames
Nature down to companionship
With his old world's more homely mood,
And strives the shaggy wild to clip
With arms of familiar habitude.

It is possible that Mount Marcy, and Mount Hitchcock, may sound as well hereafter as Hellespont and Peloponnesus, when the heroes, their namesakes, have become mythic with antiquity. But that is to look forward a great way. I am no fanatic

for Indian nomenclature—the name of my native district having been Pigsgusset—but let us at least agree on names for ten years.

There were a couple of loggers on board, in red flannel shirts and with rifles. They were the first I had seen, and I was interested in their appearance. They were tall, well-knit men, straight as Robin Hood, and with a quiet self-contained look that pleased me. I fell into talk with one of them.

‘Is there a good market for the farmers here in the woods?’ I asked.

‘None better. They can sell what they raise at their doors, and for the best of prices. The lumberers want it all, and more.’

‘It must be a lonely life. But then we all have to pay more or less life for a living.’

‘Well, it *is* lonesome. Shouldn’t like it. After all, the best crop a man can raise is a good crop of society. We don’t live none too long, anyhow; and without society a fellow couldn’t tell more ’n half the time whether he was alive or not.’

This speech gave me a glimpse into the life of the lumberers’ camp. It was plain that there a man would soon find out how much alive he was,—there he could learn to estimate his quality, weighed in the nicest self-adjusting balance. The best arm at the axe or the paddle, the surest eye for a road or for the weak point of a *jam*, the steadiest foot upon the squirming log, the most persuasive voice to the tugging oxen,—all these things are rapidly settled, and so an aristocracy is evolved from this democracy of the woods, for good old mother Nature speaks Saxon still, and with her either Canning or Kenning means King.

A string of five loons was flying back and forth in long, irregular zigzags, uttering at intervals their

wild, tremulous cry, which always seems far away, like the last faint pulse of echo dying among the hills, and which is one of those few sounds that, instead of disturbing solitude, only deepen and confirm it. On our inland ponds they are usually seen in pairs, and I asked if it were common to meet five together. My question was answered by a queer-looking old man, chiefly remarkable for a pair of enormous cowhide boots, over which large blue trousers of frocking strove in vain to crowd themselves.

‘Wahl, ’tain’t ushil,’ said he, ‘and it’s called a sign o’ rain comin’, that is.’

‘Do you think it will rain?’

With the caution of a veteran *auspex* he evaded a direct reply. ‘Wahl, they *du* say it’s a sign o’ rain comin’,’ said he.

I discovered afterward that my interlocutor was Uncle Zeb. Formerly, every New England town had its representative uncle. He was not a pawnbroker, but some elderly man who, for want of more definite family ties, had gradually assumed this avuncular relation to the community, inhabiting the borderland between respectability and the alms-house, with no regular calling, but working at haying, wood-sawing, whitewashing, associated with the demise of pigs and the ailments of cattle, and possessing as much patriotism as might be implied in a devoted attachment to ‘New England’—with a good deal of sugar and very little water in it. Uncle Zeb was a good specimen of that palaeozoic class, extinct among us for the most part, or surviving, like the Dodo, in the Botany Bays of Society. He was ready to contribute (somewhat muddily) to all general conversation; but his chief topics were his boots and the ‘Roostick war. Upon the low-

lands and levels of ordinary palaver he would make rapid and unlooked-for incursions ; but, provision failing, he would retreat to these two fastnesses, whence it was impossible to dislodge him, and to which he knew innumerable passes and short cuts quite beyond the conjecture of common woodcraft. His mind opened naturally to these two subjects, like a book to some favourite passage. As the ear accustoms itself to any sound recurring regularly, such as the ticking of a clock, and, without a conscious effort of attention, takes no impression from it whatever, so does the mind find a natural safeguard against this pendulum species of discourse, and performs its duties in the parliament by an unconscious reflex action, like the beating of the heart or the movement of the lungs. If talk seemed to be flagging, our Uncle would put the heel of one boot upon the toe of the other, to bring it within point-blank range, and say, 'Wahl, I stump the Devil himself to make that 'ere boot hurt *my* foot,' leaving us to doubt whether it were the virtue of the foot or its case which set at naught the wiles of the adversary ; or, looking up suddenly, he would exclaim, 'Wahl, we eat *some* beans to the 'Roostick war, I tell *you* !' When his poor old clay was wet with gin, his thoughts and words acquired a rank flavour from it, as from too strong a fertilizer. At such times, too, his fancy commonly reverted to a prehistoric period of his life, when he singly had settled all the surrounding country, subdued the Injuns and other wild animals, and named all the towns.

We talked of the winter-camps and the life there. 'The best thing is', said our Uncle, 'to hear a long squeal thru' the snow. Git a good, cole, frosty mornin', in Febuary say, an' take an' hitch the

critters on to a log that'll scale seven thousan', an' it'll squeal as pooty as an'thin' *you* ever hearn, I tell *you*.'

A pause.

'Lessee,—seen Cal Hutchins lately?'

'No.'

'Seems to me 's though I hedn't seen Cal sence the 'Roostick war. Wahl,' &c., &c.

Another pause.

'To look at them boots you'd think they was too large; but kind o' git your foot into 'em, and they're as easy 's a glove.' (I observed that he never seemed really to get his foot in,—there was always a qualifying *kind o'*.) 'Wahl, my foot can play in 'em like a young hedgehog.'

By this time we had arrived at Kineo,—a flourishing village of one house, the tavern kept by 'Squire Barrows. The 'Squire is a large, hearty man, with a voice as clear and strong as a north-west wind, and a great laugh suitable to it. His table is neat and well supplied, and he waits upon it himself in the good old landlordly fashion. One may be much better off here, to my thinking, than in one of those gigantic Columbaria which are foisted upon us patient Americans for hotels, and where one is packed away in a pigeon-hole so near the heavens that, if the comet should flirt its tail (no unlikely thing in the month of flies), one would be in danger of being brushed away. Here one does not pay his diurnal three dollars for an undivided five-hundredth part of the pleasure of looking at gilt gingerbread. Here one's relations are with the monarch himself, and one is not obliged to wait the slow leisure of those 'attentive clerks' whose praises are sung by thankful deadheads, and to whom the slave who pays may feel as much gratitude as might thrill the heart of

a brown-paper parcel toward the express-man who labels it and chucks it under his counter.

Sunday, 14th.—The loons were right. About midnight it began to rain in earnest, and did not hold up till about ten o'clock this morning. 'This is a Maine dew,' said a shaggy woodman cheerily, as he shook the water out of his wide-awake, 'if it don't look out sharp, it'll begin to rain afore it thinks on't.' The day was mostly spent within doors; but I found good and intelligent society. We should have to be shipwrecked on Juan Fernandez not to find men who knew more than we. In these travelling encounters one is thrown upon his own resources, and is worth just what he carries about him. The social currency of home, the smooth-worn coin which passes freely among friends and neighbours, is of no account. We are thrown back upon the old system of barter; and, even with savages, we bring away only as much of the wild wealth of the woods as we carry beads of thought and experience, strung one by one in painful years, to pay for them with. A useful old jack-knife will buy more than the daintiest Louis Quinze paper-folder fresh from Paris. Perhaps the kind of intelligence one gets in these out-of-the-way places is the best,—where one takes a fresh man after breakfast instead of the damp morning paper, and where the magnetic telegraph of human sympathy flashes swift news from brain to brain.

Meanwhile, at a pinch, to-morrow's weather can be discussed. The augury from the flight of birds is favourable,—the loons no longer prophesying rain. The wind also is hauling round to the right quarter, according to some, to the wrong, if we are to believe others. Each man has his private barometer of hope, the mercury in which is more or less sensitive,

and the opinion vibrant with its rise or fall. Mine has an index which can be moved mechanically. I fixed it at *set fair*, and resigned myself. I read an old volume of the Patent-Office Report on Agriculture, and stored away a beautiful pile of facts and observations for future use, which the current of occupation, at its first freshet, would sweep quietly off to blank oblivion. Practical application is the only mordant which will set things in the memory. Study, without it, is gymnastics, and not work, which alone will get intellectual bread. One learns more metaphysics from a single temptation than from all the philosophers. It is curious, though, how tyrannical the habit of reading is, and what shifts we make to escape thinking. There is no bore we dread being left alone with so much as our own minds. I have seen a sensible man study a stale newspaper in a country tavern, and husband it as he would an old shoe on a raft after shipwreck. Why not try a bit of hibernation? There are few brains that would not be better for living on their own fat a little while. With these reflections, I, notwithstanding, spent the afternoon over my Report. If our own experience is of so little use to us, what a dolt is he who recommends to man or nation the experience of others! Like the mantle in the old ballad, it is always too short or too long, and exposes or trips us up. 'Keep out of that candle,' says old Father Miller, 'or you'll get a singeing.' 'Pooh, pooh, father, I've been dipped in the new asbestos preparation,' and *frozz!* it is all over with young Hopeful. How many warnings have been drawn from Praetorian bands, and Janizaries, and Mamelukes, to make Napoleon III impossible in 1851! I found myself thinking the same thoughts over again, when we walked later on

the beach and picked up pebbles. The old time-ocean throws upon its shores just such rounded and polished results of the eternal turmoil, but we only see the beauty of those we have got the headache in stooping for ourselves, and wonder at the dull brown bits of common stone with which our comrades have stuffed their pockets. Afterwards this little fable came of it.

DOCTOR LOBSTER

A PERCH, who had the toothache, once
Thus moaned, like any human dunce :
‘ Why must great souls exhaust so soon
Life’s thin and unsubstantial boon ?
Existence on such sculpin terms,—
Their vulgar loves and hard-won worms,—
What is it all but dross to me,
Whose nature craves a larger sea ;
Whose inches, six from head to tail,
Enclose the spirit of a whale ;
Who, if great baits were still to win,
By watchful eye and fearless fin
Might with the Zodiac’s awful twain
Room for a third immortal gain ?
Better the crowd’s unthinking plan,—
The hook, the jerk, the frying-pan !
O Death, thou ever roaming shark,
Ingulf me in eternal dark ! ’

The speech was cut in two by flight :
A real shark had come in sight ;
No metaphoric monster, one
It soothes despair to call upon,
But stealthy, sidelong, grim, I wis,
A bit of downright Nemesis ;

While it recovered from the shock,
Our fish took shelter 'neath a rock :
This was an ancient lobster's house,
A lobster of prodigious *nous*,
So old that barnacles had spread
Their white encampments o'er its head,—
And of experience so stupend,
His claws were blunted at the end,
Turning life's iron pages o'er,
That shut and can be oped no more.
Stretching a hospitable claw,
'At once,' said he, 'the point I saw ;
My dear young friend, your case I rue,
Your great-great-grandfather I knew ;
He was a tried and tender friend
I know,—I ate him in the end :
In this vile sea a pilgrim long,
Still my sight 's good, my memory strong ;
The only sign that age is near
Is a slight deafness in this ear ;
I understand your case as well
As this my old familiar shell ;
This sorrow 's a new-fangled notion,
Come in since first I knew the ocean ;
We had no radicals, nor crimes,
Nor lobster-pots, in good old times ;
Your traps and nets and hooks we owe
To Messieurs Louis Blanc and Co. ;
I say to all my sons and daughters,
Shun Red Republican hot waters ;
No lobster ever cast his lot
Among the reds, but went to pot :
Your trouble 's in the jaw, you said ?
Come, let me just nip off your head,
And, when a new one comes, the pain
Will never trouble you again :

Nay, nay, fear naught : 'tis nature's law ;
Four times I've lost this starboard claw ;
And still, ere long, another grew,
Good as the old,—and better too !'

The perch consented, and next day
An osprey, marketing that way,
Picked up a fish without a head,
Floating with belly up, stone dead.

MORAL

Sharp are the teeth of ancient saws,
And sauce for goose is gander's sauce ;
But perch's heads aren't lobster's claws.

Monday, 15th.—The morning was fine, and we were called at four o'clock. At the moment my door was knocked at, I was mounting a giraffe with that charming *nil admirari* which characterizes dreams, to visit Prester John. *Rat-tat-tat-tat!* upon my door and upon the horn gate of dreams also. I remarked to my skowhegan (the Tâtar for giraffe-driver) that I was quite sure the animal had the *raps*, a common disease among them, for I heard a queer knocking noise inside him. It is the sound of his joints, O Tambourgi! (an Oriental term of reverence), and proves him to be of the race of El Keirat. *Rat-tat-tat-too!* and I lost my dinner at the Prester's, embarking for a voyage to the Northwest Carry instead. Never use the word *canoe*, my dear Storg, if you wish to retain your self-respect. *Birch* is the term among us backwoodsmen. I never knew it till yesterday; but, like a true philosopher, I made it appear as if I had been intimate with it from childhood. The rapidity with which the human mind levels itself to the standard around it gives us

the most pertinent warning as to the company we keep. It is as hard for most characters to stay at their own average point in all companies, as for a thermometer to say 65° for twenty-four hours together. I like this in our friend Johannes Taurus, that he carries everywhere and maintains his insular temperature, and will have everything accommodate itself to that. Shall I confess that this morning I would rather have broken the moral law, than have endangered the equipoise of the birch by my awkwardness? that I should have been prouder of a compliment to my paddling, than to have had both my guides suppose me the author of Hamlet? Well, Cardinal Richelieu used to jump over chairs.

We were to paddle about twenty miles; but we made it rather more by crossing and recrossing the lake. Twice we landed,—once at a camp, where we found the cook alone, baking bread and gingerbread. Monsieur Soyer would have been startled a little by this shaggy professor,—this Pre-Raphaelite of cookery. He represented the *saleratus* period of the art, and his bread was of a brilliant yellow, like those cakes tinged with saffron, which hold out so long against time and the flies in little water-side shops of seaport towns,—dingy extremities of trade fit to moulder on Lethe wharf. His water was better, squeezed out of ice-cold granite in the neighbouring mountains, and sent through subterranean ducts to sparkle up by the door of the camp.

‘There’s nothin’ so sweet an’ hulsome as your *real* spring water,’ said Uncle Zeb, ‘git it pure. But it’s dreffle hard to git it that ain’t got sunthin’ the matter of it. Snow-water’ll burn a man’s inside out,—I larned that to the ‘Roostic war,—and the snow lays terrible long on some o’ thes’ ere hills. Me an’ Eb Stiles was up old Ktahdn once jest about this time

o' year, an' we come acrost a kind o' holler like, as full o' snow as your stockin's full o' your foot. *I* see it fust, an' took an' rammed a settin'-pole; wahl, it was all o' twenty foot into't, an' couldn't fin' no bottom. I dunno as there's snow-water enough in this to do no hurt. I don't somehow seem to think that *real* spring-water's so plenty as it used to be.' And Uncle Zeb, with perhaps a little over-refinement of scrupulosity, applied his lips to the Ethiop ones of a bottle of raw gin, with a kiss that drew out its very soul,—a *basium* that Secundus might have sung. He must have been a wonderful judge of water, for he analysed this, and detected its latent snow simply by his eye, and without the clumsy process of tasting. I could not help thinking that he had made the desert his dwelling-place chiefly in order to enjoy the ministrations of this one fair spirit unmolested.

We pushed on. Little islands loomed trembling between sky and water, like hanging gardens. Gradually the filmy trees defined themselves, the aerial enchantment lost its potency, and we came up with common prose islands that had so late been magical and poetic. The old story of the attained and unattained. About noon we reached the head of the lake, and took possession of a deserted *wongen*, in which to cook and eat our dinner. No Jew, I am sure, can have a more thorough dislike of salt pork than I have in a normal state, yet I had already eaten it raw with hard bread for lunch and relished it keenly. We soon had our tea-kettle over the fire, and before long the cover was chattering with the escaping steam, which had thus vainly begged of all men to be saddled and bridled, till James Watt one day happened to overhear it. One of our guides shot three Canada grouse, and these were turned slowly between

the fire and a bit of salt pork, which dropped fatness upon them as it fried. Although *my* fingers were certainly not made before knives and forks, yet they served as a convenient substitute for those more ancient inventions. We sat round, Turk-fashion, and ate thankfully, while a party of aborigines of the Mosquito tribe, who had camped in the *wongen* before we arrived, dined upon us. I do not know what the British Protectorate of the Mosquitoes amounts to; but, as I squatted there at the mercy of these bloodthirsty savages, I no longer wondered that the classic Everett had been stung into a willingness for war on the question.

‘This ’ere ’d be about a complete place for a camp, ef there was on’y a spring o’ sweet water handy. Frizzled pork goes wal, don’t it? Yes, an’ sets wal, too,’ said Uncle Zeb, and he again tilted his bottle, which rose nearer and nearer to an angle of forty-five at every gurgle. He then broached a curious dietetic theory: ‘The reason we take salt pork along is cos it packs handy: you git the greatest amount o’ board in the smallest compass,—let alone that it’s more nourishin’ than an’tthin’ else. It kind o’ don’t digest so quick, but stays by ye, anourishin’ ye all the while.

‘A feller can live wal on frizzled pork an’ good spring-water, git it *good*. To the ’Roostick war we didn’t ask for nothin’ better—on’y beans.’ (*Tilt, tilt, gurgle, gurgle.*) Then, with an apparent feeling of inconsistency, ‘But then, come to git used to a particular *kind* o’ spring-water, an’ it makes a feller hard to suit. Most all sorts o’ water taste kind o’ insipid away from home. Now, I’ve gut a spring to my place that’s as sweet—wahl, it’s as sweet as maple sap. A feller acts about water jest as he does about a pair o’ boots. It’s all on it in gittin’

wonted. Now, *them* boots,' &c., &c. (*Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle, smack!*)

All this while he was packing away the remains of the pork and hard bread in two large firkins. This accomplished, we re-embarked, our uncle on his way to the birch essaying a kind of song in four or five parts, of which the words were hilarious and the tune profoundly melancholy, and which was finished, and the rest of his voice apparently jerked out of him in one sharp falsetto note, by his tripping over the root of a tree. We paddled a short distance up a brook which came into the lake smoothly through a little meadow not far off. We soon reached the North-west Carry, and our guide, pointing through the woods, said: 'That's the Cannydy road. You can travel that clearn to Kebeck, a hundred an' twenty mile,'—a privilege of which I respectfully declined to avail myself. The offer, however, remains open to the public. The Carry is called two miles; but this is the estimate of somebody who had nothing to lug. I had a headache and all my baggage, which, with a traveller's instinct, I had brought with me. (P.S.—I did not even take the keys out of my pocket, and both my bags were wet through before I came back.) *My* estimate of the distance is eighteen thousand six hundred and seventy-four miles and three quarters,—the fraction being the part left to be travelled after one of my companions most kindly insisted on relieving me of my heaviest bag. I know very well that the ancient Roman soldiers used to carry sixty pounds' weight, and all that; but I am not, and never shall be, an ancient Roman soldier,—no, not even in the miraculous Thundering Legion. Uncle Zeb slung the two provender firkins across his shoulder, and trudged along, grumbling that 'he never see sech a contrairy pair as them'. He had

begun upon a second bottle of his 'particular kind o' spring-water', and, at every rest, the gurgle of this peripatetic fountain might be heard, followed by a smack, a fragment of mosaic song, or a confused clatter with the cowhide boots, being an arbitrary symbol, intended to represent the festive dance. Christian's pack gave him not half so much trouble as the firkins gave Uncle Zeb. It grew harder and harder to sling them, and with every fresh gulp of the Batavian elixir, they got heavier. Or rather, the truth was, that his hat grew heavier, in which he was carrying on an extensive manufacture of bricks without straw. At last affairs reached a crisis, and a particularly favourable pitch offering, with a puddle at the foot of it, even *the* boots afforded no sufficient ballast, and away went our uncle, the satellite firkins accompanying faithfully his headlong flight. Did ever exiled monarch or disgraced minister find the cause of his fall in himself? Is there not always a strawberry at the bottom of our cup of life, on which we can lay all the blame of our deviations from the straight path? Till now Uncle Zeb had contrived to give a gloss of volition to smaller stumblings and gyrations, by exaggerating them into an appearance of playful burlesque. But the present case was beyond any such subterfuges. He held a bed of justice where he sat, and then arose slowly, with a stern determination of vengeance stiffening every muscle of his face. But what would he select as the culprit? 'It's that cussed firkin,' he mumbled to himself. 'I never knowed a firkin cair on so,—no, not in the 'Roostehicick war. There, go 'long, will ye? and don't come back till you've larned how to walk with a genelman!' And, seizing the unhappy scapegoat by the bail, he hurled it into the forest. It is a curious circumstance, that it was not the firkin

containing the bottle which was thus condemned to exile.

The end of the Carry was reached at last, and, as we drew near it, we heard a sound of shouting and laughter. It came from a party of men making hay of the wild grass in Seboomok meadows, which lie around Seboomok pond, into which the Carry empties itself. Their camp was near, and our two hunters set out for it, leaving us seated in the birch on the plashy border of the pond. The repose was perfect. Another heaven hallowed and deepened the polished lake, and through that nether world the fish-hawk's double floated with balanced wings, or, wheeling suddenly, flashed his whitened breast against the sun. As the clattering kingfisher flew unsteadily across, and seemed to push his heavy head along with ever-renewing effort, a visionary mate flitted from downward tree to tree below. Some tall alders shaded us from the sun, in whose yellow afternoon light the drowsy forest was steeped, giving out that wholesome resinous perfume, almost the only warm odour which it is refreshing to breathe. The tame haycocks in the midst of the wildness gave one a pleasant reminiscence of home, like hearing one's native tongue in a strange country.

Presently our hunters came back, bringing with them a tall, thin, active-looking man, with black eyes, that glanced unconsciously on all sides, like one of those spots of sunlight which a child dances up and down the street with a bit of looking-glass. This was M., the captain of the haymakers, a famous river-driver, and who was to have fifty men under him next winter. I could now understand that sleepless vigilance of eye. He had consented to take two of our party in his birch to search for moose. A quick, nervous, decided man, he got them into

the birch, and was off instantly, without a superfluous word. He evidently looked upon them as he would upon a couple of logs which he was to deliver at a certain place. Indeed, I doubt if life and the world presented themselves to Napier himself in a more logarithmic way. His only thought was to do the immediate duty well, and to pilot his particular raft down the crooked stream of life to the ocean beyond. The birch seemed to feel him as an inspired soul, and slid away straight and swift for the outlet of the pond. As he disappeared under the over-arching alders of the brook, our two hunters could not repress a grave and measured applause. There is never any extravagance among these woodmen; their eye, accustomed to reckoning the number of feet which a tree will *scale*, is rapid and close in its guess of the amount of stuff in a man. It was *laudari a laudato*, however, for they themselves were accounted good men in a birch. I was amused, in talking with them about him, to meet with an instance of that tendency of the human mind to assign some utterly improbable reason for gifts which seem unaccountable. After due praise, one of them said, 'I guess he's got some Injun in him,' although I knew very well that the speaker had a thorough contempt for the red-man mentally and physically. Here was mythology in a small way,—the same that under more favourable auspices hatched Helen out of an egg and gave Merlin an Incubus for a father. I was pleased with all I saw of M. He was, in his narrow sphere, a true *ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν*, and the ragged edges of his old hat seemed to become coronated as I looked at him. He impressed me as a man really educated,—that is, with his aptitudes *drawn out* and ready for use. He was A.M. and LL.D. in Woods College,—Axe-master and Doctor of Logs. Are not *our*

educations commonly like a pile of books laid over a plant in a pot? The compressed nature struggles through at every crevice, but can never get the cramp and stunt out of it. We spend all our youth in building a vessel for our voyage of life, and set forth with streamers flying; but the moment we come nigh the great loadstone mountain of our proper destiny, out leap all our carefully-driven bolts and nails, and we get many a mouthful of good salt brine, and many a buffet of the rough water of experience, before we secure the bare right to live.

We now entered the outlet, a long-drawn aisle of alder, on each side of which spired tall firs, spruces, and white cedars. The motion of the birch reminded me of the gondola, and they represent among the water-craft the *felidae*, the cat tribe, stealthy, silent, treacherous, and preying by night. I closed my eyes, and strove to fancy myself in the dumb city, whose only horses are the bronze ones of St. Mark. But Nature would allow no rival, and bent down an alder-bough to brush my cheek and recall me. Only the robin sings in the emerald chambers of these tall sylvan palaces, and the squirrel leaps from hanging balcony to balcony.

The rain which the loons foreboded had raised the west branch of the Penobscot so much, that a strong current was setting back into the pond; and, when at last we brushed through into the river, it was full to the brim,—too full for moose, the hunters said. Rivers with low banks have always the compensation of giving a sense of entire fullness. The sun sank behind its horizon of pines, whose pointed summits notched the rosy west in an endless black *sierra*. At the same moment the golden moon swung slowly up in the east, like the other scale of that Homeric balance in which Zeus weighed the deeds of men.

Sunset and moonrise at once ! Adam had no more in Eden—except the head of Eve upon his shoulder. The stream was so smooth, that the floating logs we met seemed to hang in a glowing atmosphere, the shadow-half being as real as the solid. And gradually the mind was etherized to a like dreamy placidity, till fact and fancy, the substance and the image, floating on the current of reverie, became but as the upper and under halves of one unreal reality.

In the west still lingered a pale-green light. I do not know whether it be from greater familiarity, but it always seems to me that the pinnacles of pine-trees make an edge to the landscape which tells better against the twilight, or the fainter dawn before the rising moon, than the rounded and cloud-cumulus outline of hard-wood trees.

After paddling a couple of miles, we found the arboured mouth of the little Malahoodus River, famous for moose. We had been on the look-out for it, and I was amused to hear one of the hunters say to the other, to assure himself of his familiarity with the spot, ‘You *drove* the West Branch last spring, didn’t you?’ as one of us might ask about a horse. We did not explore the Malahoodus far, but left the other birch to thread its cedared solitudes, while we turned back to try our fortunes in the larger stream. We paddled on about four miles farther, lingering now and then opposite the black mouth of a moose-path. The incidents of our voyage were few, but quite as exciting and profitable as the *items* of the newspapers. A stray log compensated very well for the ordinary run of accidents, and the floating *carkiss* of a moose which we met could pass muster instead of a singular discovery of human remains by workmen in digging a cellar. Once or twice we saw what seemed ghosts of trees ; but they turned out to

be dead cedars, in winding-sheets of long grey moss, made spectral by the moonlight. Just as we were turning to drift back down stream, we heard a loud gnawing sound close by us on the bank. One of our guides thought it a hedgehog, the other a bear. I inclined to the bear, as making the adventure more imposing. A rifle was fired at the sound, which began again with the most provoking indifference, ere the echo, flaring madly at first from shore to shore, died far away in a hoarse sigh.

Half-past Eleven, p.m.—No sign of a moose yet. The birch, it seems, was strained at the Carry, or the pitch was softened as she lay on the shore during dinner, and she leaks a little. If there be any virtue in the *sitzbad*, I shall discover it. If I cannot extract green cucumbers from the moon's rays, I get something quite as cool. One of the guides shivers so as to shake the birch.

Quarter to Twelve.—*Later from the Freshet!*—The water in the birch is about three inches deep, but the dampness reaches already nearly to the waist. I am obliged to remove the matches from the ground-floor of my trousers into the upper story of a breast-pocket. Meanwhile, we are to sit immovable,—for fear of frightening the moose,—which induces cramps.

Half-past Twelve.—A crashing is heard on the left bank. This is a moose in good earnest. We are besought to hold our breaths, if possible. My fingers so numb, I could not, if I tried. *Crash! crash!* again, and then a plunge, followed by dead stillness. 'Swimmin' crik,' whispers guide, suppressing all unnecessary parts of speech,—'don't stir.' I, for one, am not likely to. A cold fog which has been gathering for the last hour has finished me. I fancy myself one of those naked

pigs that seem rushing out of market-doors in winter, frozen in a ghastly attitude of gallop. If I were to be shot myself, I should feel no interest in it. As it is, I am only a spectator, having declined a gun. *Splash!* again; this time the moose is in sight, and *click! click!* one rifle misses fire after the other. The fog has quietly spiked our batteries. The moose goes crashing up the bank, and presently we can hear it chewing its cud close by. So we lie in wait, freezing.

At one o'clock, I propose to land at a deserted *wongen* I had noticed on the way up, where I will make a fire, and leave them to refrigerate as much longer as they please. Axe in hand, I go plunging through waist-deep weeds dripping with dew, haunted by an intense conviction that the gnawing sound we had heard *was* a bear, and a bear at least eighteen hands high. There is something pokerish about a deserted dwelling, even in broad daylight; but here in the obscure wood, and the moon filtering unwillingly through the trees! Well, I made the door at last, and found the place packed fuller with darkness than it ever had been with hay. Gradually I was able to make things out a little, and began to hack frozenly at a log which I groped out. I was relieved presently by one of the guides. He cut at once into one of the uprights of the building till he got some dry splinters, and we soon had a fire like the burning of a whole wood-wharf in our part of the country. My companion went back to the birch, and left me to keep house. First I knocked a hole in the roof (which the fire began to lick in a relishing way) for a chimney, and then cleared away a damp growth of 'pison-elder', to make a sleeping-place. When the unsuccessful hunters returned, I had everything quite comfort-

able, and was steaming at the rate of about ten horse-power a minute. Young Telemachus was sorry to give up the moose so soon, and, with the teeth chattering almost out of his head, he declared that he would like to stick it out all night. However, he reconciled himself to the fire, and, making our bed of some 'splits' which we poked from the roof, we lay down at half-past two. I, who have inherited a habit of looking into every closet before I go to bed, for fear of fire, had become in two days such a stoic of the woods, that I went to sleep tranquilly, certain that my bedroom would be in a blaze before morning. And so, indeed, it was; and the withes that bound it together being burned off, one of the sides fell in without waking me.

Tuesday, 16th.—After a sleep of two hours and a half, so sound that it was as good as eight, we started at half-past four for the haymakers' camp again. We found them just getting breakfast. We sat down upon the *deacon-seat* before the fire blazing between the bedroom and the *salle à manger*, which were simply two roofs of spruce-bark, sloping to the ground on one side, the other three being left open. We found that we had, at least, been luckier than the other party, for M. had brought back his convoy without even seeing a moose. As there was not room at the table for all of us to breakfast together, these hospitable woodmen forced us to sit down first, although we resisted stoutly. Our breakfast consisted of fresh bread, fried salt pork, stewed whortleberries, and tea. Our kind hosts refused to take money for it, nor would M. accept anything for his trouble. This seemed even more open-handed when I remembered that they had brought all their stores over the Carry upon their shoulders, paying an ache *extra* for every

pound. If their hospitality lacked anything of hard external polish, it had all the deeper grace which springs only from sincere manliness. I have rarely sat at a *table d'hôte* which might not have taken a lesson from them in essential courtesy. I have never seen a finer race of men. They have all the virtues of the sailor, without that unsteady roll in the gait with which the ocean proclaims itself quite as much in the moral as in the physical habit of a man. They appeared to me to have hewn out a short north-west passage through wintry woods to those spice-lands of character which we dwellers in cities must reach, if at all, by weary voyages in the monotonous track of the trades.

By the way, as we were embirching last evening for our moose-chase, I asked what I was to do with my baggage. 'Leave it here,' said our guide, and he laid the bags upon a platform of alders, which he bent down to keep them beyond reach of the rising water.

'Will they be safe here?'

'As safe as they would be locked up in your house at home.'

And so I found them at my return; only the haymakers had carried them to their camp for greater security against the chances of the weather.

We got back to Kineo in time for dinner; and in the afternoon, the weather being fine, went up the mountain. As we landed at the foot, our guide pointed to the remains of a red shirt and a pair of blanket trousers. 'That', said he, 'is the reason there's such a trade in ready-made clo'es. A suit gits pooty well wore out by the time a camp breaks up in the spring, and the lumberers want to look about right when they come back into the settlements, so they buy somethin' ready-made, and

heave ole bust-up into 'the bush.' True enough, thought I, this is the Ready-made Age. It is quicker being covered than fitted. So we all go to the slop-shop and come out uniformed, every mother's son with habits of thinking and doing cut on one pattern, with no special reference to his peculiar build.

Kineo rises 1,750 feet above the sea, and 750 above the lake. The climb is very easy, with fine outlooks at every turn over lake and forest. Near the top is a spring of water, which even Uncle Zeb might have allowed to be wholesome. The little tin dipper was scratched all over with names, showing that vanity, at least, is not put out of breath by the ascent. O Ozymandias, King of kings! We are all scrawling on something of the kind. 'My name is engraved on the institutions of my country,' thinks the statesman. But, alas! institutions are as changeable as tin-dippers; men are content to drink the same old water, if the shape of the cup only be new, and our friend gets two lines in the Biographical Dictionaries. After all, these inscriptions, which make us smile up here, are about as valuable as the Assyrian ones which Hincks and Rawlinson read at cross-purposes. Have we not Smiths and Browns enough, that we must ransack the ruins of Nimroud for more? Near the spring we met a Bloomer! It was the first chronic one I had ever seen. It struck me as a sensible costume for the occasion, and it will be the only wear in the Greek Kalends, when women believe that sense is an equivalent for grace.

The forest *primaeval* is best seen from the top of a mountain. It then impresses one by its extent, like an Oriental epic. To be in it is nothing, for then an acre is as good as a thousand square miles.

You cannot see five rods in any direction, and the ferns, mosses, and tree trunks just around you are the best of it. As for solitude, night will make a better one with ten feet square of pitch dark ; and mere size is hardly an element of grandeur, except in works of man,—as the Colosseum. It is through one or the other pole of vanity that men feel the sublime in mountains. It is either, How small great I am beside it! or, Big as you are, little I's soul will hold a dozen of you. The true idea of a forest is not a *selva selvaggia*, but something humanized a little, as we imagine the forest of Arden, with trees standing at royal intervals,—a commonwealth, and not a communism. To some moods, it is congenial to look over endless leagues of unbroken savagery without a hint of man.

Wednesday.—This morning fished. Telemachus caught a *laker* of thirteen pounds and a half, and an overgrown cusk, which we threw away, but which I found afterwards Agassiz would have been glad of, for all is fish that comes to his net, from the fossil down. The fish, when caught, are straightway knocked on the head. A lad who went with us seeming to show an over-zeal in this operation, we remonstrated. But he gave a good, human reason for it,—‘He no need to ha’ gone and been a fish if he didn’t like it,’—an excuse which superior strength or cunning has always found sufficient. It was some comfort, in this case, to think that St. Jerome believed in a limitation of God’s providence, and that it did not extend to inanimate things or creatures devoid of reason.

Thus, my dear Storg, I have finished my Oriental adventures, and somewhat, it must be owned, in the diffuse Oriental manner. There is very little about Moosehead Lake in it, and not even the Latin

name for moose, which I might have obtained by sufficient research. If I had killed one, I would have given you his name in that dead language. I did not profess to give you an account of the lake; but a journal, and, moreover, *my* journal, with a little nature, a little human nature, and a great deal of I in it, which last ingredient I take to be the true spirit of this species of writing; all the rest being so much water for tender throats which cannot take it neat.

LEAVES FROM
MY JOURNAL IN ITALY
AND ELSEWHERE

AT SEA

THE sea was meant to be looked at from shore, as mountains are from the plain. Lucretius made this discovery long ago, and was blunt enough to blurt it forth, romance and sentiment—in other words, the pretence of feeling what we do not feel—being inventions of a later day. To be sure, Cicero used to twaddle about Greek literature and philosophy, much as people do about ancient art nowadays; but I rather sympathize with those stout old Romans who despised both, and believed that to found an empire was as grand an achievement as to build an epic or to carve a statue. But though there might have been twaddle (as why not, since there was a Senate?) I rather think Petrarch was the first choragus of that sentimental dance which so long led young folk away from the realities of life like the Piper of Hamelin, and whose succession ended, let us hope, with Chateaubriand. But for them, Byron, whose real strength lay in his sincerity, would never have talked about the ‘sea bounding beneath him like a steed that knows his rider’, and all that sort of thing. Even if it had been true, steam has been as fatal to that part of the romance of the sea as to hand-loom weaving. But what say you to a twelve days’ calm such as we dozed through in mid-Atlantic and in mid-August? I know nothing

so tedious at once and exasperating as that regular slap of the wilted sails when the ship rises and falls with the slow breathing of the sleeping sea, one greasy, brassy swell following another, slow, smooth, immitigable as the series of Wordsworth's 'Ecclesiastical Sonnets'. Even at his best, Neptune, in a *tête-à-tête*, has a way of repeating himself, an obtuseness to the *ne quid nimis*, that is stupefying. It reminds me of organ-music and my good friend Sebastian Bach. A fugue or two will do very well; but a concert made up of nothing else is altogether too epic for me. There is nothing so desperately monotonous as the sea, and I no longer wonder at the cruelty of pirates. Fancy an existence in which the coming up of a clumsy finback whale, who says *Pooh!* to you solemnly as you lean over the taffrail, is an event as exciting as an election on shore! The dampness seems to strike into the wits as into the lucifer-matches, so that one may scratch a thought half a dozen times and get nothing at last but a faint sputter, the forlorn hope of fire, which only goes far enough to leave a sense of suffocation behind it. Even smoking becomes an employment instead of a solace. Who less likely to come to their wit's end than W. M. T. and A. H. C.? Yet I have seen them driven to five meals a day for mental occupation. I sometimes sit and pity Noah; but even he had this advantage over all succeeding navigators, that, wherever he landed, he was sure to get no ill news from home. He should be canonized as the patron-saint of newspaper correspondents, being the only man who ever had the very last authentic intelligence from everywhere.

The finback whale recorded just above has much the look of a brown-paper parcel, the whitish stripes that run across him answering for the packthread.

He has a kind of accidental hole in the top of his head, through which he *pooh-poohs* the rest of creation, and which looked as if it had been made by the chance thrust of a chestnut rail. He was our first event. Our second was harpooning a sun-fish, which basked dozing on the lap of the sea, looking so much like the giant turtle of an alderman's dream, that I am persuaded he would have made mock-turtle soup rather than acknowledge his imposture. But he broke away just as they were hauling him over the side, and sunk placidly through the clear water, leaving behind him a crimson trail that wavered a moment and was gone.

The sea, though, has better sights than these. When we were up with the Azores, we began to meet flying-fish and Portuguese men-of-war, beautiful as the galley of Cleopatra, tiny craft that dared these seas before Columbus. I have seen one of the former rise from the crest of a wave, and, glancing from another some two hundred feet beyond, take a fresh flight of perhaps as long. How Calderon would have similitized this pretty creature had he ever seen it! How would he have run him up and down the gamut of simile! If a fish, then a fish with wings; if a bird, then a bird with fins; and so on, keeping up the poor shuttlecock of a conceit as is his wont. Indeed, the poor thing is the most killing bait for a comparison, and I assure you I have three or four in my inkstand;—but be calm, they shall stay there. Moore, who looked on all nature as a kind of *Gradus ad Parnassum*, a *thesaurus* of similitude, and spent his life in a game of What is my thought like? with himself, *did* the flying-fish on his way to Bermuda. So I leave him at peace.

The most beautiful thing I have seen at sea, all the more so that I had never heard of it, is the trail

of a shoal of fish through the phosphorescent water. It is like the flight of silver rockets, or the streaming of northern lights through that silent nether heaven. I thought nothing could go beyond that rustling star-foam which was churned up by our ship's bows, or those eddies and disks of dreamy flame that rose and wandered out of sight behind us.

'Twas fire our ship was plunging through,
Cold fire that o'er the quarter flew;
And wandering moons of idle flame
Grew full and waned, and went and came,
Dappling with light the huge sea-snake
That slid behind us in the wake.

But there was something even more delicately rare in the apparition of the fish, as they turned up in gleaming furrows the latent moonshine which the ocean seemed to have hoarded against these vacant interlunar nights. In the Mediterranean one day, as we were lying becalmed, I observed the water freckled with dingy specks, which at last gathered to a pinkish scum on the surface. The sea had been so phosphorescent for some nights, that when the Captain gave me my bath, by dousing me with buckets from the house on deck, the spray flew off my head and shoulders in sparks. It occurred to me that this dirty-looking scum might be the luminous matter, and I had a pailful dipped up to keep till after dark. When I went to look at it after nightfall, it seemed at first perfectly dead; but when I shook it, the whole broke out into what I can only liken to milky flames, whose lambent silence was strangely beautiful, and startled me almost as actual projection might an alchemist. I could not bear to be the death of so much beauty; so I poured it all overboard again.

Another sight worth taking a voyage for is that of the sails by moonlight. Our course was 'south and by east, half south', so that we seemed bound for the full moon as she rolled up over our wavering horizon. Then I used to go forward to the bowsprit and look back. Our ship was a clipper, with every rag set, stunsails, sky-scrapers, and all; nor was it easy to believe that such a wonder could be built of canvas as that white many-storied pile of cloud that stooped over me, or drew back as we rose and fell with the waves.

These are all the wonders I can recall of my five weeks at sea, except the sun. Were you ever alone with the sun? You think it a very simple question; but I never was, in the full sense of the word, till I was held up to him one cloudless day on the broad buckler of the ocean. I suppose one might have the same feeling in the desert. I remember getting something like it years ago, when I climbed alone to the top of a mountain, and lay face up on the hot grey moss, striving to get a notion of how an Arab might feel. It was my American commentary of the Koran, and not a bad one. In a New England winter, too, when everything is gagged with snow, as if some gigantic physical geographer were taking a cast of the earth's face in plaster, the bare knob of a hill will introduce you to the sun as a comparative stranger. But at sea you may be alone with him day after day, and almost all day long. I never understood before that nothing short of full daylight can give the supremest sense of solitude. Darkness will not do so, for the imagination peoples it with more shapes than ever were poured from the frozen loins of the populous North. The sun, I sometimes think, is a little *grouty* at sea, especially at high noon, feeling that he wastes his

beams on those fruitless furrows. It is otherwise with the moon. She 'comforts the night', as Chapman finely says, and I always found her a companionable creature.

In the ocean-horizon I took untiring delight. It is the true magic-circle of expectation and conjecture—almost as good as a wishing-ring. What will rise over that edge we sail toward daily and never overtake? A sail? an island? the new shore of the Old World? Something rose every day, which I need not have gone so far to see, but at whose levee I was a much more faithful courtier than on shore. A cloudless sunrise in mid-ocean is beyond comparison for simple grandeur. It is like Dante's style, bare and perfect. Naked sun meets naked sea, the true classic of nature. There may be more sentiment in morning on shore—the shivering fairy-jewellery of dew, the silver point-lace of sparkling hoar-frost—but there is also more complexity, more of the romantic. The one savours of the elder Edda, the other of the Minnesingers.

And I thus floating, lonely elf,
A kind of planet by myself,
The mists draw up and furl away,
And in the east a warming grey,
Faint as the tint of oaken woods
When o'er their buds May breathes and broods,
Tells that the golden sunrise-tide
Is lapsing up earth's thirsty side,
Each moment purpling on the crest
Of some stark billow farther west :
And as the sea-moss droops and hears
The gurgling flood that nears and nears,
And then with tremulous content
Floats out each thankful filament,

So waited I until it came,
God's daily miracle—O shame
That I had seen so many days
Unthankful, without wondering praise,
Not recking more this bliss of earth
Than the cheap fire that lights my hearth !
But now glad thoughts and holy pour
Into my heart, as once a year
To San Miniato's open door,
In long procession, chanting clear,
Through slopes of sun, through shadows hoar,
The coupled monks slow-climbing sing,
And like a golden censer swing
From rear to front, from front to rear
Their alternating bursts of praise,
Till the roof's fading seraphs gaze
Down through an odorous mist, that crawls
Lingeringly up the darkened walls,
And the dim arches, silent long,
Are startled with triumphant song.

I wrote yesterday that the sea still rimmed our prosy lives with mystery and conjecture. But one is shut up on shipboard like Montaigne in his tower, with nothing to do but to review his own thoughts and contradict himself. *Dire, redire, et me contredire*, will be the staple of my journal till I see land. I say nothing of such matters as the *montagna bruna* on which Ulysses wrecked ; but since the sixteenth century could any man reasonably hope to stumble on one of those wonders which were cheap as dirt in the days of St. Saga? Faustus, Don Juan, and Tannhäuser are the last ghosts of legend, that lingered almost till the Gallic cock-crow of universal enlightenment and disillusion. The Public School has done for Imagination. What shall I see

in Outre-Mer, or on the way thither, but what can be seen with eyes? To be sure, I stick by the sea-serpent, and would fain believe that science has scotched, not killed him. Nor is he to be lightly given up, for, like the old Scandinavian snake, he binds together for us the two hemispheres of Past and Present, of Belief and Science. He is the link which knits us seaboard Yankees with our Norse progenitors, interpreting between the age of the dragon and that of the railroad-train. We have made ducks and drakes of that large estate of wonder and delight bequeathed to us by ancestral vikings, and this alone remains to us unthrift heirs of Linn.

I feel an undefined respect for a man who has seen the sea-serpent. He is to his brother-fishers what the poet is to his fellow-men. Where they have seen nothing better than a school of horse-mackerel, or the idle coils of ocean around Half-way Rock, he has caught authentic glimpses of the withdrawing mantle-hem of the Edda age. I care not for the monster himself. It is not the thing, but the belief in the thing, that is dear to me. May it be long before Professor Owen is comforted with the sight of his unfleshed vertebrae, long before they stretch many a rood behind Kimball's or Barnum's glass, reflected in the shallow orbs of Mr. and Mrs. Public, which stare, but see not! When we read that Captain Spalding, of the pink-stern *Three Pollies*, has beheld him rushing through the brine like an infinite series of bewitched mackerel-casks, we feel that the mystery of old Ocean, at least, has not yet been sounded, that Faith and Awe survive there unevaporate. I once ventured the horse-mackerel theory to an old fisherman, browner than a tomcod. 'Hos-mackril!' he exclaimed indignantly, 'hos-mackril be —' (here he used a phrase

commonly indicated in laical literature by the same sign which serves for Doctorate in Divinity), 'don't yer spouse *I* know a hos-mackril?' The intonation of that '*I*' would have silenced Professor Monkbarns Owen with his provoking *phoca* for ever. What if one should ask *him* if he knew a trilobite?

The fault of modern travellers is that they see nothing out of sight. They talk of eocene periods and tertiary formations, and tell us how the world looked to the pleiosaur. They take science (or nescience) with them, instead of that soul of generous trust their elders had. All their senses are sceptics and doubters, materialists reporting things for other sceptics to doubt still further upon. Nature becomes a reluctant witness upon the stand, badgered with geologist hammers and phials of acid. There have been no travellers since those included in Hakluyt and Purchas, except Martin, perhaps, who saw an inch or two into the invisible at the Orkneys. We have peripatetic lecturers, but no more travellers. Travellers' stories are no longer proverbial. We have picked nearly every apple (wormy or otherwise) from the world's tree of knowledge, and that without an Eve to tempt us. Two or three have hitherto hung luckily beyond reach on a lofty bough shadowing the interior of Africa, but there is a German Doctor at this very moment pelting at them with sticks and stones. It may be only next week, and these too, bitten by geographers and geologists, will be thrown away.

Analysis is carried into everything. Even Deity is subjected to chemic tests. We must have exact knowledge, a cabinet stuck full of facts pressed, dried, or preserved in spirits, instead of the large, vague world our fathers had. With them science

was poetry ; with us poetry is science. Our modern Eden is a *hortus siccus*. Tourists defraud rather than enrich us. They have not that sense of aesthetic proportion which characterized the elder traveller. Earth is no longer the fine work of art it was, for nothing is left to the imagination. Job Hortop, arrived at the height of the Bermudas, thinks it full time to indulge us in a merman. Nay, there is a story told by Webster, in his *Witchcraft*, of a merman with a mitre, who, on being sent back to his watery diocese of finland, made what advances he could toward an episcopal benediction by bowing his head thrice. Doubtless he had been consecrated by St. Antony of Padua. A dumb bishop would be sometimes no unpleasant phenomenon, by the way. Sir John Hawkins is not satisfied with telling us about the merely sensual Canaries, but is generous enough to throw us in a handful of ‘certain flitting islands’ to boot. Henry Hawkes describes the visible Mexican cities, and then is not so frugal but that he can give us a few invisible ones. Thus do these generous ancient mariners make children of us again. Their successors show us an earth effete and past bearing, tracing out with the eyes of industrious fleas every wrinkle and crowfoot.

The journals of the elder navigators are prose Odysseys. The geographies of our ancestors were works of fancy and imagination. They read poems where we yawn over items. Their world was a huge wonder-horn, exhaustless as that which Thor strove to drain. Ours would scarce quench the small thirst of a bee. No modern voyager brings back the magical foundation-stones of a tempest. No Marco Polo, traversing the desert beyond the city of Lok, would tell of things able to inspire the mind of Milton with.

Calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.

It was easy enough to believe the story of Dante, when two-thirds of even the upper-world were yet untraversed and unmapped. With every step of the recent traveller our inheritance of the wonderful is diminished. Those beautifully pictured notes of the Possible are redeemed at a ruinous discount in the hard and cumbrous coin of the Actual. How are we not defrauded and impoverished? Does California vie with El Dorado? or are Bruce's Abyssinian kings a set-off for Prester John? A bird in the bush is worth two in the hand. And if the philosophers have not even yet been able to agree whether the world has any existence independent of ourselves, how do we not gain a loss in every addition to the catalogue of Vulgar Errors? Where are the fishes which nidificated in trees? Where the monopodes sheltering themselves from the sun beneath their single umbrella-like foot—umbrella-like in everything but the fatal necessity of being borrowed? Where the Acephali, with whom Herodotus, in a kind of ecstasy, wound up his climax of men with abnormal top-pieces? Where the Roc whose eggs are possibly boulders, needing no far-fetched theory of glacier or iceberg to account for them? Where the tails of the men of Kent? Where the no legs of the bird of paradise? Where the Unicorn, with that single horn of his, sovereign against all manner of poisons? Where the Fountain of Youth? Where that Thessalian spring, which, without cost to the country, convicted and punished perjurers? Where the Amazons of Orellana? All these, and a thousand other varieties, we have lost, and have got nothing

instead of them. And those who have robbed us of them have stolen that which not enriches themselves. It is so much wealth cast into the sea beyond all approach of diving-bells. We owe no thanks to Mr. J. E. Worcester, whose Geography we studied enforcedly at school. Yet even he had his relents, and in some softer moment vouchsafed us a fine, inspiring print of the Maelstrom, answerable to the twenty-four mile diameter of its suction. Year by year, more and more of the world gets disenchanted. Even the icy privacy of the arctic and antarctic circles is invaded. Our youth are no longer ingenious, as indeed no ingenuity is demanded of them. Everything is accounted for, everything cut and dried, and the world may be put together as easily as the fragments of a dissected map. The Mysterious bounds nothing now on the North, South, East, or West. We have played Jack Horner with our earth, till there is never a plum left in it.

IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

THE first sight of a shore so historical as that of Europe gives an American a strange thrill. What we always feel the artistic want of at home is background. It is all idle to say we are Englishmen, and that English history is ours too. It is precisely in this that we are *not* Englishmen, inasmuch as we only possess their history through our minds, and not by life-long association with a spot and an idea we call England. History without the soil it grew in is more instructive than inspiring—an acquisition, and not an inheritance. It is laid away in our memories, and does not run in our veins. Surely, in all that concerns aesthetics, Europeans have us at an immense advantage. They start at a point which we arrive at after weary years, for literature is not shut up in books, nor art in galleries: both are taken in by unconscious absorption through the finer pores of mind and character in the atmosphere of society. We are not yet out of our Crusoehood, and must make our own tools as best we may. Yet I think we shall find the good of it one of these days, in being thrown back more wholly on nature; and our literature, when we have learned to feel our own strength, and to respect our own thought because it is ours, and not because the European Mrs. Grundy agrees with it, will have a fresh flavour and a strong body that will recommend it, especially as what we import is watered more and more liberally with every vintage.

My first glimpse of Europe was the shore of Spain. Since we got into the Mediterranean, we

have been becalmed for some days within easy view of it. All along are fine mountains, brown all day, and with a bloom on them at sunset like that of a ripe plum. Here and there at their feet little white towns are sprinkled along the edge of the water, like the grains of rice dropped by the princess in the story. Sometimes we see larger buildings on the mountain slopes, probably convents. I sit and wonder whether the farther peaks may not be the Sierra Morena (the rusty saw) of Don Quixote. I resolve that they shall be, and am content. Surely latitude and longitude never showed me any particular respect, that I should be over-scrupulous with them.

But after all, Nature, though she may be more beautiful, is nowhere so entertaining as in man, and the best thing I have seen and learned at sea is our Chief Mate. My first acquaintance with him was made over my knife, which he asked to look at, and, after a critical examination, handed back to me, saying, 'I shouldn't wonder if that 'ere was a good piece o' stuff.' Since then he has transferred a part of his regard for my knife to its owner. I like folks who like an honest piece of steel, and take no interest whatever in 'your Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff'. There is always more than the average human nature in a man who has a hearty sympathy with iron. It is a manly metal, with no sordid associations like gold and silver. My sailor fully came up to my expectation on further acquaintance. He might well be called an old salt who had been wrecked on Spitzbergen before I was born. He was not an American, but I should never have guessed it by his speech, which was the purest Cape Cod, and I reckon myself a good taster of dialects. Nor was he less Americanized in all his

thoughts and feelings, a singular proof of the ease with which our omnivorous country assimilates foreign matter, provided it be Protestant, for he was a man ere he became an American citizen. He used to walk the deck with his hands in his pockets, in seeming abstraction, but nothing escaped his eye. *How* he saw, I could never make out, though I had a theory that it was with his elbows. After he had taken me (or my knife) into his confidence, he took care that I should see whatever he deemed of interest to a landsman. Without looking up, he would say, suddenly, 'There's a whale blowin' clearn up to win'ard,' or, 'Them's porpises to leeward: that means change o' wind.' He is as impervious to cold as the polar bear, and paces the deck during his watch much as one of those yellow hummocks goes slumping up and down his cage. On the Atlantic, if the wind blew a gale from the north-east, and it was cold as an English summer, he was sure to turn out in a calico shirt and trousers, his furzy brown chest half bare, and slippers, without stockings. But lest you might fancy this to have chanced by defect of wardrobe, he comes out in a monstrous pea-jacket here in the Mediterranean, when the evening is so hot that Adam would have been glad to leave off his fig-leaves. 'It's a kind o' damp and unwholesome in these 'ere waters,' he says, evidently regarding the Midland Sea as a vile standing pool, in comparison with the bluff ocean. At meals he is superb, not only for his strengths, but his weaknesses. He has somehow or other come to think me a wag, and if I ask him to pass the butter, detects an occult joke, and laughs as much as is proper for a mate. For you must know that our social hierarchy on ship-board is precise, and the second mate, were he present, would only

laugh half as much as the first. Mr. X. always combs his hair, and works himself into a black frock-coat (on Sundays he adds a waistcoat) before he comes to meals, sacrificing himself nobly and painfully to the social proprieties. The second mate, on the other hand, who eats after us, enjoys the privilege of shirt-sleeves, and is, I think, the happier man of the two. We do not have seats above and below the salt, as in old time, but above and below the white sugar. Mr. X. always takes brown sugar, and it is delightful to see how he ignores the existence of certain delicacies which he considers above his grade, tipping his head on one side with an air of abstraction, so that he may seem not to deny himself, but to omit helping himself from inadvertence or absence of mind. At such times he wrinkles his forehead in a peculiar manner, inscrutable at first as a cuneiform inscription, but as easily read after you once get the key. The sense of it is something like this : 'I, X., know my place, a height of wisdom attained by few. Whatever you may think, I do *not* see that currant jelly, nor that preserved grape. Especially, a kind Providence has made me blind to bowls of white sugar, and deaf to the pop of champagne corks. It is much that a merciful compensation gives me a sense of the dingier hue of Havanna, and the muddier gurgle of beer. Are there potted meats ? My physician has ordered me three pounds of minced salt-junk at every meal.' There is such a thing, you know, as a ship's husband : X. is the ship's poor relation.

As I have said, he takes also a below-the-white-sugar interest in the jokes, laughing by precise point of compass, just as he would lay the ship's course, all *yawing* being out of the question with his scrupulous decorum at the helm. Once or twice I have

got the better of him, and touched him off into a kind of compromised explosion, like that of damp fireworks, that splutter and simmer a little, and then go out with painful slowness and occasional relapses. But his fuse is always of the unwillingest, and you must blow your match, and touch him off again and again with the same joke. Or rather, you must magnetize him many times to get him *en rapport* with a jest. This once accomplished, you have him, and one bit of fun will last the whole voyage. He prefers those of one syllable, the *a-b abs* of humour. The gradual fattening of the steward, a benevolent mulatto with whiskers and ear-rings, who looks as if he had been meant for a woman, and had become a man by accident, as in some of those stories of the elder physiologists, is an abiding topic of humorous comment with Mr. X. 'That 'ere stooard,' he says, with a brown grin like what you might fancy on the face of a serious and aged seal, ' 's agittin' as fat 's a porpis. He was as thin 's a shingle when he come aboard last v'ye. Them trousis'll bust yit. He don't darst take 'em off nights, for the whole ship's company couldn't git him into 'em agin.' And then he turns aside to enjoy the intensity of his emotion by himself, and you hear at intervals low rumblings, an indigestion of laughter. He tells me of St. Elmo's fires, Marvell's *corposants*, though with him the original *corpos santos* has suffered a sea change, and turned to *comepleasants*, pledges of fine weather. I shall not soon find a pleasanter companion. It is so delightful to meet a man who knows just what you do *not*. Nay, I think the tired mind finds something in plump ignorance like what the body feels in cushiony moss. Talk of the sympathy of kindred pursuits! It is the sympathy of the upper

and nether millstones, both for ever grinding the same grist, and wearing each other smooth. One has not far to seek for book-nature, artist-nature, every variety of superinduced nature, in short, but genuine human-nature is hard to find. And how good it is ! Wholesome as a potato, fit company for any dish. The freemasonry of cultivated men is agreeable, but artificial, and I like better the natural grip with which manhood recognizes manhood.

X. has one good story, and with that I leave him, wishing him with all my heart that little inland farm at last which is his calenture as he paces the windy deck. One evening, when the clouds looked wild and whirling, I asked X. if it was coming on to blow. 'No, I guess not,' said he ; 'bumby the moon'll be up, and scoff away that 'ere loose stuff.' His intonation set the phrase 'scoff away' in quotation marks as plain as print. So I put a query in each eye, and he went on. 'Ther' was a Dutch cappen onct, an' his mate come to him in the cabin, where he sot takin' his schnapps, an' says, "Cappen, it's agittin' thick, an' looks kin' o' squally ; hedn't we's good's shorten sail?" "Gimmy my alminick," says the cappen. So he looks at it a spell, an' says he, "The moon's due in less 'n half an hour, an' she'll scoff away ev'ythin' clare agin." So the mate he goes, an' bumby down he comes agin', an' says, "Cappen, this 'ere's the allfiredest, powerfulllest moon 't ever you *did* see. She's scoffed away the maintogallants'l, an' she's to work on the foretops'l now. Guess you'd better look in the alminick agin, an' fin' out when *this* moon sets." So the cappen thought 'twas 'bout time to go on deck. Dreadful slow them Dutch cappens be.' And X. walked away, rumbling inwardly like the rote of the sea heard afar.

And so we arrived at Malta. Did you ever hear of one of those eating-houses where, for a certain fee, the guest has the right to make one thrust with a fork into a huge pot, in which the whole dinner is bubbling, getting perhaps a bit of boiled meat, or a potato, or else nothing? Well, when the great cauldron of war is seething, and the nations stand around it striving to fish out something to their purpose from the mess, Britannia always has a great advantage in her trident. Malta is one of the tit-bits she has impaled with that awful implement. I was not sorry for it, when I reached my clean inn, with its kindly English landlady.

ITALY


THE impulse which sent the Edelmänn Storg and me to Subiaco was given something like two thousand years ago. Had we not seen the Ponte Sant' Antonio, we should not have gone to Subiaco at this particular time; and had the Romans been worse masons, or more ignorant of hydrodynamics than they were, we should never have seen the Ponte Sant' Antonio. But first we went to Tivoli—two carriage loads of us, a very agreeable mixture of English, Scotch, and Yankees—on Tuesday, the 20th April. I shall not say anything about Tivoli. A water-fall in type is likely to be a trifle stiffish. Old association and modern beauty; nature and artifice; worship that has passed away and the religion that abides for ever; the green gush of the deeper torrent and the white evanescence of innumerable cascades, delicately palpitant as a fall of northern lights; the descendants of Sabine pigeons flashing up to immemorial doves, for centuries inaccessible to man, trooping with noisy rooks and daws; the fitful roar and the silently hovering iris, which, borne by the wind across the face of the cliff, transmutes the travertine to momentary opal, and whose dimmer ghost haunts the moonlight—as well attempt to describe to a Papuan savage that wondrous ode of Wordsworth which rouses and stirs in the soul all its dormant instincts of resurrection as with a sound of the last trumpet. No, it is impossible. Even Byron's pump *sucks* sometimes, and gives an unpleasant dry wheeze, especially, it seems to me, at Terni. It is guide-book poetry, enthusiasm manufactured by the yard, which the

hurried traveller (John and Jonathan are always in a hurry when they turn peripatetics) puts on when he has not a rag of private imagination to cover his nakedness withal. It must be a queer kind of love that could 'watch madness with unalterable mien', when the patient, whom any competent physician would have ordered into a strait-waistcoat long ago, has shivered himself to powder down a precipice. But there is no madness in the matter. Velino goes over in his full senses, and knows perfectly well that he shall not be hurt, that his broken fragments will reunite more glibly than the head and neck of Orrilo. He leaps exultant, as to his proper doom and fulfilment, and out of the mere waste and spray of his glory the god of sunshine and song builds over the crowning moment of his destiny a triumphal arch beyond the reach of time and of decay. But Milton is the only man who has got much poetry out of a cataract—and that was a cataract in his eye.

The first day we made the *Giro*, coming back to a merry dinner at the Sibilla in the evening. Then we had some special tea—for the Italians think tea-drinking the chief religious observance of the *Inglesi*—and then we had fifteen pauls' worth of illumination, which wrought a sudden change in the scenery, like those that seem so matter-of-course in dreams, turning the Claude we had seen in the morning into a kind of Piranesi-Rembrandt. The illumination, by the way, which had been prefigured to us by the enthusiastic Italian who conducted it as something second only to the *Girandola*, turned out to be one blue-light and two armfuls of straw.

The Edelmänn Storg is not fond of pedestrian locomotion—nay, I have even sometimes thought that he looked upon the invention of legs as a private and personal wrong done to himself. I am quite

sure that he inwardly believes them to have been a consequence of the fall, and that the happier Pre-Adamites were monopodes, and incapable of any but a vehicular progression. A carriage, with horses and driver complete, he takes to be as simple a production of nature as a potato. But he is fond of sketching, and after breakfast, on the beautiful morning of Wednesday, the 21st, I persuaded him to walk out a mile or two and see a fragment of aqueduct ruin. It is a single glorious arch, buttressing the mountain-side upon the edge of a sharp descent to the valley of the Anio. The old road to Subiaco passes under it, and it is crowned by a crumbling tower built in the Middle Ages (whenever that was) against the Gaetani. While Storg sketched, I clambered. Below you, where the valley widens greenly toward other mountains, which the ripe Italian air distances with a bloom like that on unplucked grapes, are more arches, ossified arteries of what was once the heart of the world. Storg's sketch was highly approved of by Leopoldo, our guide, and by three or four peasants, who, being on their way to their morning's work in the fields, had, of course, nothing in particular to do, and stopped to see us see the ruin. Any one who has remarked how grandly the Romans do nothing will be slow to believe them an effete race. Their style is as the colossal to all other, and the name of Eternal City fits Rome also, because time is of no account in it. The Roman always waits as if he could afford it amply, and the slow centuries move quite fast enough for him. Time is to other races the field of a task-master, which they must painfully till; but to the Roman it is an entailed estate, which he enjoys and will transmit. The Neapolitan's laziness is that of a loafer; the Roman's is that of a noble. The poor Anglo-Saxon must

count his hours, and look twice at his small change of quarters and minutes ; but the Roman spends from a purse of Fortunatus. His *piccolo quarto d'ora* is like his *grosso*, a huge piece of copper, big enough for a shield, which stands only for a half-dime of our money. . We poor fools of time always hurry as if we were the last type of man, the full stop with which Fate was closing the Colophon of her volume—as if we had just read in our newspaper, as we do of the banks on holidays,  The world will close to-day at twelve o'clock, an hour earlier than usual. But the Roman is still an Ancient, with a vast future before him to tame and occupy. He and his ox and his plough are just as they were in Virgil's time or Ennius's. We beat him in many things ; but in the impregnable fastness of his great rich nature he defies us.

We got back to Tivoli—Storg affirming that he had walked fifteen miles. We saw the Temple of Cough, which is *not* the Temple of Cough, though it might have been a votive structure put up by some Tiburtine Dr. Wistar. We saw the villa of Mecaenas, which is *not* the villa of Mecaenas, and other equally satisfactory antiquities. All our English friends sketched the Citadel, of course, and one enthusiast attempted a likeness of the fall, which I unhappily mistook afterward for a semblance of the tail of one of the horses on the Monte Cavallo. Then we went to the Villa d'Este, famous on Ariosto's account—and which Ariosto never saw. But the laurels were worthy to have made a chaplet for him, and the cypresses and the views were as fine as if he had seen them every day of his life.

Perhaps something I learned in going to see one of the gates of the town is more to the purpose, and may assist one in erecting the horoscope of *Italia*

Unita. When Leopoldo first proposed to drag me through the mud to view this interesting piece of architecture, I demurred. But as he was very earnest about it, and as one seldom fails getting at a bit of character by submitting to one's guide, I yielded. Arrived at the spot, he put me at the best point of view, and said,—

‘Behold, Lordship!’

‘I see nothing out of the common,’ said I.

‘Lordship is kind enough here to look at a gate, the like of which exists not in all Italy, nay, in the whole world—I speak not of England,’ for he thought me an *Inglese*.

‘I am not blind, Leopoldo; where is the miracle?’

‘Here we dammed up the waters of the Anio, first by artifice conducted to this spot, and letting them out upon the Romans, who stood besieging the town, drowned almost a whole army of them. (Lordship conceives?) They suspected nothing till they found themselves all torn to pieces at the foot of the hill yonder. (Lordship conceives?) *Eh! per Bacco!* we watered their porridge for them.’

Leopoldo used *we* as Lord Buchan did *I*, meaning any of his ancestors.

‘But tell me a little, Leopoldo, how many years is it since this happened?’

‘*Non saprei, signorìa*; it was in the antiques of times, certainly; but the Romans never come to our Fair, that we don't have blows about it, and perhaps a stab or two. Lordship understands?’

I was quite repaid for my pilgrimage. I think I understand Italian politics better for hearing Leopoldo speak of the Romans, whose great dome is in full sight of Tivoli, as a foreign nation. But what perennial boyhood the whole story indicates!

Storg's sketch of the morning's ruin was so suc-

cessful that I seduced him into a new expedition to the Ponte Sant' Antonio, another aqueduct arch about eight miles off. This was for the afternoon, and I succeeded the more easily, as we were to go on horseback. So I told Leopoldo to be at the gate of the Villa of Hadrian, at three o'clock, with three horses. Leopoldo's face, when I said three, was worth seeing; for the poor fellow had counted on nothing more than trotting beside our horses for sixteen miles, and getting half a dollar in the evening. Between doubt and hope, his face seemed to exude a kind of oil, which made it shine externally, after having first lubricated all the muscles inwardly.

'With *three* horses, Lordship?'

'Yes, *three*.'

'Lordship is very sagacious. With *three* horses they go much quicker. It is finished, then, and they will have the kindness to find me at the gate with the beasts, at three o'clock precisely.'

Leopoldo and I had compromised upon the term 'Lordship'. He had found me in the morning celebrating due rites before the Sibyl's Temple with strange incense of the nicotian herb, and had marked me for his prey. At the very high tide of sentiment, when the traveller lies with oyster-like openness in the soft ooze of reverie, do these parasitic crabs, the *ciceroni*, insert themselves as his inseparable bosom companions. Unhappy bivalve, lying so softly between thy two shells, of the actual and the possible, the one sustaining, the other widening above thee, till, oblivious of native mud, thou fanciest thyself a proper citizen only of the illimitable ocean which floods thee—there is no escape! Vain are thy poor crustaceous efforts at self-isolation. The foe henceforth is a part of thy consciousness, thy landscape, and thyself, happy only if that irritation breed

in thee the pearl of patience and of voluntary abstraction.

‘Excellency wants a guide, very experienced, who has conducted with great mutual satisfaction many of his noble compatriots.’

Puff, puff, and an attempt at looking as if I did not see him.

‘Excellency will deign to look at my book of testimonials. When we return, Excellency will add his own.’

Puff, puff.

‘Excellency regards the cascade, *praeceps Anio*, as the good Horatius called it.’

I thought of the *dissolve frigus* of the landlord in Roderick Random, and could not help smiling. Leopoldo saw his advantage.

‘Excellency will find Leopoldo, when he shall choose to be ready.’

‘But I will positively not be called *Excellency*. I am not an ambassador, nor a very eminent Christian, and the phrase annoys me.’

‘To be sure, Excell— Lordship.’

‘I am an American.’

‘Certainly, an American, Lordship’—as if that settled the matter entirely. If I had told him I was a Caffre, it would have been just as clear to him. He surrendered the ‘Excellency’, but on general principles of human nature, I suppose, would not come a step lower than ‘Lordship’. So we compromised on that.—PS. It is wonderful how soon a republican ear reconciles itself with syllables of this description. I think *citizen* would find greater difficulties in the way of its naturalization, and as for *brother*—ah! well, in a Christian sense, certainly.

Three o’clock found us at the Villa of Hadrian. We had explored that incomparable ruin, and con-

secrated it, in the Homeric and Anglo-Saxon manner, by eating and drinking. Some of us sat in the shadow of one of the great walls, fitter for a city than a palace, over which a Nile of ivy, gushing from one narrow source, spread itself in widening inundations. A happy few listened to stories of Bagdad from Mrs. —, whose silver hair gleamed, a palpable anachronism, like a snow-fall in May, over that ever-youthful face, where the few sadder lines seemed but the signature of Age to a deed of quitclaim and release. Dear Tito, that exemplary traveller who never lost a day, had come back from renewed explorations, convinced by the eloquent *custode* that *Serapeion* was the name of an officer in the Praetorian Guard. I was explaining, in addition, that *Naumachia*, in the Greek tongue, signified a place artificially drained, when the horses were announced.

This put me to reflection. I felt, perhaps, a little as Mazeppa must, when told that his steed was at the door. For several years I had not been on the back of a horse, and was it not more than likely that these mountains might produce a yet more refractory breed of these ferocious animals than common? Who could tell the effect of grazing on a volcanic soil like that hereabout? I had vague recollections that the saddle nullified the laws governing the impulsion of inert bodies, exacerbating the centrifugal forces into a virulent activity, and proportionably narcotizing the centripetal. The phrase *ratio proportioned to the squares of the distances* impressed me with an awe which explained to me how the laws of nature had been of old personified and worshipped. Meditating these things, I walked with a cheerful aspect to the gate, where my saddled and bridled martyrdom awaited me.

‘*Eccomi quà!*’ said Leopoldo, hilariously. ‘Gentlemen will be good enough to select from the three best beasts in Tivoli.’

‘Oh, this one will serve me as well as any,’ said I, with an air of indifference, much as I have seen a gentleman help himself inadvertently to the best peach in the dish. I am not more selfish than becomes a Christian of the nineteenth century, but I looked on this as a clear case of *tabula in naufragio*, and had noticed that the animal in question had that tremulous droop of the lower lip which indicates senility, and the abdication of the wilder propensities. Moreover, he was the only one provided with a curb bit, or rather with two huge iron levers which might almost have served Archimedes for his problem. Our saddles were flat cushions covered with leather, brought by years of friction to the highest state of polish. Instead of a pommel, a perpendicular stake, about ten inches high, rose in front, which, in case of a stumble, would save one’s brains, at the risk of certain evisceration. Behind, a glary slope invited me constantly to slide over the horse’s tail. The selfish prudence of my choice had wellnigh proved the death of me, for this poor old brute, with that anxiety to oblige a *forestiero* which characterizes everybody here, could never make up his mind which of his four paces (and he had the rudiments of four—walk, trot, rack, and gallop) would be most agreeable to me. The period of transition is always unpleasant, and it was all transition. He treated me to a hodge-podge of all his several gaits at once. Saint Vitus was the only patron saint I could think of. My head jerked one way, my body another, while each of my legs became a pendulum vibrating furiously, one always forward while the other was back, so that I had all

the appearance and all the labour of going afoot, and at the same time was bumped within an inch of my life. Waterton's alligator was nothing to it; it was like riding a hard-trotting armadillo bare-backed. There is a species of equitation peculiar to our native land, in which a rail from the nearest fence, with no preliminary incantation of *Horse and hattock!* is converted into a steed, and this alone may stand the comparison. Storg in the meanwhile was triumphantly taking the lead, his trousers working up very pleasantly above his knees, an insurrectionary movement which I also was unable to suppress in my own. I could bear it no longer.

'Le-e-o-o-p-o-o-o-l-l-l-d-d-o-o-o!' jolted I.

'Command, Lordship!' and we both came to a stop.

'It is necessary that we change horses immediately, or I shall be jelly.'

'Certainly, Lordship;' and I soon had the pathetic satisfaction of seeing him subjected to all the excruciating experiments that had been tried upon myself. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*, thought his extempore lordship, Christopher Sly, to himself.

Meanwhile all the other accessories of our ride were delicious. It was a clear, cool day, and we soon left the high road for a bridle-path along the side of the mountain, among gigantic olive-trees, said to be five hundred years old, and which had certainly employed all their time in getting into the weirdest and wonderfullest shapes. Clearly in this green commonwealth there was no heavy roller of public opinion to flatten all character to a lawnlike uniformity. Everything was individual and eccentric. And there was something fearfully human, too, in the wildest contortions. It was some such wood that gave Dante the hint of his human forest in the

seventh circle, and I should have dreaded to break a twig, lest I should hear that voice complaining,

Perchè mi scerpi?

Non hai tu spirto di pietate alcuno?

Our path lay along a kind of terrace, and at every opening we had glimpses of the billowy Campagna, with the great dome bulging from its rim, while on the right, changing ever as we rode, the Alban mountain showed us some new grace of that sweeping outline peculiar to volcanoes. At intervals the substructions of Roman villas would crop out from the soil like masses of rock, and deserving to rank as a geological formation by themselves. Indeed, in gazing into these dark caverns, one does not think of man more than at Staffa. Nature has adopted these fragments of a race who were dear to her. She has not suffered these bones of the great Queen to lack due sepulchral rites, but has flung over them the ceremonial handfuls of earth, and every year carefully renews the garlands of memorial flowers. Nay, if what they say in Rome be true, she has even made a new continent of the Colosseum, and given it a *flora* of its own.

At length, descending a little, we passed through farm-yards and cultivated fields, where, from Leopoldo's conversations with the labourers, we discovered that he himself did not know the way for which he had undertaken to be guide. However, we presently came to our ruin, and very noble it was. The aqueduct had here been carried across a deep gorge, and over the little brook which wimpled along below towered an arch, as a bit of Shakespeare bestrides the exiguous rill of a discourse which it was intended to ornament. The only human habitation in sight was a little casetta on the top of

a neighbouring hill. What else of man's work could be seen was a ruined castle of the Middle Ages, and, far away upon the horizon, the eternal dome. A valley in the moon could scarce have been lonelier, could scarce have suggested more strongly the feeling of preteriteness and extinction. The stream below did not seem so much to sing as to murmur sadly, *Conclusum est; periisti!* and the wind, sighing through the arch, answered, *Periisti!* Nor was the silence of Monte Cavi without meaning. That cup, once full of fiery wine, in which it pledged Vesuvius and Etna later born, was brimmed with innocent water now. Adam came upon the earth too late to see the glare of its last orgy, lighting the eyes of saurians in the reedy Campagna below. I almost fancied I could hear a voice like that which cried to the Egyptian pilot, *Great Pan is dead!* I was looking into the dreary socket where once glowed the eye that saw the whole earth vassal. Surely, this was the world's autumn, and I could hear the feet of Time rustling through the wreck of races and dynasties, cheap and inconsiderable as fallen leaves.

But a guide is not engaged to lead one into the world of imagination. He is as deadly to sentiment as a sniff of hartshorn. His position is a false one, like that of the critic, who is supposed to know everything, and expends himself in showing that he does not. If you should ever have the luck to attend a concert of the spheres, under the protection of an Italian *cicerone*, he will expect you to listen to him rather than to it. He will say: '*Ecco, Signorìa*, that one in the red mantle is Signor Mars, eh! what a noblest *basso* is Signor Mars! but nothing (Lordship understands?) to what Signor Saturn used to be (he with the golden belt, *Signorìa*), only his voice

is in ruins now—scarce one note left upon another; but Lordship can see what it was by the remains, Roman remains, *Signorìa*, Roman remains, the work of giants. (Lordship understands?) They make no such voices now. Certainly, Signor Jupiter (with the yellow tunic, there) is a brave artist and a most sincere tenor; but since the time of the Republic' (if he think you an *oscurante*, or since the French, if he suspect you of being the least *red*) 'we have no more good singing'. And so on.

It is a well-known fact to all persons who are in the habit of climbing Jacob's-ladders, that, if any one speak to you during the operation, the fabric collapses, and you come somewhat uncomfortably to the ground. One can be hit with a remark, when he is beyond the reach of more material missiles. Leopoldo saw by my abstracted manner that I was getting away from him, and I was the only victim he had left, for Storg was making a sketch below. So he hastened to fetch me down again.

'Nero built this arch, Lordship.' (He didn't, but Nero was Leopoldo's historical scapegoat.) 'Lordship sees the dome? he will deign to look the least little to the left hand. Lordship has much intelligence. Well, Nero always did thus. His works always, always, had Rome in view.'

He had already shown me two ruins, which he ascribed equally to Nero, and which could only have seen Rome by looking through a mountain. However, such trifles are nothing to an accomplished guide.

I remembered his quoting Horace in the morning.

'Do you understand Latin, Leopoldo?'

'I did a little once, Lordship. I went to the Jesuits' school at Tivoli. But what use of Latin to a *poverino* like me?'

‘Were you intended for the Church? Why did you leave the school?’

‘Eh, Lordship!’ and one of those shrugs which might mean that he left it of his own free will, or that he was expelled at point of toe. He added some contemptuous phrase about the priests.

‘But, Leopoldo, you are a good Catholic?’

‘Eh, Lordship, who knows? A man is no blinder for being poor—nay, hunger sharpens the eyesight sometimes. The cardinals (their Eminences!) tell us that it is good to be poor, and that, in proportion as we lack on earth, it shall be made up to us in Paradise. Now, if the cardinals (their Eminences!) believe what they preach, why do they want to ride in such handsome carriages?’

‘But are there many who think as you do?’

‘Everybody, Lordship, but a few women and fools. What imports it what the fools think?’

An immense deal, I thought, an immense deal; for of what material is public opinion manufactured?

‘Do you ever go to church?’

‘Once a year, Lordship, at Easter, to mass and confession.’

‘Why once a year?’

‘Because, Lordship, one must have a certificate from the priest. One might be sent to prison else, and one had rather go to confession than to jail. Eh, Lordship, it is a *porcheria*.’

It is proper to add, that in what Leopoldo said of the priests he was not speaking of his old masters, the Jesuits. One never hears anything in Italy against the purity of their lives, or their learning and ability, though much against their unscrupulousness. Nor will any one who has ever enjoyed the gentle and dignified hospitality of the Benedictines be ready to believe any evil report of them.

By this time Storg had finished his sketch, and we remounted our grazing steeds. They were brisker as soon as their noses were turned homeward, and we did the eight miles back in an hour. The setting sun streamed through and among the Michael Angelesque olive-trunks, and, through the long colonnade of the bridle-path, fired the scarlet waistcoats and bodices of homeward villagers, or was sullenly absorbed in the long black cassock and flapped hat of a priest, who courteously saluted the strangers. Sometimes a mingled flock of sheep and goats (as if they had walked out of one of Claude's pictures) followed the shepherd, who, satyr-like, in goat-skin breeches, sang such songs as were acceptable before Tubal Cain struck out the laws of musical time from his anvil. The peasant, in his ragged brown cloak, or with blue jacket hanging from the left shoulder, still strides Romanly—*incedit rex*—and his eyes have a placid grandeur, inherited from those which watched the glittering snake of the Triumph, as it undulated along the Via Sacra. By his side moves with equal pace his woman-porter, the caryatid of a vast entablature of household stuff, and learning in that harsh school a sinuous poise of body and a security of step beyond the highest snatch of the posture-master.

As we drew near Tivoli the earth was fast swinging into shadow. The darkening Campagna, climbing the sides of the nearer Monticelli in a grey belt of olive-spray, rolled on towards the blue island of Soracte, behind which we lost the sun. Yes, we had lost the sun; but in the wide chimney of the largest room at the Sibilla there danced madly, crackling with ilex and laurel, a bright ambassador from Sun-land, Monsieur Le Feu, no pinchbeck substitute for his royal master. As we drew our chairs up, after

the dinner due to Leopoldo's forethought, 'Behold,' said I, 'the Resident of the great king near the court of our (this-day-created) Hogan Moganships.'

We sat looking into the fire, as it wavered from shining shape to shape of unearthliest fantasy, and both of us, no doubt, making out old faces among the embers, for we both said together, 'Let us talk of old times.'

'To the small hours,' said the Edelmann; 'and instead of blundering off to Torneo to intrude chatteringly upon the midnight privacy of Apollo, let us promote the fire, there, to the rank of sun by brevet, and have a kind of undress rehearsal of those night wanderings of his here upon the ample stage of the hearth.'

So we went through the whole catalogue of *Do you remember?* and laughed at all the old stories, so dreary to an outsider. Then we grew pensive, and talked of the empty sockets in that golden band of our young friendship—of S. with Grecian front, but unsevere, and Saxon M. to whom laughter was as natural as for a brook to ripple.

But Leopoldo had not done with us. We were to get back to Rome in the morning, and to that end must make a treaty with the company which ran the Tivoli diligence, the next day not being the regular period of departure for that prodigious structure. We had given Leopoldo twice his fee, and, setting a mean value upon our capacities in proportion, he expected to bag a neat percentage on our bargain. Alas! he had made a false estimate of the Anglo-Norman mind, which, capable of generosity as a compliment to itself, will stickle for the dust in the balance in a matter of business, and would blush at being *done* by Mercury himself.

Accordingly, at about nine o'clock there came

a knock at the door, and, answering our *Favorisca*! in stalked Leopoldo, gravely followed by the two commissioners of the company.

‘Behold me returned, Lordship, and these men are the *Vetturini*.’

Why is it that men who have to do with horses are the same all over Christendom? Is it that they acquire equine characteristics, or that this particular mystery is magnetic to certain sorts of men? Certainly they are marked unmistakably, and these two worthies would have looked perfectly natural in Yorkshire or Vermont. They were just alike—*fortemque Gyan fortemque Cloanthum*—and you could not split an epithet between them. Simultaneously they threw back their large overcoats, and displayed spheroidal figures, over which the strongly pronounced stripes of their plaided waistcoats ran like parallels of latitude and longitude over a globe. Simultaneously they took off their hats and said, ‘Your servant, gentlemen.’ In Italy it is always necessary to make a *combinazione* beforehand about even the most customary matters, for there is no fixed *highest* price for anything. For a minute or two we stood reckoning each other’s forces. Then I opened the first trench with the usual, ‘How much do you wish for carrying us to Rome at half-past seven to-morrow morning?’

The enemy glanced, one at the other, and the result of this ocular *witenagemot* was that one said, ‘Four scudi, gentlemen.’

The Edelmann Storg took his cigar from his mouth in order to whistle, and made a rather indecorous allusion to four gentlemen in the diplomatic service of his Majesty, the Prince of the Powers of the Air.

‘Whe-ew! *quattro diavoli*!’ said he.

‘*Macchè!*’ exclaimed I, attempting a flank-movement, ‘I had rather go on foot!’ and threw as much horror into my face as if a proposition had been made to me to commit robbery, murder, and arson all together.

‘For less than three scudi and a half the diligence parts not from Tivoli at an extraordinary hour,’ said the stout man, with an imperturbable gravity, intended to mask his retreat, and to make it seem that he was making the same proposal as at first.

Storg saw that they wavered, and opened upon them with his flying artillery of sarcasm.

‘Do you take us for *Inglese*? We are very well here, and will stay at the Sibilla,’ he sniffed scornfully.

‘How much will Lordship give?’ (This was showing the white feather.)

‘Fifteen pauls’ (a scudo and a half), ‘*buonamano* included.’

‘It is impossible, gentlemen; for less than two scudi and a half the diligence parts not from Tivoli at an extraordinary hour.’

‘Fifteen pauls.’

‘Will Lordship give two scudi?’ (with a slight flavour of mendicancy.)

‘Fifteen pauls’ (growing firm as we saw them waver).

‘Then, gentlemen, it is all over; it is impossible, gentlemen.’

‘Very good; a pleasant evening to you!’ and they bowed themselves out.

As soon as the door closed behind them, Leopoldo, who had looked on in more and more anxious silence as the chance of plunder was whittled slimmer and slimmer by the sharp edges of the parley, saw instantly that it was for his interest to turn state’s evidence against his accomplices.

‘They will be back in a moment,’ he said knowingly, as if he had been of our side all along.

‘Of course; we are aware of that.’ It is always prudent to be aware of everything in travelling.

And, sure enough, in five minutes re-enter the stout men, as gravely as if everything had been thoroughly settled, and ask respectfully at what hour we would have the diligence.

This will serve as a specimen of Italian bargaining. They do not feel happy if they get their first price. So easy a victory makes them sorry they had not asked twice as much, and, besides, they love the excitement of the contest. I have seen as much debate over a little earthen pot (value two cents) on the Ponte Vecchio, in Florence, as would have served for an operation of millions in the funds, the demand and the offer alternating so rapidly that the litigants might be supposed to be playing the ancient game of *morra*. It is a part of the universal fondness for gaming and lotteries. An English gentleman once asked his Italian courier how large a percentage he made on all his employer’s money which passed through his hands. ‘About five per cent.; sometimes more, sometimes less,’ was the answer. ‘Well, I will add that to your salary, in order that I may be rid of this uncomfortable feeling of being cheated.’ The courier mused a moment, and said, ‘But no, sir, I should not be happy; then it would not be sometimes more, sometimes less, and I should miss the excitement of the game.’

22nd.—This morning the diligence was at the door punctually, and, taking our seats in the *coupé*, we bade farewell to La Sibilla. But first we ran back for a parting glimpse at the water-fall. These last looks, like lovers’ last kisses, are nouns of

multitude, and presently the *povero stalliere, signori*, waited upon us, cap in hand, telling us that the *vetturino* was impatient, and begging for drink-money in the same breath. Leopoldo hovered longingly afar, for these vultures respect times and seasons, and while one is fleshing his beak upon the foreign prey, the others forbear. The passengers in the diligence were not very lively. The Romans are a grave people, and more so than ever since '49. Of course, there was one priest amongst them. There always is; for the *mantis religiosus* is as inevitable to these public conveyances as the curculio is to the plum, and one could almost fancy that they were bred in the same way—that the egg was inserted when the vehicle was green, became developed as it ripened, and never left it till it dropped withered from the pole. There was nothing noticeable on the road to Rome, except the strings of pack-horses and mules which we met returning with empty lime-sacks to Tivoli, whence comes the supply of Rome. A railroad was proposed, but the government would not allow it, because it would interfere with this carrying-trade, and wisely granted instead a charter for a road to Frascati, where there was no business whatever to be interfered with. About a mile of this is built in a style worthy of ancient Rome; and it is possible that eventually another mile may be accomplished, for some half-dozen labourers are at work upon it with wheelbarrows, in the leisurely Roman fashion. If it is ever finished, it will have nothing to carry but the conviction of its own uselessness. A railroad has been proposed to Civita Vecchia; but that is out of the question, because it would be profitable. On the whole, one does not regret the failure of these schemes. One would not approach the solitary

emotion of a lifetime, such as is the first sight of Rome, at the rate of forty miles an hour. It is better, after painfully crawling up one of those long paved hills, to have the postilion turn in his saddle, and, pointing with his whip (without looking, for he knows instinctively where it is), say *Ecco San Pietro!* Then you look tremblingly, and see it hovering visionary on the horizon's verge, and in a moment you are rattling and rumbling and wallowing down into the valley, and it is gone. So you play hide-and-seek with it all the rest of the way, and have time to converse with your sensations. You fancy you have got used to it at last; but from the next hill-top, lo, there it looms again, a new wonder, and you do not feel sure that it will keep its tryst till you find yourself under its shadow. The Dome is to Rome what Vesuvius is to Naples; only a greater wonder, for Michael Angelo hung it there. The traveller climbs it as he would a mountain, and finds the dwellings of men high up on its sacred cliffs. It has its annual eruption, too, at Easter, when the fire trickles and palpitates down its mighty shoulders, seen from far-off Tivoli.—No, the locomotive is less impertinent at Portici, hailing the imprisoned Titan there with a kindred shriek. Let it not vex the solemn Roman ghosts, or the nobly desolate Campagna, with whose solitudes the shattered vertebrae of the aqueducts are in truer sympathy.

24th.—To-day, our journey to Subiaco properly begins. The jocund morning had called the beggars to their street-corners, and the women to the windows; the players of *morra* (a game probably as old as the invention of fingers), of chuck-farthing, and of bowls, had cheerfully begun the labours of the day; the plaintive cries of the chair-seaters, frog-vendors, and

certain other peripatetic merchants, the meaning of whose vocal advertisements I could never penetrate, quaver at regular intervals, now near and now far away ; a solitary Jew with a sack over his shoulder, and who never is seen to stop, slouches along, every now and then croaking a penitential *Cenci* ! as if he were somehow the embodied expiation (by some post-Ovidian metamorphosis) of that darkest Roman tragedy ; women are bargaining for lettuce and endive ; the slimy Triton in the Piazza Barberina spatters himself with vanishing diamonds ; a peasant leads an ass on which sits the mother with a babe in her arms,—a living flight into Egypt ; in short, the beautiful spring day had awakened all of Rome that can awaken yet (for the ideal Rome waits for another morning), when we rattled along in our *carrettella* on the way to Palestrina. A *carrettella* is to the perfected vehicle, as the coracle to the steamship ; it is the first crude conception of a wheeled carriage. Doubtless the inventor of it was a prodigious genius in his day, and rode proudly in it, envied by the more fortunate pedestrian, and cushioned by his own inflated imagination. If the chariot of Achilles were like it, then was Hector happier at the tail than the son of Thetis on the box. It is an oblong basket upon two wheels, with a single seat rising in the middle. We had not jarred over a hundred yards of the Quattro Fontane before we discovered that no elastic propugnaculum had been interposed between the body and the axle, so that we sat, as it were, on paving-stones, mitigated only by so much as well-seasoned ilex is less flinty-hearted than *tufo* or *breccia*. If there were any truth in the theory of developments, I am certain that we should have been furnished with a pair of rudimentary elliptical springs, at least, before half our day's journey was over. However,

as one of those happy illustrations of ancient manners, which one meets with so often here, it was instructive; for I now clearly understand that it was not merely by reason of pomp that Hadrian used to be three days in getting to his villa, only twelve miles off. In spite of the author of *Vestiges*, Nature, driven to extremities, can develop no more easy cushion than a blister, and no doubt treated an ancient emperor and a modern republican with severe impartiality.

It was difficult to talk without biting one's tongue; but as soon as we had got fairly beyond the gate, and out of sight of the last red-legged French soldier, and tightly-buttoned *doganiere*, our driver became loquacious.

'I am a good Catholic,—better than most,' said he, suddenly.

'What do you mean by that?'

'Eh! they say Saint Peter wrought miracles, and there are enough who don't believe it; but *I* do. There's the Barberini Palace,—behold one miracle of Saint Peter! There's the Farnese,—behold another! There's the Borghese,—behold a third! But there's no end of them. No saint, nor all the saints put together, ever worked so many wonders as he; and then, *per Bacco!* he is the *uncle* of so many folks,—why, that's a miracle in itself, and of the greatest!'

Presently he added: 'Do you know how we shall treat the priests when we make our next revolution? We shall treat them as they treat us, and that is after the fashion of the buffalo. For the buffalo is not content with getting a man down, but after that he gores him and thrusts him, always, always, as if he wished to cram him to the centre of the earth. Ah, if I were only keeper of hell-gate! Not a rascal of them all should ever get out into purgatory while I stood at the door!'

We remonstrated a little, but it only exasperated him the more.

‘Blood of Judas! they will eat nothing else than gold, when a poor fellow’s belly is as empty as San Lorenzo yonder. They’ll have enough of it one of these days—but melted! How do you think they will like it for soup?’

Perhaps, if our vehicle had been blessed with springs, our vetturino would have been more placable. I confess a growing moroseness in myself, and a wandering speculation or two as to the possible fate of the builder of our chariot in the next world. But I am more and more persuaded every day, that, as far as the popular mind is concerned, Romanism is a dead thing in Italy. It survives only because there is nothing else to replace it with, for men must wear their old habits (however threadbare and out at the elbows) till they get better. It is literally a superstition,—a something left to *stand over* till the great commercial spirit of the nineteenth century balances his accounts again, and then it will be banished to the limbo of profit and loss. The Papacy lies dead in the Vatican, but the secret is kept for the present, and government is carried on in its name. After the fact gets abroad, perhaps its ghost will terrify men a little while longer, but only while they are in the dark, though the ghost of a creed is a hard thing to give a mortal wound to, and may be laid, after all, only in a Red Sea of blood.

So we rattled along till we came to a large *albergo* just below the village of Colonna. While our horse was taking his *rinfrasco*, we climbed up to it, and found it desolate enough,—the houses never rebuilt since Consul Rienzi sacked it five hundred years ago. It was a kind of gray incrustation on the top of the hill, chiefly inhabited by pigs, chickens, and an old

woman with a distaff, who looked as sacked and ruinous as everything around her. There she sat in the sun, a dreary, doting Clotho, who had outlived her sisters, and spun endless destinies which none was left to cut at the appointed time. Of course she paused from her work a moment, and held out a skinny hand, with the usual, 'Noblest gentlemen, give me something for charity.' We gave her enough to pay Charon's ferriage across to her sisters, and departed hastily, for there was something uncanny about the place. In this climate even the finger-marks of Ruin herself are indelible, and the walls were still blackened with Rienzi's fires.

As we waited for our *carrettella*, I saw four or five of the lowest-looking peasants come up and read the handbill of a *tombola* (a kind of lottery) which was stuck up beside the inn-door. One of them read it aloud for our benefit, and with remarkable propriety of accent and emphasis. This benefit of clergy, however, is of no great consequence where there is nothing to read. In Rome, this morning, the walls were spattered with placards condemning the works of George Sand, Eugene Sue, Gioberti, and others. But in Rome one may contrive to read any book he likes; and I know Italians who are familiar with Swedenborg, and even Strauss.

Our stay at the *albergo* was illustrated by one other event,—a nightingale singing in a full-blossomed elder-bush on the edge of a brook just across the road. So liquid were the notes, and so full of spring, that the twig he tilted on seemed a conductor through which the mingled magnetism of brook and blossom flowed into him and were precipitated in music. Nature understands thoroughly the value of contrasts, and accordingly a donkey from a shed hard by, hitched and hesitated and

agonized through his bray, so that we might be conscious at once of the positive and negative poles of song. It was pleasant to see with what undoubting enthusiasm he went through his solo, and vindicated Providence from the imputation of weakness in making such trifles as the nightingale yonder. 'Give ear, O heaven and earth!' he seemed to say, 'nor dream that good, sound common-sense is extinct or out of fashion as long as *I* live.' I suppose Nature made the donkey half abstractedly, while she was feeling her way up to her ideal in the horse, and that his bray is in like manner an experimental sketch for the neigh of her finished animal.

We drove on to Palestrina, passing for some distance over an old Roman road, as carriageable as when it was built. Palestrina occupies the place of the once famous Temple of Fortune, whose ruins are perhaps a fitter monument of the fickle goddess than ever the perfect fane was.

Come hither, weary ghosts that wail
O'er buried Nimroud's carven walls,
And ye whose nightly footsteps frail
From the dread hush of Memphian halls
Lead forth the whispering funerals!

Come hither, shade of ancient pain
That, muffled sitting, hear'st the foam
To death-deaf Carthage shout in vain,
And thou that in the Sibyl's tome
Tear-stain'st the *never* after Rome!

Come, Marius, Wolsey, all ye great
On whom proud Fortune stamped her heel,
And see herself the sport of Fate,
Herself discrowned and made to feel
The treason of her slippery wheel!

One climbs through a great part of the town by stone steps, passing fragments of Pelasgic wall (for history, like geology, may be studied here in successive rocky *strata*), and at length reaches the inn, called the *Cappellaro*, the sign of which is a great tin cardinal's hat, swinging from a small building on the other side of the street, so that a better view of it may be had from the hostelry itself. The landlady, a stout woman of about sixty years, welcomed us heartily, and burst forth into an eloquent eulogy on some fresh sea-fish which she had just received from Rome. She promised everything for dinner, leaving us to choose ; but as a skilful juggler flitters the cards before you, and, while he seems to offer all, forces upon you the one he wishes, so we found that whenever we undertook to select from her voluble bill of fare, we had in some unaccountable manner always ordered sea-fish. Therefore, after a few vain efforts, we contented ourselves, and, while our dinner was cooking, climbed up to the top of the town. Here stands the deserted Palazzo Barberini, in which is a fine Roman mosaic pavement. It was a dreary old place. On the ceilings of some of the apartments were fading out the sprawling apotheoses of heroes of the family (themselves long ago faded utterly), who probably went through a somewhat different ceremony after their deaths from that represented here. One of the rooms on the ground-floor was still occupied, and from its huge grated windows there swelled and subsided at intervals a confused turmoil of voices, some talking, some singing, some swearing, and some lamenting, as if a page of Dante's *Inferno* had become suddenly alive under one's eye. This was the prison, and in front of each window a large stone block allowed *tête-à-tête* discourses between the

prisoners and their friends outside. Behind the palace rises a steep, rocky hill, with a continuation of ruined castle, the innocent fastness now of rooks and swallows. We walked down to a kind of terrace, and watched the Alban Mount (which saw the sunset for us by proxy) till the bloom trembled nearer and nearer to its summit, then went wholly out, we could not say when, and day was dead. Simultaneously we thought of dining, and clattered hastily down to the *Cappellaro*. We had to wait yet half an hour for dinner, and from where I sat I could see through the door of the dining-room a kind of large hall into which a door from the kitchen also opened. Presently I saw the landlady come out with a little hanging lamp in her hand, and seat herself amply before a row of baskets ranged upside-down along the wall. She carefully lifted the edge of one of these, and, after she had groped in it a moment, I heard that hoarse choking scream peculiar to fowls when seized by the leg in the dark, as if their throats were in their tibiae after sunset. She took out a fine young cock and set him upon his feet before her, stupid with sleep, and blinking helplessly at the lamp, which he perhaps took for a sun in reduced circumstances, doubtful whether to crow or cackle. She looked at him admiringly, felt of him, sighed, gazed sadly at his coral crest, and put him back again. This ceremony she repeated with five or six of the baskets, and then went back into the kitchen. I thought of Thessalian hags and Arabian enchantresses, and wondered if these were transformed travellers,—for travellers go through queer transformations sometimes. Should Storg and I be crowing and scratching to-morrow morning, instead of going to Subiaco? Should we be Plato's men, with the feathers, instead

of without them? I would probe this mystery. So, when the good woman came in to lay the table, I asked what she had been doing with the fowls.

‘I thought to kill one for the gentlemen’s soup; but they were so beautiful my heart failed me. Still, if the gentlemen wish it—only I thought two pigeons would be more delicate.’

Of course we declined to be accessory to such a murder, and she went off delighted, returning in a few minutes with our dinner. First we had soup, then a roasted kid, then boiled pigeons (of which the soup had been made), and last the *pesci di mare*, which were not quite so great a novelty to us as to our good hostess. However, hospitality, like so many other things, is reciprocal, and the guest must bring his half, or it is naught. The prosperity of a dinner lies in the heart of him that eats it, and an appetite twelve miles long enabled us to do as great justice to the fish as if we were crowding all Lent into our meal.

The landlady came and sat by us; a large and serious cat, winding her great tail around her, settled herself comfortably on the table, licking her paws now and then, with a poor relation’s look at the fish; a small dog sprang into an empty chair, and a large one, with very confidential manners, would go from one to the other of us, laying his paw upon our arms as if he had an important secret to communicate, and alternately pricking and drooping his ears in hope or despondency. The *albergatrice* forthwith began to tell us her story,—how she was a widow, how she had borne thirteen children, twelve still living, and how she received a pension of sixty scudi a year, under the old Roman law, for her meritoriousness in this respect. The portrait of the son she had lost hung over the chimney-place,

and, pointing to it, she burst forth into the following droll threnody. The remarks in parenthesis were screamed through the kitchen-door, which stood ajar, or addressed personally to us.

‘O my son, my son! the doctors killed him, just as truly as if they had poisoned him! O how beautiful he was! beautiful! *beautiful!!* BEAUTIFUL!!! (Are not those fish done yet?) Look, that is his likeness,—but he was handsomer. He was as big as that’ (extending her arms),—‘big breast, big shoulders, big sides, big legs! (Eat ’em, eat ’em, they won’t hurt you, fresh sea-fish, fresh! *fresh!!* FRESH!!!) I told them the doctors had murdered him, when they carried him with torches! He had been hunting, and brought home some rabbits, I remember, for he was not one that ever came empty-handed, and got the fever, and you treated him for consumption, and killed him! (Shall I come out there, or will you bring some more fish?)’ So she went on, talking to herself, to us, to the little *serva* in the kitchen, and to the medical profession in general, repeating every epithet three times, with increasing emphasis, till her voice rose to a scream, and contriving to mix up her living children with her dead one, the fish, the doctors, the *serva*, and the rabbits, till it was hard to say whether it was the fish that had large legs, whether the doctors had killed them, or the *serva* had killed the doctors, and whether the *bello! bello!! bello!!!* referred to her son or a particularly fine rabbit.

25th.—Having engaged our guide and horses the night before, we set out betimes this morning for Olevano. From Palestrina to Cavi the road winds along a narrow valley, following the course of a stream which rustles rather than roars below. Large chestnut-trees lean every way on the steep sides of the

hills above us, and at every opening we could see great stretches of Campagna rolling away and away toward the bases of purple mountains streaked with snow. The sides of the road were drifted with heaps of wild hawthorn and honeysuckle in full bloom, and bubbling with innumerable nightingales that sang unseen. Overhead the sunny sky tinkled with larks, as if the frost in the air were breaking up and whirling away on the swollen currents of spring.

Before long we overtook a little old man hobbling toward Cavi, with a bag upon his back. This was the mail! Happy country, which Hurry and Worry have not yet subjugated! Then we clattered up and down the narrow paved streets of Cavi, through the market-place, full of men dressed all alike in blue jackets, blue breeches, and white stockings, who do not stare at the strangers, and so out at the farther gate. Now oftener and oftener we meet groups of peasants in gayest dresses, ragged pilgrims with staff and scallop, singing (horribly); then processions with bagpipes and pipes in front, droning and squealing (horribly); then strings of two-wheeled carts, eight or nine in each, and in the first the priest, book in hand, setting the stave, and all singing (horribly). This must be inquired into. Gigantic guide, who, splendid with blue sash and silver knee-buckles, has contrived, by incessant drumming with his heels, to get his mule in front, is hailed.

‘Ho, Petruccio, what is the meaning of all this press of people?’

‘*Festa*, Lordship, at Genezzano.’

‘What *festa*?’

‘Of the Madonna, Lordship,’ and touches his hat, for they are all dreadfully afraid of her for some reason or other.

We are in luck, this being the great *festa* of the

year among the mountains,—a thing which people go out of Rome to see.

‘Where is Genezzano?’

‘Just over yonder, Lordship,’ and pointed to the left, where was what seemed like a monstrous crystallization of rock on the crown of a hill, with three or four taller crags of castle towering in the midst, and all gray, except the tiled roofs, whose wrinkled sides were gold-washed with a bright yellow lichen, as if ripples, turned by some spell to stone, had contrived to detain the sunshine with which they were touched at the moment of transformation.

The road, wherever it came into sight, burned with brilliant costumes, like an illuminated page of Froissart. Gigantic guide meanwhile shows an uncomfortable and fidgety reluctance to turn aside and enter fairyland, which is wholly unaccountable. Is the huge earthen creature an Afrite, under sacred pledge to Solomon, and in danger of being sealed up again, if he venture near the festival of our Blessed Lady? If so, *that* also were a ceremony worth seeing, and we insist. He wriggles and swings his great feet with an evident impulse to begin kicking the sides of his mule again and fly. The way over the hills from Genezzano to Olevano he pronounces *scomodissima*, demanding of every peasant who goes by if it be not entirely impassable. This leading question, put in all the tones of plausible entreaty he can command, meets the invariable reply, ‘*È scomoda, davvero ; ma per le bestie—eh !*’ (it is bad, of a truth, but for the beasts—eh!), and then one of those indescribable shrugs, unintelligible at first as the compass to a savage, but in which the expert can make twenty hair’s-breadth distinctions between NE. and NNE.

Finding that destiny had written it on his forehead,

the guide at last turned and went cantering and kicking toward Genezzano, we following. Just before you reach the town, the road turns sharply to the right, and, crossing a little gorge, loses itself in the dark gateway. Outside the gate is an open space, which formiculated with peasantry in every variety of costume that was *not* Parisian. Laughing women were climbing up on their horses (which they bestride like men); pilgrims were chanting, and beggars (the howl of an Italian beggar in the country is something terrible) howling in discordant rivalry. It was a scene lively enough to make Heraclitus shed a double allowance of tears; but our giant was still discomforted. As soon as we had entered the gate, he dodged into a little back-street, just as we were getting out of which the mystery of his unwillingness was cleared up. He had been endeavouring to avoid a creditor. But it so chanced (as Fate can hang a man with even a rope of sand) that the enemy was in position just at the end of this very lane, where it debouched into the Piazza of the town.

The disputes of Italians are very droll things, and I will accordingly bag the one which is now imminent, as a specimen. They quarrel as unaccountably as dogs, who put their noses together, dislike each other's kind of smell, and instantly tumble one over the other, with noise enough to draw the eyes of a whole street. So these people burst out, without apparent preliminaries, into a noise and fury and war-dance which would imply the very utmost pitch and agony of exasperation. And the subsidence is as sudden. They explode each other on mere contact, as if by a law of nature, like two hostile gases. They do not grow warm, but leap at once from zero to some degree of white heat, to indicate which no Anglo-Saxon thermometer of wrath is highly enough

graduated. If I were asked to name one universal characteristic of an Italian town, I should say, two men clamouring and shaking themselves to pieces at each other, and a woman leaning lazily out of a window, and perhaps looking at something else. Till one gets used to this kind of thing, one expects some horrible catastrophe; but during eight months in Italy I have only seen blows exchanged thrice. In the present case the explosion was of harmless gunpowder.

‘Why-haven’t-you-paid-those-fifty-five-bajocchi-at-the-pizzicarolo’s?’ began the adversary, speaking with such inconceivable rapidity that he made only one word, nay, as it seemed, one monosyllable, of the whole sentence. Our giant, with a controversial genius which I should not have suspected in him, immediately, and with great adroitness, changed the ground of dispute, and, instead of remaining an insolvent debtor, raised himself at once to the ethical position of a moralist, resisting an unjust demand from principle.

‘It was only *forty-five*,’ roared he.

‘But I say *fifty-five*,’ screamed the other, and shook his close-cropped head as a boy does an apple on the end of a switch, as if he meant presently to jerk it off at his antagonist.

‘*Birbone!*’ yelled the guide, gesticulating so furiously with every square inch of his ponderous body that I thought he would throw his mule over, the poor beast standing all the while with drooping head and ears while the thunders of this man-quake burst over him. So feels the tortoise that sustains the globe when earth suffers fiery convulsions.

‘*Birbante!*’ retorted the creditor, and the opprobrious epithet clattered from between his shaking jaws as a refractory copper is rattled out of a Jehoiada-box by a child.

‘*Andate vi far friggere !*’ howled giant.

‘*Andate ditto, ditto !*’ echoed creditor,—and behold, the thing is over! The giant promises to attend to the affair when he comes back, the creditor returns to his booth, and we ride on.

Speaking of Italian quarrels, I am tempted to parenthesize here another which I saw at Civita Vecchia. We had been five days on our way from Leghorn in a French steamer, a voyage performed usually, I think, in about thirteen hours. It was heavy weather, blowing what a sailor would call half a gale of wind, and the caution of our captain, not to call it fear, led him to put in for shelter first at Porto Ferrajo in Elba, and then at Santo Stefano on the Italian coast. Our little black water-beetle of a mail-packet *was* knocked about pretty well, and all the Italian passengers disappeared in the forward cabin before we were out of port. When we were fairly at anchor within the harbour of Civita Vecchia, they crawled out again, sluggish as winter flies, their vealy faces mezzotinted with soot. One of them presently appeared in the custom-house, his only luggage being a cage closely covered with a dirty red handkerchief, which represented his linen.

‘What have you in the cage?’ asked the *doganiere*.

‘Eh! nothing other than a parrot.’

‘There is a duty of one scudo and one bajocco, then.’

‘*Santo diavolo !* but what hoggishness!’

Thereupon instant and simultaneous blow-up, or rather a series of explosions, like those in honour of a Neapolitan saint’s-day, lasting about ten minutes, and followed by a sudden quiet. In the course of it, the owner of the bird, playing irreverently on the first half of its name (*pappagallo*), hinted that it would be a high duty for his Holiness himself (*Papa*).

After a pause for breath, he said quietly, as if nothing had happened, 'Very good, then, since I must pay, I will,' and began fumbling for the money.

'Meanwhile, do me the politeness to show me the bird,' said the officer.

'With all pleasure,' and, lifting a corner of the handkerchief, there lay the object of dispute on his back, stone-dead, with his claws curled up helplessly on each side his breast. I believe the owner would have been pleased had it even been his grandmother who had thus evaded duty, so exquisite is the pleasure of an Italian in escaping payment of anything.

'I make a present of the poor bird,' said he blandly.

The publican, however, seemed to feel that he had been somehow cheated, and I left them in high debate, as to whether the bird were dead when it entered the custom-house, and, if it had been, whether a dead parrot were dutiable. Do not blame me for being entertained and trying to entertain you with these trifles. I remember Virgil's stern

Chè per poco è che teco non mi risso,

but Dante's journey was of more import to himself and others than mine.

I am struck by the freshness and force of the passions in Europeans, and cannot help feeling as if there were something healthy in it. When I think of the versatile and accommodating habits of America, it seems like a land without thunderstorms. In proportion as man grows commercial, does he also become dispassionate and incapable of electric emotions? The driving-wheels of all-powerful nature are in the back of the head, and, as man is the highest type of organization, so a nation is better or worse as it advances toward the highest type of man, or recedes from it. But it is ill with a nation when

the cerebrum sucks the cerebellum dry, for it cannot live by intellect alone. The broad foreheads always carry the day at last, but only when they are based on or buttressed with massive hind-heads. It would be easier to make a people great in whom the animal is vigorous, than to keep one so after it has begun to spindle into over-intellectuality. The hands that have grasped dominion and held it have been large and hard; those from which it has slipped, delicate, and apt for the lyre and the pencil. Moreover, brain is always to be bought, but passion never comes to market. On the whole, I am rather inclined to like this European impatience and fire, even while I laugh at it, and sometimes find myself surmising whether a people who, like the Americans, put up quietly with all sorts of petty personal impositions and injustices, will not at length find it too great a bore to quarrel with great public wrongs.

Meanwhile, I must remember that I am in Genazzano, and not in the lecturer's desk. We walked about for an hour or two, admiring the beauty and grand bearing of the women, and the picturesque vivacity and ever-renewing unassuetude of the whole scene. Take six of the most party-coloured dreams, break them to pieces, put them into a fantasy-kaleidoscope, and when you look through it you will see something that for strangeness, vividness, and mutability looked like the little Piazza of Genazzano seen from the church porch. As we wound through the narrow streets again to the stables where we had left our horses, a branch of laurel or ilex would mark a wine-shop, and, looking till our eye cooled and toned itself down to dusky sympathy with the crypt, we could see the smoky interior sprinkled with white head-cloths and scarlet bodices, with here and there a yellow spot of lettuce or the red inward gleam of

a wine-flask. The head-dress is precisely of that most ancient pattern seen on Egyptian statues, and so colossal are many of the wearers, that you might almost think you saw a party of young sphinxes carousing in the sunless core of a pyramid.

We remounted our beasts, and, for about a mile, cantered gaily along a fine road, and then turned into a by-path along the flank of a mountain. Here the guide's *strada scomodissima* began, and we were forced to dismount, and drag our horses downward for a mile or two. We crossed a small plain in the valley, and then began to climb the opposite ascent. The path was perhaps four feet broad, and was paved with irregularly shaped blocks of stone, which, having been raised and lowered, tipped, twisted, undermined, and generally capsized by the rains and frosts of centuries, presented the most diabolically ingenious traps and pitfalls. All the while the scenery was beautiful. Mountains of every shape and hue changed their slow outlines ever as we moved, now opening, now closing around us, sometimes peering down solemnly at us over each other's shoulders, and then sinking slowly out of sight, or, at some sharp turn of the path, seeming to stride into the valley and confront us with their craggy challenge,—a challenge which the little valleys accepted, if we did not, matching their rarest tints of gray and brown, and pink and purple, or that royal dye to make which all these were profusely melted together, for a moment's ornament, with as many shades of various green and yellow. Gray towns crowded and clung on the tops of peaks that seemed inaccessible. We owe a great deal of picturesqueness to the quarrels and thieveries of the barons of the Middle Ages. The traveller and artist should put up a prayer for their battered old souls. It was

to be out of their way and that of the Saracens that people were driven to make their homes in spots so sublime and inconvenient that the eye alone finds it pleasant to climb up to them. Nothing else but an American land-company ever managed to induce settlers upon territory of such uninhabitable quality. I have seen an insect that makes a mask for himself out of the lichens of the rock over which he crawls, contriving so to deceive the birds; and the towns in this wild region would seem to have been built on the same principle. Made of the same stone with the cliffs on which they perch, it asks good eyesight to make them out at the distance of a few miles, and every wandering mountain-mist annihilates them for the moment.

At intervals, I could hear the giant, after digging at the sides of his mule with his spurless heels, growling to himself, and imprecating an apoplexy (*accidente*) upon the path and him who made it. This is the universal malediction here, and once it was put into rhyme for my benefit. I was coming down from the rusty steps of San Gregorio one day, and having paid no heed to a stout woman of thirty odd who begged somewhat obtrusively, she screamed after me,

Ah, vi pigli un accidente,
Voi che non date niente!

Ah, may a sudden apoplexy,
You who give not, come and vex ye!

Our guide could not long appease his mind with this milder type of objurgation, but soon intensified it into *accidentaccio*, which means a selected apoplexy of uncommon size and ugliness. As the path grew worse and worse, so did the repetition of this phrase (for he was slow of invention) become more

frequent, till at last he did nothing but kick and curse, mentally, I have no doubt, including us in his malediction. I think it would have gratified Longinus or Fuseli (both of whom commended swearing) to have heard him. Before long we turned the flank of the hill by a little shrine of the Madonna, and there was Olevano just above us. Like the other towns in this district, it was the diadem of an abrupt peak of rock. From the midst of it jutted the ruins of an old stronghold of the Colonna. Probably not a house has been built in it for centuries. To enter the town, we literally rode up a long flight of stone steps, and soon found ourselves in the Piazza. We stopped to buy some cigars, and the *zigararo*, as he rolled them up, asked if we did not want dinner. We told him we should get it at the inn. *Benissimo*, he would be there before us. What he meant we could not divine; but it turned out that he was the landlord, and that the inn only became such when strangers arrived, relapsing again immediately into a private dwelling. We found our host ready to receive us, and went up to a large room on the first floor. After due instructions, we seated ourselves at the open windows,—Storg to sketch, and I to take a mental calotype of the view. Among the many lovely ones of the day, this was the loveliest,—or was it only that the charm of repose was added? On our right was the silent castle, and beyond it the silent mountains. To the left we looked down over the clustering houses upon a campagna-valley of peaceful cultivation, vineyards, olive-orchards, grain-fields in their earliest green, and dark stripes of new-ploughed earth, over which the cloud-shadows melted tracklessly toward the hills which round softly upward to Monte Cavi.

When our dinner came, and with it a flask of

drowsy red Aleatico, like ink with a suspicion of life-blood in it, such as one might fancy Shakespeare to have dipped his quill in, we had our table so placed that the satisfaction of our hunger might be dissensualized by the view from the windows. Many a glutton has eaten up farms and woodlands and pastures, and so did we, aesthetically, saucing our *frittata* and flavouring our Aleatico with landscape. It is a fine thing when we can accustom our animal appetites to good society, when body and soul (like master and servant in an Arab tent) sit down together at the same board. This thought is forced upon one very often in Italy, as one picnics in enchanted spots, where Imagination and Fancy play the parts of the unseen waiters in the fairy-story, and serve us with course after course of their ethereal dishes. Sense is satisfied with less and simpler food when sense and spirit are fed together, and the feast of the loaves and fishes is spread for us anew. If it be important for a state to educate its lower classes, so is it for us personally to instruct, elevate, and refine our senses, the lower classes of our private body-politic, and which, if left to their own brute instincts, will disorder or destroy the whole commonwealth with flaming insurrection.

After dinner came our guide to be paid. He, too, had had his *frittata* and his *fiasco* (or two), and came back absurdly comic, reminding one of the giant who was so taken in by the little tailor. He was not in the least tipsy; but the wine had excited his poor wits, whose destiny it was (awkward servants as they were!) to trip up and tumble over each other in proportion as they became zealous. He was very anxious to *do* us in some way or other; he only vaguely guessed how, but felt so gigantically good-natured that he could not keep his face sober

long enough. It is quite clear why the Italians have no word but *recitare* to express acting, for their stage is no more theatric than their street, and to exaggerate in the least would be ridiculous. We graver-tempered and -mannered Septentrions must give the pegs a screw or two to bring our spirits up to nature's concert-pitch. Storg and I sat enjoying the exhibition of our giant, as if we had no more concern in it than as a comedy. It was nothing but a spectacle to us, at which we were present as critics, while he inveighed, expostulated, argued, and besought, in a breath. Finding all his attempts miscarry, or resulting in nothing more solid than applause, he said, '*Forse non capiscono?*' (Perhaps you don't understand?) '*Capiscono pur' troppo*' (They understand only too well), replied the landlord, upon which *terrae filius* burst into a laugh, and began begging for more *buonamano*. Failing in this, he tightened his sash, offered to kiss our lordships' hands, an act of homage which we declined, and departed, carefully avoiding Genezzano on his return, I make no doubt.

We paid our bill, and went down to the door, where we found our guides and donkeys, the host's handsome wife and handsomer daughter, with two of *her* daughters, and a crowd of women and children waiting to witness the *exit* of the foreigners. We made all the mothers and children happy by a discriminating *largesse* of copper among the little ones. They are a charming people, the natives of these out-of-the-way Italian towns, if kindness, courtesy, and good looks make people charming. Our beards and felt hats, which make us pass for artists, were our passports to the warmest welcome and the best cheer everywhere. Reluctantly we mounted our donkeys, and trotted away, our guides

(a man and a boy) running by the flank (true henchmen, haunchmen, *flanquiers* or flunkeys) and inspiring the little animals with pokes in the side, or with the even more effectual *ahrrrrrrrrr*! Is there any radical affinity between this rolling fire of *r*'s and the word *arra*, which means hansom or earnest-money? The sound is the same, and has a marvellous spur-power over the donkey, who seems to understand that full payment of goad or cudgel is to follow. I have known it to move even a Sicilian mule, the least sensitive and most obstinate of creatures with ears, except a British churchwarden.

We wound along under a bleak hill, more desolate than anything I had ever seen. The old gray rocks seemed not to thrust themselves out of the rusty soil, but rather to be stabbed into it, as if they had been hailed down upon it by some volcano. There was nearly as much look of design as there is in a druidical circle, and the whole looked like some graveyard in an extinguished world, the monument of mortality itself, such as Bishop¹ Wilkins might have found in the moon, if he had ever got thither. The path grew ever wilder, and Rojate, the next town we came to, grim and grizzly, under a grim and grizzly sky of low-trailing clouds, which had suddenly gathered, looked drearier even than the desolations we had passed. It was easy to understand why rocks should like to live here well enough; but what could have brought men hither, and then kept them here, was beyond all reasonable surmise. Barren hills stood sullenly aloof all around, incapable of any crop but lichens.

We entered the gate, and found ourselves in the midst of a group of wild-looking men gathered

¹ ? Peter Wilkins,—ED.

about the door of a wine-shop. Some of them were armed with long guns, and we saw (for the first time *in situ*) the tall bandit hat with ribbons wound round it,—such as one is familiar with in operas, and on the heads of those inhabitants of the *Scalinata* in Rome, who have a costume of their own, and placidly serve as models through the whole pictorial range of divine and human nature, from the *Padre Eterno* to Judas. Twenty years ago, when my notion of an Italian was divided between a monk and a bravo, the first of whom did nothing but enter at secret doors and drink your health in poison, while the other lived behind corners, supporting himself by the productive industry of digging your person all over with a stiletto, I should have looked for instant assassination from these carousing ruffians. But the only blood shed on the occasion was that of the grape. A ride over the mountains for two hours had made us thirsty, and two or three bajocchi gave a tumbler of *vino asciutto* to all four of us. ‘You are welcome,’ said one of the men, ‘we are all artists after a fashion; we are all brothers.’ The manners here are more republican, and the title of *lordship* disappears altogether. Another came up and insisted that we should drink a second flask of wine as his guests. In vain we protested; no artist should pass through Rojate without accepting that token of goodwill, and with the liberal help of our guides we contrived to gulp it down. He was for another; but we protested that we were entirely full, and that it was impossible. I dare say the poor fellow would have spent a week’s earnings on us, if we would have allowed it. We proposed to return the civility, and to leave a paul for them to drink a good journey to us after we were gone; but they would not listen to it. Our entertainer

followed us along to the Piazza, begging one of us to let him serve as donkey-driver to Subiaco. When this was denied, he said that there was a *festa* here also, and that we must stop long enough to see the procession of *zitelle* (young girls), which would soon begin. But evening was already gathering, the clouds grew momentarily darker, and fierce, damp gusts, striking us with the suddenness of a blow, promised a wild night. We had still eight miles of mountain-path before us, and we struggled away. As we crossed the next summit beyond the town, a sound of chanting drifted by us on the wind, wavered hither and thither, now heard, now lost, then a doubtful something between song and gust, and, lingering a few moments, we saw the white head-dresses, gliding two by two, across a gap between the houses. The scene and the music were both in neutral tints, a sketch, as it were, in *sepia* a little blurred.

Before long the clouds almost brushed us as they eddied silently by, and then it began to rain, first mistily, and then in thick, hard drops. Fortunately there was a moon, shining placidly in the desert heaven above all this turmoil, or we could not have found our path, which in a few moments became a roaring torrent almost knee-deep. It was a cold rain, and far above us, where the mountain-peaks tore gaps in the clouds, we could see the white silence of new-fallen snow. Sometimes we had to dismount and wade,—a circumstance which did not make our saddles more comfortable when we returned to them, and could hear them go *crash, crash*, as the water gurgled out of them at every jolt. There was no hope of shelter nearer than Subiaco, no sign of man, and no sound but the multitudinous roar of waters on every side. Rivulet whispered to

rivulet, and water-fall shouted to water-fall, as they leaped from rock to rock, all hurrying to reinforce the main torrent below, which hummed onward toward the Anio with dilated heart. So gathered the hoarse Northern swarms to descend upon sunken Italy ; and so for ever does physical and intellectual force seek its fatal equilibrium, rushing in and occupying wherever it is drawn by the attraction of a lower level.

We forded large streams that had been dry beds an hour before ; and so sudden was the creation of the floods, that it gave one almost as fresh a feeling of water as if one had been present in Eden when the first rock gave birth to the first fountain. I had a severe cold, I was wet through from the hips downward, and yet I never enjoyed anything more in my life,—so different is the shower-bath to which we doom ourselves from that whose string is pulled by the prison-warden compulsion. After our little bearers had tottered us up and down the dusky steeps of a few more mountain-spurs, where a misstep would have sent us spinning down the fathomless black nowhere below, we came out upon the high-road, and found it a fine one, as all the great Italian roads are. The rain broke off suddenly, and on the left, seeming about half a mile away, sparkled the lights of Subiaco, flashing intermittently like a knot of fire-flies in a meadow. The town, owing to the necessary windings of the road, was still three miles off, and just as the guides had progued and *ahrred* the donkeys into a brisk joggle, I resolved to give up my saddle to the boy, and try Tom Coryate's compasses. It was partly out of humanity to myself and partly to him, for he was tired and I was cold. The elder guide and I took the lead, and, as I looked back, I laughed to see the lolling ears of Storg's

donkey thrust from under his long cloak, as if he were coming out from a black Arab tent. We soon left them behind, and paused at a bridge over the Anio till we heard the patter of little hoofs again. The bridge is a single arch, bent between the steep edges of a gorge through which the Anio huddled far below, showing a green gleam here and there in the struggling moonlight, as if a fish rolled up his burnished flank. After another mile and a half, we reached the gate, and awaited our companions. It was dreary enough,—waiting always is,—and as the snow-chilled wind whistled through the damp archway where we stood, my legs illustrated feelingly to me how they cool water in the East, by wrapping the jars with wet woollen, and setting them in a draught. At last they came; I remounted, and we went sliding through the steep, wet streets, till we had fairly passed through the whole town. Before a long building of two stories, without a symptom of past or future light, we stopped. ‘*Ecco la Paletta!*’ said the guide, and began to pound furiously on the door with a large stone, which he some time before provided for the purpose. After a long period of sullen irresponsiveness, we heard descending footsteps, light streamed through the chinks of the door, and the invariable ‘*Chi è?*’ which precedes the unbarring of all portals here, came from within. ‘*Due forestieri,*’ answered the guide, and the bars rattled in hasty welcome. ‘Make us’, he exclaimed, as we stiffly climbed down from our perches, ‘your biggest fire in your biggest chimney, and then we will talk of supper!’ In five minutes two great laurel-faggots were spitting and crackling in an enormous fireplace; and Storg and I were in the costume which Don Quixote wore on the Brown Mountain. Of course there was nothing for supper but a *frittata*; but

there are worse things in the world than a *frittata col prosciutto*, and we discussed it like a society just emerging from barbarism, the upper half of our persons presenting all the essentials of an advanced civilization, while our legs skulked under the table as free from sartorial impertinences as those of the noblest savage that ever ran wild in the woods. And so *eccoci finalmente arrivati* !

27th.—Nothing can be more lovely than the scenery about Subiaco. The town itself is built on a kind of cone rising from the midst of a valley abounding in olives and vines, with a superb mountain horizon around it, and the green Anio cascading at its feet. As you walk to the high-perched convent of San Benedetto, you look across the river on your right just after leaving the town, to a cliff over which the ivy pours in torrents, and in which dwellings have been hollowed out. In the black doorway of every one sits a woman in scarlet bodice and white head-gear, with a distaff, spinning, while overhead countless nightingales sing at once from the fringe of shrubbery. The glorious great white clouds look over the mountain-tops into our enchanted valley, and sometimes a lock of their vapoury wool would be torn off, to lie for awhile in some inaccessible ravine like a snow-drift; but it seemed as if no shadow could fly over our privacy of sunshine to-day. The approach to the monastery is delicious. You pass out of the hot sun into the green shadows of ancient ilexes, leaning and twisting every way that is graceful, their branches velvety with brilliant moss, in which grow feathery ferns, fringing them with a halo of verdure. Then comes the convent, with its pleasant old monks, who show their sacred vessels (one by Cellini) and their relics, among which is a finger-bone of one of the Innocents. Lower down is

a convent of Santa Scolastica, where the first book was printed in Italy.

But though one may have daylight till after twenty-four o'clock in Italy, the days are no longer than ours, and I must go back to La Paletta to see about a *vettura* to Tivoli. I leave Storg sketching, and walk slowly down, lingering over the ever-changeable views, lingering opposite the nightingale-cliff, but get back to Subiaco and the *vetturino* at last. The growl of a thunderstorm soon brought Storg home, and we leave Subiaco triumphantly, at five o'clock, in a light carriage, drawn by three gray stallions (harnessed abreast) on the full gallop. I cannot describe our drive, the mountain-towns, with their files of girls winding up from the fountain with balanced water-jars of ruddy copper, or chattering around it bright-hued as parrots, the ruined castles, the green gleams of the capricious river, the one great mountain that soaked up all the rose of sunset, and, after all else grew dim, still glowed as if with inward fires, and, later, the white spray smoke of Tivoli that drove down the valley under a clear cold moon, contrasting strangely with the red glare of the lime-furnace on the opposite hillside. It is well that we can be happy sometimes without peeping and botanizing in the materials that make us so. It is not often that we can escape the evil genius of analysis that haunts our modern day-light of self-consciousness (*wir haben ja aufgeklärt !¹*) and enjoy a day of right Chaucer.

PS.—Now that I am printing this, a dear friend sends me an old letter, and says, 'Slip in somewhere, by way of contrast, what you wrote me of your visit to Passawampscot.' It is odd, almost painful, to

¹ More strictly :—"wir sind aufgeklärt worden."—Ed.

be confronted with your past self and your past self's doings, when you have forgotten both. But here is my bit of American scenery, such as it is.

While we were waiting for the boat, we had time to investigate P. a little. We wandered about with no one to molest us or make us afraid. No *cicerone* was lying in wait for us, no verger expected with funeral solemnity the more than compulsory shilling. I remember the whole population of Cortona gathering round me, and beseeching me not to leave their city till I had seen the *lampadone*, whose keeper had unhappily gone out to walk, taking the key with him. Thank Fortune, here were no antiquities, no galleries of Pre-Raphaelite art, every lank figure looking as if it had been stretched on a rack, before which the Anglo-Saxon writhes because he ought to like them, and cannot for the soul of him. It is a pretty little village, cuddled down among the hills, the clay soil of which gives them, to a pilgrim from the parched gravelly inland, a look of almost fanatical green. The fields are broad, and wholly given up to the grazing of cattle and sheep, which dotted them thickly in the breezy sunshine. The open doors of a barn, through which the wind flowed, rustling the loose locks of the mow, attracted us. Swallows swam in and out with level wings, or crossing each other, twittering in the dusky mouth of their hay-scented cavern. Two or three hens and a cock (none of your gawky Shanghais, long-legged as a French peasant on his stilts, but the true red cock of the ballads, full-chested, coral-combed, fountain-tailed) were inquiring for hay-seed in the background. What frame in what gallery ever enclosed such a picture as is squared within the groundsel, side-posts, and lintel of a barn-door, whether for eye or fancy? The shining floor suggests the flail-beat of

autumn, that pleasantest of monotonous sounds, and the later husking-bee, where the lads and lasses sit round laughingly busy under the swinging lantern.

Here we found a fine, stalwart fellow shearing sheep. This was something new to us, and we watched him for some time with many questions, which he answered with off-hand good-nature. Going away, I thanked him for having taught me something. He laughed, and said, 'Ef you'll take off them gloves o' yourn, I'll give ye a try at the practical part on't.' He was in the right of it. I never saw anything handsomer than those brown hands of his, on which the sinews stood out, as he handled his shears, tight as a drawn bow-string. How much more admirable is this tawny vigour, the badge of fruitful toil, than the crop of early muscle that heads out under the forcing-glass of the gymnasium! Foreigners do not feel easy in America, because there are no peasants and underlings here to be humble to them. The truth is, that none but those who feel themselves only artificially the superiors of our sturdy yeomen see in their self-respect any uncomfortable *assumption* of equality. It is the last thing the yeoman is likely to think of. They do not like the 'I say, ma good fellah' kind of style, and commonly contrive to snub it. They do not value condescension at the same rate that he does who vouchsafes it to them. If it be a good thing for an English duke that he has no social superiors, I think it can hardly be bad for a Yankee farmer. If it be a bad thing for the duke that he meets none but inferiors, it cannot harm the farmer much that he never has the chance. At any rate, there was no thought of incivility in my friend Hobbinol's jibe at my kids, only a kind of jolly superiority. But I did not like to be taken for a city *gent*, so I told him

I was born and bred in the country as well as he. He laughed again, and said, 'Wal, anyhow, I've the advantage of ye, for you never see a sheep shore, an' I've ben to the Opery and shore sheep myself into the bargain.' He told me that there were two hundred sheep in the town, and that his father could remember when there were four times as many. The sea laps and mumbles the soft roots of the hills, and licks away an acre or two of good pasturage every season. The father, an old man of eighty, stood looking on, pleased with his son's wit, and brown as if the Passawampscot fogs were walnut juice.

We dined at a little tavern, with a gilded ball hung out for sign,—a waif, I fancy, from some shipwreck. The landlady was a brisk, amusing little body, who soon informed us that her husband was own cousin to a Senator of the United States. A very elaborate sampler in the parlour, in which an obelisk was wept over by a somewhat costly willow in silver thread, recorded the virtues of the Senator's maternal grandfather and grandmother. After dinner, as we sat smoking our pipes on the piazza, our good hostess brought her little daughter, and made her repeat verses utterly unintelligible, but conjecturally moral, and certainly depressing. Once set a-going, she ran down like an alarm-clock. We awaited her subsidence as that of a shower or other inevitable natural phenomenon. More refreshing was the talk of a tall returned Californian, who told us, among other things, that 'he shouldn't mind Panahmy's bein' sunk, ollers providin' there warn't none of *our* folks onto it when it went down!'

Our landlady's exhibition of her daughter puts me in mind of something similar, yet oddly different, which happened to Storg and me at Palestrina. We happened to praise the beauty of our stout *locan-*

diera's little girl. 'Ah, she is nothing to her elder sister just married,' said the mother. 'If you could see *her*! She is bella, *bella*, BELLA!' We thought no more of it: but after dinner, the good creature, with no warning but a tap at the door and a humble *con permesso*, brought her in all her bravery, and showed her off to us as simply and naturally as if she had been a picture. The girl, who was both beautiful and modest, bore it with the dignified *aplomb* of a statue. She knew we admired her, and liked it, but with the indifference of a rose. There is something very charming, I think, in this wholly unsophisticated consciousness, with no alloy of vanity or coquetry.

A FEW BITS OF ROMAN MOSAIC

BYRON hit the white, which he often shot very wide of in his *Italian Guide-Book*, when he called Rome 'my country'. But it is a feeling which comes to one slowly, and is absorbed into one's system during a long residence. Perhaps one does not feel it till he has gone away, as things always seem fairer when we look back at them, and it is out of that inaccessible tower of the past that Lounging leans and beckons. However it be, Fancy gets a rude shock at entering Rome, which it takes a great while to get over. She has gradually made herself believe that she is approaching a city of the dead, and has seen nothing on the road from Civita Vecchia to disturb that theory. Milestones, with 'Via Aurelia' carved upon them, have confirmed it. It is eighteen hundred years ago with her, and on the dial of time the shadow has not yet trembled over the line that marks the beginning of the first century. She arrives at the gate, and a dirty, blue man, with a cocked hat and a white sword-belt, asks for her passport. Then another man, as like the first as one spoon is like its fellow, and having, like him, the look of being run in a mould, tells her that she must go to the custom-house. It is as if a ghost, who had scarcely recovered from the jar of hearing Charon say, 'I'll trouble you for your obolus, if you please,' should have his portmanteau seized by the Stygian tide-waiters to be searched. Is there anything, then, contraband of death? asks poor Fancy of herself.

But it is the misfortune (or the safeguard) of the English mind that Fancy is always an outlaw, liable

to be laid by the heels wherever Constable Common Sense can catch her. She submits quietly as the postilion cries, '*Yecip!*' and cracks his whip, and the rattle over the pavement begins, struggles a moment when the pillars of the colonnade stalk ghostly by in the moonlight, and finally gives up all for lost when she sees Bernini's angels polking on their pedestals along the sides of the Ponte Sant' Angelo, with the emblems of the Passion in their arms.

You are in Rome, of course; the *sbirro* said so, the *doganiere* bowed it, and the postilion swore it; but it is a Rome of modern houses, muddy streets, dingy *caffès*, cigar-smokers, and French soldiers, the manifest junior of Florence. And yet full of anachronisms, for in a little while you pass the column of Antoninus, find the *Dogana* in an ancient temple whose furrowed pillars show through the recent plaster, and feel as if you saw the statue of Minerva in a Paris bonnet. You are driven to an hotel where all the barbarian languages are spoken in one wild conglomerate by the *Commissionnaire*, have your dinner wholly in French, and wake the next morning dreaming of the Tenth Legion, to see a regiment of *Chasseurs de Vincennes* trotting by.

For a few days one undergoes a tremendous recoil. Other places have a distinct meaning. London is the visible throne of King Stock; Versailles is the apotheosis of one of Louis XIV's cast periwigs; Florence and Pisa are cities of the Middle Ages; but Rome seems to be a parody upon itself. The ticket that admits you to see the starting of the horses at carnival, has S.P.Q.R. at the top of it, and you give the *custode* a paul for showing you the wolf that suckled Romulus and Remus. The *Senatus* seems to be a score or so of elderly gentlemen in

scarlet, and the *Populusque Romanus* a swarm of nasty friars.

But there is something more than mere earth in the spot where great deeds have been done. The surveyor cannot give the true dimensions of Marathon or Lexington, for they are not reducible to square acres. Dead glory and greatness leave ghosts behind them, and departed empire has a metempsychosis, if nothing else has. Its spirit haunts the grave, and waits, and waits, till at last it finds a body to its mind, slips into it, and historians moralize on the fluctuations of human affairs. By and by, perhaps enough observations will have been recorded to assure us that these recurrences are firmamental, and historionomers will have measured accurately the sidereal years of races. When that is once done, events will move with the quiet of an orrery, and nations will consent to their peridynamis and apodynamis with planetary composure.

Be this as it may, you become gradually aware of the presence of this imperial ghost among the Roman ruins. You receive hints and startles of it through the senses first, as the horse always shies at the apparition before the rider can see it. Then, little by little, you become assured of it, and seem to hear the brush of its mantle through some hall of Caracalla's baths, or one of those other solitudes of Rome. And those solitudes are without a parallel; for it is not the mere absence of man, but the sense of his departure, that makes a profound loneliness. Musing upon them, you cannot but feel the shadow of that disembodied empire, and, remembering how the foundations of the Capitol were laid where a head was turned up, you are impelled to prophesy that the Idea of Rome will incarnate itself again as soon as an Italian brain is found large enough

to hold it, and to give unity to those discordant members.

But, though I intend to observe no regular pattern in my Roman mosaic, which will resemble more what one finds in his pockets after a walk,—a pagan cube or two from the palaces of the Caesars, a few Byzantine bits, given with many shrugs of secrecy by a lay-brother at San Paolo *fuori le mura*, and a few more (quite as ancient) from the manufactory at the Vatican,—it seems natural to begin what one has to say of Rome with something about St. Peter's; for the saint sits at the gate here as well as in Paradise.

It is very common for people to say that they are disappointed in the first sight of St. Peter's; and one hears much the same about Niagara. I cannot help thinking that the fault is in themselves; and that if the church and the cataract were in the habit of giving away their thoughts with that rash generosity which characterizes tourists, they might perhaps say of their visitors, 'Well, if *you* are those men of whom we have heard so much, we are a little disappointed, to tell the truth!' The refined tourist expects somewhat too much when he takes it for granted that St. Peter's will at once decorate him with the order of imagination, just as Victoria knights an alderman when he presents an address. Or perhaps he has been getting up a little architecture on the road from Florence, and is discomfited because he does not know whether he *ought* to be pleased or not, which is very much as if he should wait to be told whether it was fresh water or salt which makes the exhaustless grace of Niagara's emerald curve, before he benignly consented to approve. It would be wiser, perhaps, for him to consider whether, if Michael Angelo had had the

building of *him*, his own personal style would not have been more impressive.

It is not to be doubted that minds are of as many different orders as cathedrals, and that the Gothic imagination is vexed and discommoded in the vain endeavour to flatten its pinnacles, and fit itself into the round Roman arches. But if it be impossible for a man to like everything, it is quite possible for him to avoid being driven mad by what does not please him; nay, it is the imperative duty of a wise man to find out what that secret is which makes a thing pleasing to another. In approaching St. Peter's, one must take his Protestant shoes off his feet, and leave them behind him, in the Piazza Rusticucci. Otherwise the great Basilica, with those outstretching colonnades of Bramante, will seem to be a bloated spider lying in wait for him, the poor Reformed fly. As he lifts the heavy leathern flapper over the door, and is discharged into the interior by its impetuous recoil, let him disburthen his mind altogether of stone and mortar, and think only that he is standing before the throne of a dynasty which, even in its decay, is the most powerful the world ever saw. Mason-work is all very well in itself, but it has nothing to do with the affair at present in hand.

Suppose that a man in pouring down a glass of claret could drink the South of France, that he could so disintegrate the wine by the force of imagination as to taste in it all the clustered beauty and bloom of the grape, all the dance and song and sunburnt jollity of the vintage. Or suppose that in eating bread he could transubstantiate it with the tender blade of spring, the gleam-flitted corn-ocean of summer, the royal autumn, with its golden beard, and the merry funerals of harvest. This is what

the great poets do for us, we cannot tell how, with their fatally-chosen words, crowding the happy veins of language again with all the life and meaning and music that had been dribbling away from them since Adam. And this is what the Roman Church does for religion, feeding the soul not with the essential religious sentiment, not with a drop or two of the tincture of worship, but making us feel one by one all those original elements of which worship is composed; not bringing the end to us, but making us pass over and feel beneath our feet all the golden rounds of the ladder by which the climbing generations have reached that end; not handing us drily a dead and extinguished Q.E.D., but letting it rather declare itself by the glory with which it inter-fuses the incense-clouds of wonder and aspiration and beauty in which it is veiled. The secret of her power is typified in the mystery of the Real Presence. She is the only Church that has been loyal to the heart and soul of man, that has clung to her faith in the imagination, and that would not give over her symbols and images and sacred vessels to the perilous keeping of the iconoclast Understanding. She has never lost sight of the truth, that the product human nature is composed of the sum of flesh and spirit, and has accordingly regarded both this world and the next as the constituents of that other world which we possess by faith. She knows that poor Panza, the body, has his kitchen longings and visions, as well as Quixote, the soul, his ethereal, and has wit enough to supply him with the visible, tangible raw material of imagination. She is the only poet among the churches, and, while Protestantism is unrolling a pocket surveyor's-plan, takes her votary to the pinnacle of her temple, and shows him meadow, upland, and tillage, cloudy heaps

of forest, clasped with the river's jewelled arm, hill-sides white with the perpetual snow of flocks, and, beyond all, the interminable heave of the unknown ocean. Her empire may be traced upon the map by the boundaries of races; the understanding is her great foe; and it is the people whose vocabulary was incomplete till they had invented the archword Humbug that defies her. With that leaden bullet John Bull can bring down Sentiment when she flies her highest. And the more the pity for John Bull. One of these days some one whose eyes are sharp enough will read in the *Times* a standing advertisement,—‘Lost, strayed, or stolen from the farm-yard of the subscriber the valuable horse Pegasus. Probably has on him part of a new plough-harness, as that is also missing. A suitable reward, &c.

J. BULL.’

Protestantism reverses the poetical process I have spoken of above, and gives not even the bread of life, but instead of it the alcohol, or distilled intellectual result. This was very well so long as Protestantism continued to protest; for enthusiasm sublimates the understanding into imagination. But now that she also has become an establishment, she begins to perceive that she made a blunder in trusting herself to the intellect alone. She is beginning to feel her way back again, as one notices in Puseyism, and other such hints. One is put upon reflection when he sees burly Englishmen, who dine on beef and porter every day, marching proudly through St. Peter's on Palm Sunday, with those frightfully artificial palm-branches in their hands. Romanism wisely provides for the childish in men.

Therefore I say again, that one must lay aside his Protestantism in order to have a true feeling of

St. Peter's. Here in Rome is the laboratory of that mysterious enchantress, who has known so well how to adapt herself to all the wants, or, if you will, the weaknesses, of human nature, making the retirement of the convent-cell a merit to the solitary, the scourge or the fast a piety to the ascetic, the enjoyment of pomp and music and incense a religious act in the sensual, and furnishing for the very soul itself a *confidante* in that ear of the dumb confessional, where it may securely disburden itself of its sins and sorrows. And the dome of St. Peter's is the magic circle within which she works her most potent incantations. I confess that I could not enter it alone without a kind of awe.

But, setting entirely aside the effect of this church upon the imagination, it is wonderful, if one consider it only materially. Michael Angelo created a new world in which everything was colossal, and it might seem that he built this as a fit temple for those gigantic figures with which he peopled it to worship in. Here his Moses should be high priest, the service should be chanted by his prophets and sibyls, and those great pagans should be brought hither from San Lorenzo in Florence, to receive baptism.

However unsatisfactory in other matters, statistics are of service here. I have seen a refined tourist who entered, Murray in hand, sternly resolved to have St. Peter's look small, brought to terms at once by being told that the canopy over the high altar (looking very like a four-post bedstead) was ninety-eight feet high. If he still obstinates himself, he is finished by being made to measure one of the marble *putti*, which look like rather stoutish babies, and are found to be six feet, every sculptor's son of them. This ceremony is the more interesting, as it enables him to satisfy the guide of his proficiency in the Italian

tongue by calling them *putty* at every convenient opportunity. Otherwise both he and his assistant terrify themselves into mutual unintelligibility with that *lingua franca* of the English-speaking traveller, which is supposed to bear some remote affinity to the French language, of which both parties are as ignorant as an American Ambassador.

Murray gives all these little statistical nudges to the Anglo-Saxon imagination; but he knows that its finest nerves are in the pocket, and accordingly ends by telling you how much the church cost. I forget how much it is; but it cannot be more, I fancy, than the English national debt multiplied into itself three hundred and sixty-five times. If the pilgrim, honestly anxious for a sensation, will work out this little sum, he will be sure to receive all that enlargement of the imaginative faculty which arithmetic can give him. Perhaps the most dilating fact, after all, is that this architectural world has also a separate atmosphere, distinct from that of Rome by some ten degrees, and unvarying through the year.

I think that, on the whole, Jonathan gets ready to be pleased with St. Peter's sooner than Bull. Accustomed to our lath and plaster expedients for churches, the portable sentry-boxes of Zion, mere solidity and permanence are pleasurable in themselves; and if he get grandeur also, he has Gospel measure. Besides, it is easy for Jonathan to travel. He is one drop of a fluid mass, who knows where his home is to-day, but can make no guess of where it may be to-morrow. Even in a form of government he only takes lodgings for the night, and is ready to pay his bill and be off in the morning. He should take his motto from Bishop Golias's '*Mihi est propositum in taberna mori*', though not in the sufistic sense of that misunderstood Churchman. But Bull can seldom be

said to travel at all, since the first step of a true traveller is out of himself. He plays cricket and hunts foxes on the Campagna, makes entries in his betting-book while the Pope is giving his benediction, and points out Lord Calico to you awfully during the Sistine *Miserere*. If he let his beard grow, it always has a startled air, as if it suddenly remembered its treason to Sheffield, and only makes him look more English than ever. A masquerade is impossible to him, and his fancy balls are the solemnest facts in the world. Accordingly, he enters St. Peter's with the dome of St. Paul's drawn tight over his eyes, like a criminal's cap, and ready for instant execution rather than confess that the English Wren had not a stronger wing than the Italian Angel. I like this in Bull, and it renders him the pleasantest of travelling-companions; for he makes you take England along with you, and thus you have two countries at once. And one must not forget in an Italian inn that it is to Bull he owes the clean napkins and sheets, and the privilege of his morning bath. Nor should Bull himself fail to remember that he ate with his fingers till the Italian gave him a fork.

Browning has given the best picture of St. Peter's on a festival-day, sketching it with a few verses in his large style. And doubtless it is the scene of the grandest spectacles which the world can see in these latter days. Those Easter pomps, where the antique world marches visibly before you in gilded mail and crimson doublet, refresh the eyes, and are good so long as they continue to be merely spectacle. But if one think for a moment of the servant of the servants of the Lord in cloth of gold, borne on men's shoulders, or of the children receiving the blessing of their Holy Father, with a regiment of French soldiers to protect

the father from the children, it becomes a little sad. If one would feel the full meaning of those ceremonies, however, let him consider the coincidences between the Romish and the Buddhist forms of worship, and remembering that the Pope is the direct heir, through the Pontifex Maximus, of rites that were ancient when the Etruscans were modern, he will look with a feeling deeper than curiosity upon forms which record the earliest conquests of the Invisible, the first triumphs of mind over muscle.

To me the noon silence and solitude of St. Peter's were most impressive, when the sunlight, made visible by the mist of the ever-burning lamps in which it was entangled, hovered under the dome like the holy dove goldenly descending. Very grand also is the twilight, when all outlines melt into mysterious vastness, and the arches expand and lose themselves in the deepening shadow. Then, standing in the desert transept, you hear the far-off vespers swell and die like low breathings of the sea on some conjectured shore.

As the sky is supposed to scatter its golden star-pollen once every year in meteoric showers, so the dome of St. Peter's has its annual efflorescence of fire. This illumination is the great show of Papal Rome. Just after sunset, I stood upon the Trinità dei Monti and saw the little drops of pale light creeping downward from the cross and trickling over the dome. Then, as the sky darkened behind, it seemed as if the setting sun had lodged upon the horizon and there burned out, the fire still clinging to his massy ribs. And when the change from the silver to the golden illumination came, it was as if the breeze had fanned the embers into flame again.

Bitten with the Anglo-Saxon gadfly that drives us all to disenchant artifice, and see the springs that fix it on, I walked down to get a nearer look. My next

glimpse was from the bridge of Sant' Angelo ; but there was no time nor space for pause. Foot-passengers crowding hither and thither, as they heard the shout of *Avanti !* from the mile of coachmen behind, dragoon-horses curtsying backward just where there were most women and children to be flattened, and the dome drawing all eyes and thoughts the wrong way, made a hubbub to be got out of at any desperate hazard. Besides, one could not help feeling nervously hurried ; for it seemed quite plain to everybody that this starry apparition must be as momentary as it was wonderful, and that we should find it vanished when we reached the piazza. But suddenly you stand in front of it, and see the soft travertine of the front suffused with a tremulous, glooming glow, a mildened glory, as if the building breathed, and so transmuted its shadow into soft pulses of light.

After wondering long enough, I went back to the Pincio, and watched it for an hour longer. But I did not wish to see it go out. It seemed better to go home and leave it still trembling, so that I could fancy a kind of permanence in it, and half believe I should find it there again some evening. Before leaving it altogether, I went away to cool my eyes with darkness, and came back several times ; and every time it was a new miracle, the more so that it was a human piece of faëry-work. Beautiful as fire is in itself, I suspect that part of the pleasure is metaphysical, and that the sense of playing with an element which can be so terrible adds to the zest of the spectacle. And then fire is not the least degraded by it, because it is not utilized. If beauty were in use, the factory would add a grace to the river, and we should turn from the fire-writing on the wall of heaven to look at

a message printed by the magnetic telegraph. There may be a beauty in the use itself; but utilization is always downward, and it is this feeling that makes Schiller's Pegasus in yoke so universally pleasing. So long as the curse of work clings to man, he will see beauty only in play. The capital of the most frugal commonwealth in the world burns up five thousand dollars a year in gunpowder, and nobody murmurs. Provident Judas wished to utilize the ointment, but the Teacher would rather that it should be wasted in poem.

The best lesson in aesthetics I ever got (and, like most good lessons, it fell from the lips of no regular professor) was from an Irishman on the day the Nymph Cochituate was formally introduced to the people of Boston. I made one with other rustics in the streets, admiring the dignitaries in coaches with as much Christian charity as is consistent with an elbow in the pit of your stomach and a heel on that toe which is your only inheritance from two excellent grandfathers. Among other allegorical phenomena, there came along what I should have called a hay-cart, if I had not known it was a triumphal car, filled with that fairest variety of mortal grass which with us is apt to spindle so soon into a somewhat sapless womanhood. Thirty-odd young maidens in white gowns, with blue sashes and pink wreaths of French crape, represented the United States. (How shall we limit our number, by the way, if ever Utah be admitted?) The ship, the printing-press, even the wondrous train of express-wagons, and other solid bits of civic fantasy, had left my Hibernian neighbour unmoved. But this brought him down. Turning to me, as the most appreciative public for the moment, with face of as much delight as if his head had been broken,

he cried, 'Now this is *raly* beautiful! Tothally regyardless uv expinse!' Methought my shirt-sleeved lecturer on the Beautiful had hit at least one nail full on the head. Voltaire but epigrammatized the same thought when he said, *Le superflu, chose très-nécessaire*.

As for the ceremonies of the Church, one need not waste time in seeing many of them. There is a dreary sameness in them, and one can take an hour here and an hour there, as it pleases him, just as sure of finding the same pattern as he would be in the first or last yard of a roll of printed cotton. For myself, I do not like to go and look with mere curiosity at what is sacred and solemn to others. To how many these Roman shows are sacred, I cannot guess; but certainly the Romans do not value them much. I walked out to the grotto of Egeria on Easter Sunday, that I might not be tempted down to St. Peter's to see the mockery of Pio Nono's benediction. It is certainly Christian, for he blesses them that curse him, and does all the good which the waving of his fingers can do to people who would use him despitefully if they had the chance. I told an Italian servant she might have the day; but she said she did not care for it.

'But,' urged I, 'will you not go to receive the blessing of the Holy Father?'

'No, sir.'

'Do you not wish it?'

'Not in the least; *his* blessing would do me no good. If I get the blessing of Heaven, it will serve my turn.'

There were three families of foreigners in our house, and I believe none of the Italian servants went to St. Peter's that day. Yet they commonly

speaking kindly of Pius. I have heard the same phrase from several Italians of the working-class. 'He is a good man,' they said, 'but ill-led.'

What one sees in the streets of Rome is worth more than what one sees in the churches. The churches themselves are generally ugly. St. Peter's has crushed all the life out of architectural genius, and all the modern churches look as if they were swelling themselves in imitation of the great Basilica. There is a clumsy magnificence about them, and their heaviness oppresses you. Their marble incrustations look like a kind of architectural elephantiasis, and the parts are puffy with a dropsical want of proportion. There is none of the spring and soar which one may see even in the Lombard churches, and a Roman column standing near one of them, slim and gentleman-like, satirizes silently their tawdry *parvenuism*. Attempts at mere bigness are ridiculous in a city where the Colosseum still yawns in crater-like ruin, and where Michael Angelo made a noble church out of a single room in Diocletian's baths.

Shall I confess it? Michael Angelo seems to me, in his angry reaction against sentimental beauty, to have mistaken bulk and brawn for the antithesis of feebleness. He is the apostle of the exaggerated, the Victor Hugo of painting and sculpture. I have a feeling that rivalry was a more powerful motive with him than love of art, that he had the conscious intention to be original, which seldom leads to anything better than being extravagant. The show of muscle proves strength, not power; and force for mere force's sake in art makes one think of Milo caught in his own log. This is my second thought, and strikes me as perhaps somewhat niggardly toward one in whom you cannot help feeling there

was so vast a possibility. And then his Eve, his David, his Sibyls, his Prophets, his Sonnets! Well, I take it all back, and come round to St. Peter's again just to hint that I doubt about domes. In Rome they are so much the fashion that I felt as if they were the *goître* of architecture. Generally they look heavy. Those on St. Mark's in Venice are the only light ones I ever saw, and they look almost airy, like tents puffed out with wind. I suppose one must be satisfied with the interior effect, which is certainly noble in St. Peter's. But for impressiveness both within and without there is nothing like a Gothic cathedral for me, nothing that crowns a city so nobly, or makes such an island of twilight silence in the midst of its noonday clamours.

Now as to what one sees in the streets, the beggars are certainly the first things that draw the eye. Beggary is an institution here. The Church has sanctified it by the establishment of mendicant orders, and indeed it is the natural result of a social system where the non-producing class makes not only the laws, but the ideas. The beggars of Rome go far toward proving the diversity of origin in mankind, for on them surely the curse of Adam never fell. It is easier to fancy that Adam *Vaurien*, the first tenant of the Fool's Paradise, after sucking his thumbs for a thousand years, took to wife Eve *Faniente*, and became the progenitor of this race, to whom also he left a calendar in which three hundred and sixty-five days in the year were made feasts, sacred from all secular labour. Accordingly, they not merely do nothing, but they do it assiduously and almost with religious fervour. I have seen ancient members of this sect as constant at their accustomed street-corner as the bit of broken

column on which they sat; and when a man does this in rainy weather, as rainy weather is in Rome, he has the spirit of a fanatic and martyr.

It is not that the Italians are a lazy people. On the contrary, I am satisfied that they are industrious so far as they are allowed to be. But, as I said before, when a Roman does nothing, he does it in the high Roman fashion. A friend of mine was having one of his rooms arranged for a private theatre, and sent for a person who was said to be an expert in the business to do it for him. After a day's trial, he was satisfied that his lieutenant was rather a hindrance than a help, and resolved to dismiss him.

'What is your charge for your day's services?'

'Two scudi, sir.'

'Two scudi! Five pauls would be too much. You have done nothing but stand with your hands in your pockets and get in the way of other people.'

'Lordship is perfectly right; but *that* is my way of working.'

It is impossible for a stranger to say who may *not* beg in Rome. It seems to be a sudden madness that may seize any one at the sight of a foreigner. You see a very respectable-looking person in the street, and it is odds but, as you pass him, his hat comes off, his whole figure suddenly dilapidates itself, assuming a tremble of professional weakness, and you hear the everlasting *qualche cosa per carità?* You are in doubt whether to drop a bajocco into the next cardinal's hat which offers you its sacred cavity in answer to your salute. You begin to believe that the hat was invented for the sole purpose of ingulping coppers, and that its highest type is the great *Triregno* itself, into which the pence of Peter rattle.

But you soon learn to distinguish the established beggars, and to the three professions elsewhere considered liberal you add a fourth for this latitude,—mendicancy. Its professors look upon themselves as a kind of guild which ought to be protected by the government. I fell into talk with a woman who begged of me in the Colosseum. Among other things she complained that the government did not at all consider the poor.

‘Where is the government that does?’ I said.

‘*Eh già!* Excellency; but this government lets beggars from the country come into Rome, which is a great injury to the trade of us born Romans. There is Beppo, for example; he is a man of property in his own town, and has a dinner of three courses every day. He has portioned two daughters with three thousand scudi each, and left Rome during the time of the Republic with the rest of the nobility.’

At first, one is shocked and pained at the exhibition of deformities in the street. But by and by he comes to look upon them with little more emotion than is excited by seeing the tools of any other trade. The melancholy of the beggars is purely a matter of business; and they look upon their maims as Fortunatus purses, which will always give them money. A withered arm they present to you as a highwayman would his pistol; a *goître* is a life-annuity; a St. Vitus’ dance is as good as an engagement as *prima ballerina* at the Apollo; and to have no legs at all is to stand on the best footing with fortune. They are a merry race, on the whole, and quick-witted, like the rest of their countrymen. I believe the regular fee for a beggar is a *quattrino*, about a quarter of a cent; but they expect more of foreigners. A friend of mine once gave one of

these tiny coins to an old woman ; she delicately expressed her resentment by exclaiming, 'Thanks, *signoria*. God will reward *even* you !'

A begging friar came to me one day with a subscription for repairing his convent. 'Ah, but I am a heretic,' said I. 'Undoubtedly,' with a shrug, implying a respectful acknowledgement of a foreigner's right to choose warm and dry lodgings in the other world as well as in this, 'but your money is perfectly orthodox.'

Another favourite way of doing nothing is to excavate the Forum. I think the *Fanientes* like this all the better, because it seems a kind of satire upon work, as the witches parody the Christian offices of devotion at their Sabbath. A score or so of old men in voluminous cloaks shift the earth from one side of a large pit to the other, in a manner so leisurely that it is positive repose to look at them. The most bigoted anti-Fourierist might acknowledge this to be attractive industry.

One conscript father trails a small barrow up to another, who stands leaning on a long spade. Arriving, he fumbles for his snuff-box, and offers it deliberately to his friend. Each takes an ample pinch, and both seat themselves to await the result. If one should sneeze, he receives the *Felicità* ! of the other ; and, after allowing the titillation to subside, he replies, *Grazia* ! Then follows a little conversation, and then they prepare to load. But it occurs to the barrow-driver that this is a good opportunity to fill and light his pipe ; and to do so conveniently he needs his barrow to sit upon. He draws a few whiffs, and a little more conversation takes place. The barrow is now ready ; but first the wielder of the spade will fill *his* pipe also. This done, more whiffs and more conversation. Then a spoonful of

earth is thrown into the barrow, and it starts on its return. But midway it meets an empty barrow, and both stop to go through the snuff-box ceremonial once more, and to discuss whatever new thing has occurred in the excavation since their last encounter. And so it goes on all day.

As I see more of material antiquity, I begin to suspect that my interest in it is mostly factitious. The relations of races to the physical world (only to be studied fruitfully on the spot) do not excite in me an interest at all proportionate to that I feel in their influence on the moral advance of mankind, which one may as easily trace in his own library as on the spot. The only useful remark I remember to have made here is, that, the situation of Rome being far less strong than that of any city of the Etruscan league, it must have been built where it is for purposes of commerce. It is the most defensible point near the mouth of the Tiber. It is only as rival trades-folk that Rome and Carthage had any comprehensible cause of quarrel. It is only as a commercial people that we can understand the early tendency of the Romans towards democracy. As for antiquity, after reading history, one is haunted by a discomforting suspicion that the names so painfully deciphered in hieroglyphic or arrow-head inscriptions are only so many more Smiths and Browns masking it in unknown tongues. Moreover, if we Yankees are twitted with not knowing the difference between *big* and *great*, may not those of us who have learned it turn round on many a monument over here with the same reproach? I confess I am beginning to sympathize with a countryman of ours from Michigan, who asked our Minister to direct him to a specimen ruin and a specimen gallery, that he might see and

be rid of them once for all. I saw three young Englishmen going through the Vatican by catalogue and number, the other day, in a fashion which John Bull is apt to consider exclusively American. 'Number 300!' says the one with catalogue and pencil, 'have you seen it?' 'Yes,' answer his two comrades, and, checking it off, he goes on with Number 301. Having witnessed the unavailing agonies of many Anglo-Saxons from both sides of the Atlantic in their effort to have the correct sensation before many hideous examples of antique bad taste, my heart warmed toward my businesslike British cousins, who were doing their aesthetics in this thrifty auctioneer fashion. Our cart-before-horse education, which makes us more familiar with the history and literature of Greeks and Romans than with those of our own ancestry (though there is nothing in ancient art to match Shakespeare or a Gothic minster), makes us the gulls of what we call classical antiquity. In sculpture, to be sure, they have us on the hip. Europe were worth visiting, if only to be rid of this one old man of the sea.

I am not ashamed to confess a singular sympathy with what are known as the Middle Ages. I cannot help thinking that few periods have left behind them such traces of inventiveness and power. Nothing is more tiresome than the sameness of modern cities; and it has often struck me that this must also have been true of those ancient ones in which Greek architecture or its derivatives prevailed,—true at least as respects public buildings. But mediaeval towns, especially in Italy, even when only fifty miles asunder, have an individuality of character as marked as that of trees. Nor is it merely this originality that attracts me, but likewise the sense that, however old, they are nearer to me in being

modern and Christian. I find it harder to bridge over the gulf of Paganism than of centuries. Apart from any difference in the men, I had a far deeper emotion when I stood on the *Sasso di Dante*, than at Horace's Sabine farm or by the tomb of Virgil. The latter, indeed, interested me chiefly by its association with comparatively modern legend; and one of the buildings I am most glad to have seen in Rome is the Bear Inn, where Montaigne lodged on his arrival.

I think it must have been for some such reason that I liked my Florentine better than my Roman walks, though I am vastly more contented with merely being in Rome. Florence is more noisy; indeed, I think it the noisiest town I was ever in. What with the continual jangling of its bells, the rattle of Austrian drums, and the street-cries, *Ancora mi raccapriccia*. The Italians are a vociferous people, and most so among the Florentines. Walking through a back street one day, I saw an old woman higgling with a peripatetic dealer, who, at every interval afforded him by the remarks of his veteran antagonist, would tip his head on one side, and shout, with a kind of wondering enthusiasm, as if he could hardly trust the evidence of his own senses to such loveliness, *O, che bellezza! che belle-e-ezza!* The two had been contending as obstinately as the Greeks and Trojans over the body of Patroclus, and I was curious to know what was the object of so much desire on the one side and admiration on the other. It was a half-dozen of weazeny baked pears, beggarly remnant of the day's traffic. Another time I stopped before a stall, debating whether to buy some fine-looking peaches. Before I had made up my mind, the vendor, a stout fellow, with a voice like a prize bull of Bashan,

opened a mouth round and large as the muzzle of a blunderbuss, and let fly into my ear the following pertinent observation: '*Belle pesche! belle pe-e-esche!*' (*crescendo*). I stared at him in stunned bewilderment; but, seeing that he had reloaded and was about to fire again, took to my heels, the exploded syllables rattling after me like so many buck-shot. A single turnip is argument enough with them till midnight; nay, I have heard a ruffian yelling over a covered basket, which, I am convinced, was empty, and only carried as an excuse for his stupendous vocalism. It never struck me before what a quiet people Americans are.

Of the pleasant places within easy walk of Rome, I prefer the garden of the Villa Albani, as being most Italian. One does not go to Italy for examples of Price on the Picturesque. Compared with landscape-gardening, it is Racine to Shakespeare, I grant; but it has its own charm, nevertheless. I like the balustraded terraces, the sun-proof laurel walks, the vases and statues. It is only in such a climate that it does not seem inhuman to thrust a naked statue out of doors. Not to speak of their incongruity, how dreary do those white figures look at Fountains Abbey in that shrewd Yorkshire atmosphere! To put them there shows the same bad taste that led Prince Polonia, as Thackeray calls him, to build an artificial ruin within a mile of Rome. But I doubt if the Italian garden will bear transplantation. Farther north, or under a less constant sunshine, it is but half-hardy at the best. Within the city, the garden of the French Academy is my favourite retreat, because little frequented; and there is an arbour there in which I have read comfortably (sitting where the sun could reach me) in January. By the way, there is something very agreeable in

the way these people have of making a kind of fireside of the sunshine. With us it is either too hot or too cool, or we are too busy. But, on the other hand, they have no such thing as a chimney-corner.

Of course I haunt the collections of art faithfully; but my favourite gallery, after all, is the street. There I always find something entertaining, at least. The other day, on my way to the Colonna Palace, I passed the Fountain of Trevi, from which the water is now shut off on account of repairs to the aqueduct. A scanty rill of soap-sudsy water still trickled from one of the conduits, and, seeing a crowd, I stopped to find out what nothing or other had gathered it. One charm of Rome is that nobody has anything in particular to do, or, if he has, can always stop doing it on the slightest pretext. I found that some eels had been discovered, and a very vivacious hunt was going on, the chief Nimrods being boys. I happened to be the first to see a huge eel wriggling from the mouth of a pipe, and pointed him out. Two lads at once rushed upon him. One essayed the capture with his naked hands, the other, more provident, had armed himself with a rag of woollen cloth with which to maintain his grip more securely. Hardly had this latter arrested his slippery prize, when a ragged rascal, watching his opportunity, snatched away the prize, and instantly secured it by thrusting the head into his mouth, and closing on it a set of teeth like an ivory vice. But alas for ill-got gain! Rob Roy's

Good old plan,
That he should take who has the power,
And he should keep who can,

did not serve here. There is scarce a square rood in Rome without one or more stately cocked hats

in it, emblems of authority and police. I saw the flash of the snow-white cross-belts, gleaming through that dingy crowd like the *panache* of Henry Quatre at Ivry; I saw the mad plunge of the canvas-shielded head-piece, sacred and terrible as that of Gessler; and while the greedy throng were dancing about the anguilliceps, each taking his chance twitch at the undulating object of all wishes, the captor dodging his head hither and thither (vulnerable, like Achilles, only in his 'eel, as a British tourist would say), a pair of broad blue shoulders parted the assailants as a ship's bows part a wave, a pair of blue arms, terminating in gloves of Berlin thread, were stretched forth, not in benediction, one hand grasped the slippery Briseis by the waist, the other bestowed a cuff on the jaw-bone of Achilles, which loosened (rather by its authority than its physical force) the hitherto refractory incisors, a snuffy bandanna was produced, the prisoner was deposited in this temporary watch-house, and the cocked hat sailed majestically away with the property thus sequestered for the benefit of the state.

Gaudeant anguillae si mortuus sit homo ille,
Qui, quasi morte reas, excruciabat eas!

If you have got through that last sentence without stopping for breath, you are fit to begin on the Homer of Chapman, who, both as translator and author, has the longest wind (especially for a comparison), without being long-winded, of all writers I know anything of, not excepting Jeremy Taylor.

THE END

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NOTES

FIRESIDE TRAVELS

THE essays in this volume were republished in vol. i. of the Collected (Riverside) Edition of Lowell's Writings (1890). There are a few alterations and additions, the most important being an additional eight pages at the beginning of the essay *Italy*.

TITLE PAGE. *Richard Lassels*: 'Travelled through Italy Five times as Tutor to several of the *English* Nobility and Gentry'—quoted by Lowell, in the additional matter mentioned above. John Wilkes calls *The Voyage of Italy* (published at Paris, 1670) 'one of the best accounts of the curious things of Italy ever delivered to the world in any book of travels'. Little is known of Lassels's life (1603 ?-68).

CAMBRIDGE THIRTY YEARS AGO

First published in *Putnam's Monthly Magazine* for April and May, 1853. Lowell's *Harvard Anniversary Address* (1886—Riverside Edition, vol. vi) is in many ways explanatory of this essay, and should be read in connexion with it.

PAGE 23. 13. *The Edelmann Storg*: see page 13. *Edelmann* means 'nobleman'; the nickname is not explained in any life of Story or Lowell.

PAGE 24. 11. '*Far countries*,' &c.: *Beowulf*, line 1838 seq. 'feor—cypðe bēoð sēlran gesohte, þām þe him selfa dēah'.

14. *SEAUTON*: 'thyself', in reference to the inscription over the portal of the oracle at Delphi: γνῶθι σεαυτόν, 'know thyself'.

34. *Not caring*, &c.: I cannot trace these lines.

PAGE 25. 1. *Tyrian purple*: Tyre was famous for the purple made from the murex, a shell-fish found there.

25. *tobacco of Mount Lebanon*: i.e. Turkish.

narghileh: a kind of hookah, in which the smoke is drawn by a flexible tube through water.

PAGE 26. 1. *Jean Crapaud*, *Hans Sauerkraut*: names for the typical Frenchman and German.

4. *He needs no ship*, &c.: I have not been able to find these lines.

12. *village-microcosm*: i.e. the village regarded as an epitome of the universe.

14. *habitat*: environment.

Barnum, Phineas Taylor: a well-known American show-man (1801–91).

28. *gentis cunabula*: ‘the cradle of the race’. Virg., *Aen.* iii. 105.

29. *Niebuhr*, Barthold Georg: German historian of Rome (1776–1831).

30. *Museo Borbonico*: the former name (given by Ferdinand I in 1816) of the great Museo Nazionale at Naples, which contains many frescoes, &c., from Pompeii.

PAGE 27. 1. *Rafaello*, Sanzio: the famous Italian painter, sculptor, and architect (1483–1520). Lowell has perhaps in mind the ‘School of Athens’ (in the Vatican), which is particularly classical in its conception.

9. *the smoke-palm of Vesuvius*: cf. Pliny’s description in his letter to Tacitus, written during the eruption of A.D. 79: ‘nubes . . . oriebatur, cuius similitudinem et formam non alia magis arbor quam pinus expresserit’ (*Epist.* vi. 16).

11. *Parthenopean*: Parthenope was the ancient name for Naples; it is said that one of the Sirens, named Parthenope, threw herself into the sea on the departure of Odysseus, and that she was washed up on the site of the future Naples.

12. *what Shakespeare says*: ‘Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits’ (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I. i. 2).

PAGE 28. 5. *ilex*: the holm-oak.

10. *Cappucini*: the Capuchin convent in Rome. Its church was founded in 1624 by Cardinal Barberini.

14. *that French army*: in November 1848 Pius IX fled to Gaëta from the mob of the ‘Roman Republic’. He was restored by the French in April 1850; but he refused to have any dealings with the Italian Government, and retired to the Vatican, where he persisted in regarding himself as a prisoner for conscience’ sake. With the withdrawal of the French garrison in 1870 the temporal power of the Papacy was entirely lost.

26. *Emerson’s sphinx*: see Emerson’s poem, ‘The Sphinx’. The comparison is scarcely happy, for though in one stanza the sphinx is spoken of as pervading all Nature, there is no suggestion of her ‘skipping nimbly from place to place’.

29. *Etruria dethrones Rome* : the Etrurian civilization dates from very early times ; but the subject is most obscure.

31. *Pelasgi* : a name given to the earliest inhabitants of Greece (see e.g. Herod. ii. 56). There are various theories as to their origin. They are famous now chiefly for the so-called Pelasgic stone walls.

PAGE 29. 2. *the learned Huet* : Pierre Daniel Huet (1630–1721), a French classical scholar, Bishop of Avranches, author of *Traité de la Faiblesse de l'Esprit humain* (pub. 1722), and of many other works.

4. *ten follies* : as the reader has no doubt concluded, this is a mistake, either Lowell's or the printer's, for 'folios'. The 1890 edition has the right reading ; but I have been unable to find Huet's original statement.

6. *every syllable of recorded time* : 'To the last syllable of recorded time' (*Macbeth*, v. iv. 21).

9. *The pyramids, &c.* : adapted from Shakespeare's Sonnet cxxiii :

Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange.

16. *the old Arabian story* : see the *Second Calender's Story*, in the *Arabian Nights*.

PAGE 30. 6. *Romulus* : the legendary founder of Rome.

Numa Pompilius : the second king of Rome.

PAGE 31. 8. *Indian-summer* : a period of calm, dry, hazy weather in late autumn in North U.S. Cf. Lowell's poem, *An Indian-Summer Reverie*.

12. *the oldest college in America* : i.e. Harvard, founded by John Harvard, a Nonconformist minister, in 1650. See a print in Green's *Short History* (Illust. Ed., p. 1663).

15. *A. H. C.* : Arthur Hugh Clough (cf. Introduction, p. 21), for whom Lowell had a great admiration. He said of Clough's poetry that it 'will one of these days, perhaps, be found to have been the best utterance in verse of this generation' (*On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners*).

29. *which had seen Massachusetts a colony* : i.e. older than the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776, by which the New England Settlements ceased to be British colonies.

PAGE 32. 2. *salt-meadows* : marsh overflowed by the sea ; e.g. those in the neighbourhood of Mont St. Michel.

18. *antipodal* : opposite (or below) his feet.

20. *O wingèd rapture* : these lines closely resemble a passage in the *Biglow Papers* (2nd Series, No. VI).

24. *bobolink* : a North American songbird. The name is imitative in origin. The habits of the bobolink are well described in Lowell's *My Garden Acquaintance*.

PAGE 33. 20. *Lord Percy's artillery rumble by to Lexington* : Lord Percy, who served under General Gage, relieved the British troops at Lexington Green (April 19, 1775), where the first fighting of the War of Independence took place. Lord Hugh Percy became later Duke of Northumberland. Lexington is eleven miles to the north-west of Boston.

22. *the handsome Virginia General* : George Washington, who took command of the New England army on July 3, 1775. He stood under an elm still to be seen on Cambridge Common. Washington, who was an experienced soldier, found his new troops too independent and unused to military discipline.

24. *the late unhappy separation* : see note to p. 31. 29.

26. *the Vassalls* : an old New England family. Samuel Vassall was an original member of the Massachusetts Company in 1628, and his son William settled at New Plymouth. And see note to p. 62. 30.

28. *Botolph* : the English Boston (= Botolph's-town) is supposed to occupy the site of a Benedictine abbey founded by St. Botolph in 654.

the 17th of June, 1775 : on this day was fought the Battle of Bunker (more strictly, Breed's) Hill, above Charlestown. Technically a British victory, it encouraged the Americans by proving their excellent fighting qualities.

29. *The hooks were to be seen* : the edition of 1890 adds, 'in Massachusetts Hall' ; this is the third in time of the Halls of Harvard College, added in 1720.

30. *Burgoyne* : John Burgoyne (1722-92), a British general who served in New England, 1775, though not actually at Bunker Hill. He is best known in connexion with his capitulation at Saratoga (October, 1777) ; but he had lost many troops in the campaign which led up to Saratoga. Burgoyne subsequently was manager of the impeachment of Warren Hastings, and he was also a dramatist.

32. *Bandusia* : Horace, *Odes*, III. xiii.

34. *Commencement* : degree-day.

36. *Santa Scholastica* : the twin sister of St. Benedict, who from infancy devoted herself to God (A.D. 548). Her day is February 10. (See an extract from Montalembert's *Monks*

of the West in Baring-Gould's *Lives of the Saints*.) Lowell, in connecting her with scholastic life, is merely playing on the name.

PAGE 34. 7. *The Spanish king*: 'The king, standing one day on the balcony of the palace at Madrid, observed a certain student, with a book in his hand, on the opposite banks of the Manzanares. He was reading, but every now and then he interrupted his reading, and gave himself violent blows upon the forehead, accompanied with innumerable motions of ecstasy and mirthfulness. That student, said the king, is either out of his wits or reading the history of Don Quixote.' Barrano Porreno, *Life and Deeds of Philip III* (quoted from the Life of Cervantes prefixed to Motteux's translation of *Don Quixote*).

16. *plusquam*: 'more than'.

17. *saluto vos, praestantissimae*: 'I greet you, O ye of surpassing beauty.'

33. *Americani omnes*, &c.: 'all Americans are by nature most worthy of the gallows'.

PAGE 35. 11. *artillery-election days*: this was evidently some kind of military parade, but I have not found an explanation of the term.

20. *Charlestown*: on the north side of the River Charles, near Cambridge and Boston.

26. *tripod*: lit. three-legged stool, in reference to that on which sat the priestess at the oracle of Delphi.

PAGE 36. 6. *quadrennial*: the Presidential elections take place every four years.

15. *Luca della Robbia*: a Florentine sculptor (1400 ?-82), who took part in the decoration of the cathedral of Florence. He discovered a method of glazing terra cotta, which he taught to his nephew Andrea; but the art was lost with Girolamo, Andrea's son (see Vasari's *Life of Luca della Robbia*).

20. *pie-plants*: i.e. rhubarb.

22. *Certosa*: 'a Carthusian monastery' (Ital.).

28. *Parsee*: i.e. sun-worshipping—a Persian religion founded by Zoroaster. The Parsees, persecuted by Mohammedans, fled to India in the seventh and eighth centuries.

PAGE 37. 4. *Commencement*: see note to p. 33. 34.

9. *ichneumon*: a small animal like a weasel; or, a small fly.

13. *spruce-beer*: made from leaves and twigs of the spruce-fir.

28. *exoteric*: not admitted to the inner (esoteric) mysteries.

PAGE 38. 14. *R.* : Reemie.

19. *Michael Angelo's design was modified* : perhaps a reference to the story told by Vasari of the block from which Michael Angelo carved his 'David'. It had been partly hacked into the form of a giant, by a certain Simone, whose design Michael Angelo followed to some extent. 'This revival of a dead thing', says Vasari, 'was a veritable miracle.' Lowell may, however, have had in mind no particular instance.

34. *Argos* : 'dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos' (Virg. *Aen.* x. 782), where the reference is to the death of Antores, an Argive settler in Italy. Argos was the kingdom of Agamemnon, in the Peloponnese.

PAGE 39. 10. *Paul Jones* : a famous American adventurer, born in Scotland, and originally named John Paul (1747-92). The picture described in the text evidently represented the fight off Flamborough Head, September 23, 1779, between Paul Jones on the *Bonhomme Richard* and H.M.S. *Serapis* and *Countess of Scarborough*. Jones captured both ships. For a full description, with contemporary print, see Chambers, *Book of Days*, ii. 374.

25. *shingling-hatchet* : a hatchet for cutting shingles, i.e. thin pieces of wood used for covering the roof.

PAGE 40. 4. *Fresh Pond* : a lake not far from Cambridge.

7. *exotic* : 'introduced from abroad'.

9. *vates sacer* : 'sacred bard' (Horace, *Odes*, iv. ix. 28).

10. *E. & W. I.* : East and West Indian.

18. *that taller thought of Cowper's* : I can only conjecture that he is referring to Cowper's obsession by the idea of his own damnation, which exercised a tragic tyranny over him throughout his life ; but the explanation is far from satisfactory.

24. *bell-flower apple* : a large winter-apple (from Fr. *belle-fleur*).

32. *Laodicean* : here = of indifferent taste ; like the Church of Laodicea, which was 'neither hot nor cold' (Revelation iii. 14-18).

PAGE 41. 7. *For Achilles' portrait, &c.* : from Shakespeare's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1424 :

For much imaginary work was there ;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,

Grip'd in an armèd hand ; himself behind,
 Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind :
 A hand, à foot, a face, a leg, a head,
 Stood for the whole to be imaginèd.

The stanza is quoted by Charles Lamb in his essay, *On the Genius and Character of Hogarth*.

10. *S.* : Stedman.

11. *fascēs* : i.e. the official staves ; lit. the bundle of rods, enclosing an axe, carried by the lictors before the consul and certain other Roman magistrates.

18. *R. M.* : Royall Morse.

21. *a Jeremiah* : i.e. a pessimist, from the Hebrew prophet, whose *Lamentations* have given rise also to the word 'jere-miad'.

28. *Governor Hancock* : John Hancock (1737-93), belonging to an old Boston family, was one of the first to oppose the British. He was President of the Second American Congress (May 1775), and twice Governor of Massachusetts (1780-5 and 1787-93).

35. *Miss Harris* : from Mrs. Harris, the imaginary friend of Sarah Gamp, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

PAGE 42. 3. *the Forty-two* : the 42nd Highlanders or Black Watch.

15. *Parsons, Theophilus* : an American jurist (1750-1813) ; author of *Commentary on the Laws of the U.S.*

16. *Ames, Fisher* : American orator and statesman (1758-1808). Lowell speaks of him as 'not much below Burke as a talker' (in his essay *A Great Public Character*).

Dexter, Samuel : American statesman (1761-1816).

18. *Chief Justice Dana, Francis* : American jurist (1743-1811).

Richard the First : Richard Henry Dana, poet and essayist (1787-1879). He was one of the editors of the *North American Review*.

19. *Richard the Second* : same name (1815-82). He was a lawyer, especially distinguished in maritime law. But he is known best by his *Two Years Before the Mast*, the narrative of his Californian voyage (1840). A friend of Lowell's.

27. *The months with an R in them* : oysters, like pork, are in season during the months with an R in their names. The English season is fixed by law from September 1 to April 30.

31. *Grecian F.* : Cornelius Conway Felton (1807-62), Professor of Greek at Harvard, afterwards President. He edited

Homer, and wrote for the *North American Review*. Hale's most interesting book, *Lowell and his Friends*, contains a portrait of Felton.

PAGE 43. 1. *a flavour of stalled ox*, &c. : 'Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith' (Proverbs xv. 17).

4. *some nameless college rhymers* : see *Intro.*, p. 19.

5. *Diffugere Nives* : Horace, *Odes*, iv. vii.

9. *Castor and Pollux* : the Dioscuri, the twin sons (according to the usual legend) of Leda by Zeus, who visited her in the form of a swan ; Leda produced two eggs, one of which contained Helen, the other Castor and Pollux. They were in particular worshipped by sailors.

12. *homoousian* : 'of the same substance'. A theological term expressing the 'consubstantiality' of the Father and the Son, which dogma was upheld by the orthodox at the Council of Nice—as opposed to the Arian homoiousians, who held that the substance was similar, but not identical. See Gibbon (chap. xxi), who remarks 'that the profane of every age have derided the furious contests which the difference of a single diphthong excited between the Homoousians and the Homoi-ousians'.

22. *like fair Leda's sons* : according to Homer (*Od.* xi. 300 sqq.) the Dioscuri were allowed after their burial to come to life every other day. Later legends make Pollux and Helen only the children of Zeus, and say that Pollux (being thus immortal) shared his immortality with Castor.

27. *the wave-washed Cape* : doubtless Cape Cod.

34. *like Paris* : i.e. Helen's hand was so white that Paris could not distinguish it from snow. Lowell may have had in mind *Midsummer Night's Dream*, III. ii. 141, or *Winter's Tale*, iv. iii. 375.

35. *Ida's top* : Mount Ida in Mysia (Asia Minor), near Troy, where Paris kept his flocks, and where his famous judgement was given.

PAGE 44. 1. *Chios* : an island in the Aegean, celebrated for its wine.

4. *clam-shells* : i.e. his lips. Clams are a kind of shell-fish.

18. *Stygian* : the adj. of Styx, a river of the lower world.

21. *Yorks* : presumably New York oysters—one of the best kinds in America.

24. *Jam satis nivis* : 'now enough of snow' (Horace, *Odes*, i. ii).

27. *Argo* : the ship in which Jason sailed to find the Golden Fleece.

PAGE 45. 1. *the device of the pine-tree* : see a picture in J. R. Green's *Short History*, Illust. Ed., p. 1662.

8. *scholiast* : 'commentator'.

the Mutiny of the Bounty : the crew of the *Bounty*, owing to the brutal conduct of their captain, William Bligh, mutinied on reaching the island of Tahiti (April, 1789). Casting Bligh and a few others adrift in a small boat, they sailed away in the *Bounty* to Pitcairn Island, where they formed a settlement, and remained undiscovered till 1808. There is a full account by Sir John Barrow.

11. *Sir John Franklin* : the famous navigator (1786-1847), who was lost in an attempt to discover the North-West Passage. Large rewards were offered to any one who should find traces of Franklin, or of his ships *Erebus* and *Terror* ; but his fate was not fully established until M'Clintock's expedition of 1858.

23. *Oldtown* : on the River Penobscot, in Maine. On the Oldtown Island there is an Indian village, known as 'Indian Oldtown'.

25. *the plucky boy* : see note to p. 42. 19. According to C. F. Adams (*Life of R. H. Dana*, p. 13), this statement of Lowell's is 'the only evidence that Dana had sailed a boat at all'.

28. *Cambridgeport* : one district of Cambridge. Harvard is in Old Cambridge (or Cambridge proper).

29. *huckleberry* : or whortleberry, a kind of blueberry.

31. *tupelo* : a North American tree, with glossy leaves and red berries (*tupēlo*).

PAGE 46. 3. *Nimroud* : ruins on the Tigris, possibly those of Nineveh ; they were discovered by Layard.

15. *a Rembrandt* : i.e. a picture in which the principal figures are brightly illuminated against a dark background—after the manner of the Dutch painter Rembrandt (1606-69).

22. *Don Quixote's fulling-mills* : Part I, Book iii, chap. 6. *fulling-mills* : for fulling (i.e. cleansing and thickening) cloth.

PAGE 47. 18. A.U.C. : anno urbis conditae, 'since the foundation of the city'.

22. *kelp* : a kind of brown seaweed.

eelgrass : a plant with long narrow leaves, common in North America in such localities as are described in the text.

24. *Torzelo* : usually spelt Torcello, an island a few miles

north of Venice, on which are the ruins of a cathedral and a city once more important than Venice. Ruskin's description (*Stones of Venice*, vol. ii, chap. 2) bears out Lowell's comparison.

28. *General Jackson*: presumably Andrew Jackson, seventh President of the United States (1769–1845). There was also a Massachusetts general of militia, Henry Jackson (1747–1809). The British Museum copy of *The Right Aim* (Boston, 1829) has no preface by Gen. Jackson. It contains forty articles, mostly in verse, dealing largely with the law of debt, which Davenport wished altered.

PAGE 48. 8. *Barataria*: the island-city of which Don Quixote appointed Sancho Panza governor (from Sp. *barato*, cheap). *Don Quixote*, Part II, chap. xlv. The name is happily used by Gilbert in *The Gondoliers*.

10. *Bienséance*: 'propriety', 'etiquette'.

22. *nimbus*: halo, aureole; the word is used thus in eccles. Latin.

PAGE 49. 8. *Mr. Allston*: Washington Allston (1779–1843). See Introd., p. 8. From his skill as colourist he was called 'the American Titian'; he was also a poet. Lowell's father was an intimate friend of Allston.

17. *Titianesque*: i.e. grand and stately; after the manner of Titian, the Venetian painter (1477–1576).

21. *Mistress Davenant at the Oxford inn*: the mother of Sir William Davenant, the dramatist, was the wife of an inn-keeper at Oxford. She was "a very beautiful woman, of good wit and conversation", and as Shakespeare had frequented "The Crown" in his journeys from Warwickshire to London, scandal assigned other motives than those of friendship to the interest he early manifested to the youth, his namesake and godson' (Chambers, *Book of Days*, vol. i, p. 328).

25. *conceited*: in the sense (usual in Shakespeare) of 'full of imagination', 'ingenious'.

31. *achromatic*: without prismatic colours.

PAGE 50. 23. *leave your button in my grasp*: the proverbial bore is said to hold his victim by the button.

24. *A person*: the ed. of 1890 inserts 'T. G. A.', i.e. Thomas Gold Appleton, a great friend of Lowell's.

34. *Blackburn*: Jonathan Blackburn (1700 ?–65), a portrait-painter, born in Connecticut. He worked in Boston, 1750–65, where he painted, amongst others, portraits of some of the Lowell family. J. S. Copley was his pupil.

Smibert : John Smibert (or Smybert, 1684–1751), after working in Italy, accompanied Bishop Berkeley to America, and settled at Boston, where he painted many portraits. Mentioned in the 'Breakfast-Table' series, *passim*.

Copley : John Singleton Copley (1737–1815), an artist, born in Boston, who came to England and was elected R.A. His most famous picture is the 'Death of Lord Chatham', in the National Gallery. His son, Lord Lyndhurst, was Lord Chancellor of England. Imaginary portraits by Smibert, Copley, and Stuart are mentioned in chap. i of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*—a passage which contains a charming reference to Lowell as 'our dear didascalos'.

Trumbull, John : American painter (1756–1843).

35. *Stuart*, Gilbert : painted the 'Gibbs-Channing' portrait of Washington (1755–1828).

35. *a Brentford sceptre* : i.e. a divided empire ; none of these five was an acknowledged master, but Allston was a true monarch. The reference is to the ridiculous 'Two Kings of Brentford' in *The Rehearsal*, a burlesque play by the Duke of Buckingham and others, written to ridicule Dryden and the Restoration 'heroic' drama, and produced in 1671 (included in Morley's *Burlesque Plays and Poems*). Cf. Cowper, *The Task*, i. 78.

PAGE 52. 4. *in any cheap French fashion* : like the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour.

13. *the Muster* : presumably a review of militia.

the Cornwallis : 'a sort of muster in masquerade ; supposed to have had its origin soon after the Revolution, and to commemorate the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. It took the place of the old Guy Fawkes procession' (Glossary to *Biglow Papers*).

15. *scotched, but not killed* : *Macbeth*, III. ii. 13.

29. *the Carnival* : the Roman Catholic feast before the beginning of Lent (Low Latin *carnelevale*, 'the removal of meat').

33. *disguised in drink* : 'disguised' was formerly a slang word for 'drunk'. This use is found as early as 1607.

34. *the Lyceum* : a name given to literary and debating institutions in most towns of America, in which popular lectures were delivered. Lowell did his share of 'Lyceum lecturing' at one period of his life.

comprehend all vagrom men : *Much Ado*, III. iii. 25.

PAGE 53. 1. *Cotton Mather* : a famous New England theologian (1663–1728), son of Increase Mather (1639–1723),

who was President of Harvard. He is described in the *Autocrat* as 'dear old smattering, chattering, would-be-College President, Cotton Mather'; and by Lowell as 'a very nightmare of pedantry' (*Harvard Anniv. Address*).

9. *driving out nature with a pitchfork*: Horace, *Epist.* I. x. 24.

20. *the City of Destruction*: see Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.

22. *Miss Circe . . . Mr. Comus*: see *Odyssey*, x, and Milton's *Comus*. They both represent lawless, sensual pleasures. Comus is particularly hospitable in his invitation to the lady.

27. *Saint Pedagogus*: there does not appear to be any saint of the name. It is probably one of Lowell's witticisms (cf. *St. Saga*, p. 115. 31).

28. *men who quarrelled with minced-pies*: for the Puritans' prohibition of Christmas festivity, see Macaulay's *History*, chap. ii, and Washington Irving's *Christmas Day*.

29. *through the nose*: referring to the nasal twang of the Puritans.

PAGE 54. 1. *Jehoiada-boxes*: money-boxes; named after Jehoiada the priest, who set up a chest for contributions at the gate of the Temple. See 2 Chron. xxiv. 8.

10. *Ninon de l'Enclos*: a famous French beauty and wit, intimate with the chief men of letters of her period (1616-1705). She preserved her beauty throughout her long life.

17. *accolade*: the tap with a sword in the ceremony of conferring knighthood.

20. *Barmecide*: i.e. illusory—a feast where there is nothing to eat, from the Barmecide, who offered such a feast to a starving beggar (*Arabian Nights*, 'Barber's Sixth Brother').

33. *J.H.*: John Holmes, brother of Oliver Wendell Holmes, a great friend of Lowell's.

PAGE 55. 7. *egg-pop*: a drink made from eggs beaten up with sugar, milk, and wine or spirits; also called egg-nog.

8. *Wisdom . . . had her quiet booth*: Prov. i. 20 and viii. 1-3.

15. *Timour*: Tamerlane (1333 ?-1405), the great Mongolian conqueror of Persia, India, the Turks, &c. At the capital of his immense empire, Samarcand, he received the ambassadors even of European kings. He is well known in English through Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great*.

18. *John Robins*: originally a small farmer; he sold his land and came to London, where he set up as a prophet, being known as 'the ranter's god'. He claimed the power

of raising the dead. He was imprisoned in Clerkenwell (1651), but released the next year, after recanting.

21. *Muggletonians*: a sect founded about 1651 by a tailor, Ludovic Muggleton, who claimed the power of prophecy and that over the gates of heaven and hell. He was tried at the Old Bailey in 1677, and sentenced to the pillory and a fine of £500. Some of the sect apparently existed as late as 1846. See Chambers, *Book of Days*, i. p. 362, and Macaulay's *History*, chap. ii.

25. *dee deed*: usually written 'd—d'.

26. *Menenius*, &c.: see Introd. p. 19. The name is possibly adopted from Hor. *Sat.* II. iii. 287, where the 'fecunda gens Meneni' means lunatics.

30. *psyche-glass*: cheval-glass; said to be so called from Raffael's full-length painting of Psyche.

PAGE 56. 30. *Triennial Catalogue*: the College Calendar, containing lists of graduates.

libro d'oro: 'golden book'. The name comes from that of Venice, in which were written the names of the large taxpayers. Cf. *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, iv.

35. *Prolusions*: introductory essays, prolegomena.

PAGE 57. 15. *longanimity*: Lowell curiously uses the word to mean 'long-windedness'; its usual meaning is 'forbearance under provocation'.

25. *Stylites*: an ascetic who lived at the top of a pillar. The most famous is St. Simeon (390?–459), made familiar by Tennyson's poem.

26. *passing-bell*: rung whilst a person is passing from this life to the next, that all who hear it may pray for the dying soul (cf. e. g. the end of Canto II of *Marmion*).

29. *Dr. K.*: John Thornton Kirkland (1770–1840). Originally a Unitarian minister in Boston, he became President of Harvard in 1810. The College greatly increased during the seventeen years of his presidency. Kirkland wrote but little; amongst his few writings are a *Eulogy on Washington* (1799), and a *Biography of Fisher Ames* (1809).

PAGE 58. 33. *Fountains*: the famous Cistercian abbey, near Ripon, founded in 1132, but not finished till the sixteenth century. Considerable remains of it are extant.

34. *Bishop Goliath*: a probably imaginary person to whom innumerable loose or satirical Latin verses, called *Goliardi*, are ascribed. The name Goliath is found as early as the tenth century, but is associated chiefly with the writings of

Walter Map (about 1137–1209). In his *Confession* occur the famous lines :

Meum est propositum in taberna mori :
 Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
 Ut dicant, cum venerint angelorum chori,
 ‘Deus sit propitius huic potatori !’

‘These lines’, says Sir J. Sandys, ‘with part of the subsequent context, were at an early date extracted from their setting and made into a drinking-song ; but it cannot be too clearly stated that they were originally meant for a dramatic representation of the character of the degenerate “bishop”’. It is a mistake to regard them as reflecting in any way the habits of the reputed author’ (*Camb. Hist. Eng. Lit.*, vol. i, p. 190). Cf. *infra* p. 189, l. 34 ; and Chaucer, *Prologue*, 560.

PAGE 59. 25. *filibusters* : buccaneers, men who fight against countries with which their own is not at war.

30. *crustaceous* : with crust-like shell.

36. *One of the old travellers* : ‘a genus of the goby family, the jumping-fish (*Periophthalmus*), lives chiefly on the wet mud of tropical rivers, estuaries, or coasts, and leaves the mud frequently to ascend the trunks or branches of trees in its search after insects’ (Sir H. H. Johnston). In the ‘Compleat Account of the great Country of Brasile’, in Harris’s *Voyages*, there are references to crabs that live in the trunks of trees, and in Robert Harcourt’s ‘Voyage to Guiana’ (same collection) we are told of oysters that may be gathered ‘from the Branches of the Trees by the sea-side’.

piscium et summa genus haesit ulmo : Hor. *Od.* I. ii. 9.

PAGE 60. 18. *ana* : i. e. a collection of anecdotes about a man, e. g. Johnsoniana, Stevensoniana, &c. (from the suffix *-ana*, neut. pl. of the Lat. adj. termin.).

20. *flip* : a spiced and sweetened drink consisting of ale, beer, cider, or other liquor, and sometimes containing an egg or eggs, heated, as by stirring with a hot iron, so as to give it a burnt taste (Webster’s *Dict.*).

31. *the ‘Harvard Washington’* : presumably a volunteer corps.

PAGE 61. 10. *Judge W.* : Warren (perhaps Lott Warren, 1797–1861).

12. *Brakmin Alcott* : Amos Bronson Alcott (1799–1888), one of the so-called Transcendentalists—of whom Emerson is the best known. Alcott was an enlightened schoolmaster,

and a writer and thinker. His daughter, Louisa May Alcott, is known by her *Little Women* (1867). The name *Brahmin* was applied to the highest caste in New England, in imitation of that of India.

13. *demonic*: i. e. attended by a δαίμων or tutelary spirit, like that of Socrates. Josiah Quincy, President of Harvard, 'believed that he was directed, in important crises, by his own Daimon' (Hale's *Lowell*, p. 18). The Latin *genius* has much the same meaning.

32. *the Abbey of Theleme*: founded and endowed by Gargantua; its one law was 'Do as you please' (Rabelais, *Gargantua*, Book I).

35. *Tam Marti*, &c.: 'For Mars as much as Mercury (and yet even more for Bacchus).'

PAGE 62. 1. *dynamometer*: instrument for measuring energy.

7. *law of Rechab*: i. e. abstinence from alcohol. The Rechabites were a sect founded by Jonadab the son of Rechab, who commanded them not to drink wine, plant vineyards, or dwell in houses. See Jer. xxxv. 6, 7.

11. *Med. Facs.*: members of the Medical Faculty at Harvard, which was distinct from Harvard College proper. (Hale's *Lowell*, p. 15.)

14. *Alexander*: first Tsar of the name (1801–1826).

28. *humours*: i. e. 'peculiarities'—from the notion of caprice (derived from the old physiological theory of the four humours). The reference is to Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, &c.

30. *At the head quarters of Washington once*: the Craigie House in Cambridge, which 'was built by Col. John Vassall in 1759, and on his flight to England, at the beginning of the Revolution, was confiscated. It served as Washington's head-quarters till the evacuation of Boston, and then, after passing through various hands, it was purchased on January 1, 1793, by Andrew Craigie, who built the west wing. Mr. Craigie had made a fortune as apothecary-general to the Continental army, and he entertained in the house with lavish hospitality. After his death his widow, whose income had been reduced, let rooms to various occupants'. Appleton, *Cyclopedia of American Biography* under Longfellow.

now of the Muses: Longfellow lived in the Craigie House from 1836 till his death in 1882.

35. *secure from every arrest*: no process of arrest for debt ran on Sunday. Cf. *Humphry Clinker*, 'Every Sunday his

house is open to all unfortunate brothers of the quill . . . He has fixed upon the first day of the week for the exercise of his hospitality, because some of his guests could not enjoy it on any other, for reasons that I need not explain' (Melford's first letter of June 10). But it is difficult to see why Lowell speaks of 'that seventh day'.

PAGE 63. 1. *Spinoza*: Baruch (or Benedict) Spinoza, a Jew, born at Amsterdam, and one of the greatest of modern philosophers (1632-77). His most important work was *Ethica Ordine Geometrico Demonstrata*. The monistic basis of his philosophy (which was really pantheistic) may have caused Mrs. Craigie's consideration for the canker-worms.

3. *vermicula*: 'little worms'—the word (which in Latin should be *vermiculi*) is corrected to 'vermicular' in the 1890 edition.

8. *in spite of Rosalind*: 'men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love' (*As You Like It*, IV. i. 97).

10. *J. F.*: John Foster.

12. *eremitic*: the adj. of hermit, of which a variant is *eremite* (from Gk. *ἐρημος*, desert).

13. *the Thebais*: the district round Thebes in Egypt, famous for its hermits.

17. *vespertinal*: appearing only in the evening, like a bat.

22. *Montaigne's Dean of St. Hilaire: Essais*, Book II. chap. viii (*De l'Affection des Pères aux Enfants*). This Dean of St. Hilaire of Poitiers, whom Montaigne says he had once seen, had not left his room for twenty-two years.

29. *anti-Sheffieldism*: the custom of letting the beard grow would injure the razor trade of Sheffield. Cf. p. 190. 8.

PAGE 64. 16. *a Grecian feeling about death by lightning*: among the Greeks, places and objects struck by lightning were sacred, and altars were raised to thunder and lightning (Pausanias VIII. xxix. 1); but such sacrifices seem to have been made by way of precaution against death by lightning, rather than because such a death was desirable. Such a view, however, is not unknown; Sir J. G. Frazer, in his note to Pausanias, loc. cit., quotes from Potocki's *Voyage dans les steps d'Astrakhan*, 'The body of a person struck by lightning is solemnly buried, and, while they lament the deceased, his relations congratulate themselves on the distinction with which their family has just been honoured'.

21. *P.*: John Snelling Popkin (1771-1852), Professor of

Greek at Harvard from 1815 to 1833. In his Harvard Anniversary Address, Lowell says that Professor Popkin would have allowed the title of 'great authors' only to the Greeks. His colleague, Professor C. C. Felton, wrote a memoir of Popkin.

22. *like a lusty winter, &c.* :

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.

As You Like It, II. iii. 52-3.

24. *such as scarce twelve noses* : a Homeric touch : οἶοι νῦν ὅσποροι εἶσι, *Iliad* xii. 383, 449.

26. '*like the fly in the heart of the apple*' : the apple is the oak-apple, but I cannot trace the quotation. Cf. Tucker, *Lt. Nat.* 377 : 'The fly injects her juices into the oak-leaf to raise an apple for hatching her young' (1765, cit. *N. E. D.*).

28. *Hymettian* : the adjective of Hymettus, a mountain near Athens, famous for honey.

PAGE 65. 5. *the Abderites* : Lucian tells of a certain fever which attacked the Abderites, at the height of which they all chanted tragedies, in particular the *Andromeda* (a lost play of Euripides, said to have been one of his finest)—especially the speech of Perseus, beginning σὺ δ' ὦ θεῶν τύραννε κἀνθρώπων Ἔρως—so that the whole city was filled with their shouting. (Lucian, *Quom. Conscr. Hist.* ad init. Cf. Hippocrates, *de Morb. Vulg.* iii. 7). Abdera, a town in Thrace, though the birth-place of Democritus, Protagoras, and other famous men, was proverbial for the stupidity of its inhabitants. See Mayor on *Juv.* x. 50 (cf. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part III, Sec. 2, Mem. 2, Subs. 4).

10. *Amaryllis or Neaera* : see *Lycidas*, 68.

like Machiavelli : see a letter from Machiavelli to Vettori (10 Dec. 1513) : 'At nightfall I return home and seek my writing-room, and, divesting myself on its threshold of my rustic garments, stained with mud and mire, I assume courtly attire, and thus suitably clothed, enter within the ancient courts of ancient men, by whom, being cordially welcomed, I am fed with the food that *alone* is mine, and for which I was born, and am not ashamed to hold discourse with them and inquire the motives of their actions ; and these men in their humanity reply to me, and for the space of four hours I feel no weariness, remember no trouble, no longer fear poverty, no longer dread death, my whole being is absorbed in them.' Villari, *Life and Times of Machiavelli* (Eng. Trans. iii. 381).

12. *no prophylactic wax*: i. e. no wax to guard them—in reference to the wax with which Odysseus stuffed the ears of his sailors, so that they might not hear the enchanting song of the Sirens. See *Odyssey*, xii. 166 sqq.

15. *the Aeolic digamma*: the letter *vau* (sounded as *w*, written *f*) which is found in Aeolic inscriptions, and which metrical tests show to have existed in Homer (as Bentley first discovered). As a matter of fact, their lay does contain several digammas (see Platt's edition of the *Odyssey*, xii. 184–191), but no more in proportion than other parts of Homer.

19. *the dual number*: in addition to singular and plural, Greek has a 'dual' number, for *two*.

21. *an officer of distinction*: John Popkin, lieutenant-colonel in the Revolutionary army.

27. *burst the cerements*: a reminiscence of *Hamlet*, i. iv. 48.

33. *like Major Goffe at Deerfield*: William Goffe, born c. 1605, d. Hadley (Mass.) 1679; he was an English Parliamentary commander, and one of the judges of Charles I. After the Restoration he lived in concealment in New England. South Deerfield was the scene of the Bloody Brook massacre, September 18 (o. s.), 1675. See an *Address delivered at Bloody Brook*, by Edward Everett (Boston, 1835) p. 18; when the Indians attacked Deerfield, 'at the moment of greatest confusion and danger, a venerable stranger appeared, of commanding aspect, clothed in black apparel of unusual fashion, his hair white from age. With sword in hand, he places himself at the head of the flying inhabitants, encourages them to stand and resist the enemy, animates them at once by his example and his voice, disposes them in the most advantageous manner, fights valiantly at their head, and repulses the enemy. This done, he vanishes as promptly as he appeared. . . . In the course of time it was discovered to have been General Goffe'. Lowell refers to 'the legend of Colonel Goffe at Deerfield' in his essay, *A Great Public Character*.

PAGE 66. 2. *arms to get the better of the toga*: in reference to Cicero's famous 'cedant arma togae' (let arms yield to the toga: i. e. the garb of peace; *de Off.* i. 22. 77).

3. *like the Prophet's breeches*: perhaps an irreverent reference to Mohammed's cloak. Sir R. Burton speaks of 'Ka'ab al-Ahbar, the celebrated poet, to whom Mohammed gave the cloak which the Ottomans believe to have been taken by Sultan Salim from Egypt, and to have been converted, under

the name of Khirkah Sharif, into the national Oriflamme.' (*Pilgrimage to Al-Madinah*, vol. i, p. 146—Bohn's edition). It is possible, however, that Lowell—the inexactness of whose allusions is calculated to drive any editor to desperation—meant to refer to the apron of Kaweh the blacksmith, which in the legendary history of Persia was raised into a standard of revolt against the tyrant Zohak. The apron was adorned with jewels and remained the military standard of the Persians till it was captured at the battle of Kadesiyeh (Cadesia) in A. D. 636, when it was pulled to pieces. The apron is mentioned by Carlyle, who calls Kaweh 'Gao', in *Sartor Resartus*, Book I, chap. vi. See also Gibbon, chap. li.

10. *the scholar's herb* : i. e. tobacco.

18. *Providential ravens* : a reference to those which brought food to the prophet Elijah (1 Kings xvii).

22. *the constant service of the antique world* : *As You Like It*, II. iii. 57.

PAGE 67. 6. *Sweet Auburn* : Goldsmith's Deserted Village, the 'loveliest village of the plain'.

9. *phantasmagoric* : existing only as phantasms, ghostly.

11. *Vassall* : see notes to p. 33. 26 and p. 62. 30.

Lechmere : I cannot find anything about him. A part of Cambridge is called Lechmere Point.

12. *Oliver* : Thomas Oliver, Lieut.-Governor of Massachusetts (1706–1774). He lived in the house where Lowell was born and spent many years of his life (Elmwood, Cambridge) ; on September 2, 1774, a committee of gentlemen of Middlesex County waited on him, urging him to resign George III's commission, which he did (Hale's *Lowell*, *ad init.*).

Brattle, William : a lawyer, doctor, and soldier, very popular in Boston (1702–1776). In the Revolutionary War he sided with Britain.

13. *three-corned* : three-cornered ; the French *tricorne*.

14. *fugacious* : fleeting. A reminiscence of Horace ; see note to p. 68. 17.

16. *Lucumos* : members of the governing class in Etruria ; they controlled religious as well as civil matters.

17. *W.* : Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse (1754–1846), one of the founders of the medical school at Harvard, and professor of medicine there from 1783 to 1812.

queue : 'a hanging plaited tail of hair, or wig'.

18. *violet crab* : perhaps the violet land-crab, *Gecarcinus ruricola*, formerly very abundant in Jamaica, and still

numerous in the other sugar-producing islands of the West Indies (*Encyc. Dict.*).

21. *Leyden*: the famous Dutch University near the Hague, founded in 1575 by William of Orange. Many celebrated Englishmen studied there, e. g. Sir Thomas Browne, Boswell, Goldsmith.

35. *giving the wall to*: giving way to.

PAGE 68. 17. *fugaces annos*: 'fleeing years'. Horace, *Odes*, II. xiv. 1.

20. *Dioscorides*, Pedanius: a Cilician physician and botanist of the first century A. D. Wrote a work on *Materia Medica*, in which nearly all the drugs are vegetable. Mentioned by Dante (*Inferno*, v. 140).

Hercules de Saxonia: a medical writer of Padua (1551-1607).

21. *prodigies of two moons at once*: cf. Sir T. Browne's *Pseudodoxia Epidemica* (Book I, chap. xi): 'That two or three Suns or Moons appear in any man's life or reign, it is not worth the wonder. But that the same should fall out at a remarkable time, or point of some decisive action; that the contingency of the appearance should be confirmed unto that time; that those two should make but one line in the Book of Fate, and stand together in the great Ephemerides of God; beside the Philosophical assignment of the cause, it may admit a Christian apprehension in the signality.' There is, perhaps, a verbal reminiscence of *Paradise Lost*, i. 549, and of *King Lear*, iv. vi. 70. Cf. *King John*, iv. ii. 182, and Chapman's *Tragedie of Caesar and Pompey* (*ad init.*).

30. *Junius*: Waterhouse published an essay (Boston, 1831), in which he supported the claim of Lord Chatham to the authorship of the Junius Letters (1769). Presumably Lowell means that the numerous identifications of the author were so many mare's nests.

31. *It was he who introduced vaccination*: he vaccinated his family in 1799, and upheld the practice against great opposition. It is not quite certain whether he first brought it to America.

35. *Jenner*: Edward Jenner (1749-1823), a Gloucestershire physician, discovered the efficacy of vaccination through constant experiments from 1776 to 1796. At first he roused tremendous opposition, but, when the benefits of his discovery were seen, he received honours from all parts of the world. His monument may be seen in Gloucester Cathedral.

PAGE 69. 12. *S.* : Francis Sales. He edited *Don Quixote* in 1850.

PAGE 70. 2. *your grandfather* : Dr. Elisha Story, one of the 'Boston tea-party', and afterwards a surgeon in the Revolutionary army.

3. *Prescott* : William Hickling Prescott (1796-1859), the famous historian.

23. *court-mourning* : for Louis XVI.

36. *castorial* : Lowell's nonce-word, from castor, 'a hat' (lit. 'beaver').

PAGE 71. 7. *Janus Bifrons* : the Roman god of doors, arches, and all beginnings (e. g. of the day, month, year, &c.) ; usually represented with two bearded faces back to back looking opposite ways. His festival, January 1st, was made the official beginning of the year in 153 B. C.

9. *Porta San Giovanni* : built in the sixteenth century by Gregory XII ; it is near S. Giovanni in Laterano.

18. *mirabilia* : wonders.

22. *Old Mortality* : the name of the itinerant antiquary in Scott's novel, whose self-imposed duty it was to clear away the moss from the Covenanters' tombstones. Lowell uses the name here to signify a remembrancer of the dead.

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PAGE 72. 3. *the Bagni di Lucca* : mineral baths, sixteen miles north of the town of Lucca and thirty miles from Pisa, which have been famous since the fifteenth century.

6. *born while Maine, &c.* : Lowell was born in 1819, the year before Maine became an independent State.

9. *Virgil's Cumaeon* : i.e. that of the Sibyl, at Cumae, near Naples. *Virg. Aen.* iii. 442.

10. *that of Scott's* : i.e. Loch Katrine, in *The Lady of the Lake*.

11. *Moosehead* : a lake in Maine, thirty-five miles long.

14. *Kenelm Digby's Theory of Association* : Sir Kenelm Digby (1603-65) was an author, naval commander, and diplomatist. He is now best known perhaps for the 'sympathetic powder' which he invented for the cure of wounds, and

which is satirized in *Hudibras* (*passim*). Lowell here alludes to Digby's explanation of mental processes as caused by the movements of 'solid material bodies (exceeding little ones) that come from the objects themselves' (*A Treatise of Bodies*, chap. xxxiii, Of Memory).

18. *Empedocles*: the Sicilian philosopher of the fifth century B. C., 'he who, to be deemed a god, leaped fondly into Aetna flames' (*P. L.* iii. 469; cf. *Hor. A. P.* 464); but one of his shoes being cast up by the volcano exposed the fraud. 'This appears to be a malicious version of a tale set on foot by his adherents that he had been snatched up to heaven in the night' (Burnet, *Early Greek Philosophy*, p. 236). In reality he died in the Peloponnese, and not in Sicily. Cf. M. Arnold's *Empedocles on Etna*.

21. *Lake George*: in New York State.

PAGE 73. 14. *Esthwaite*: I cannot find who he was.

Macheath between his two doxies: 'Captain' Macheath is the hero of Gay's *Beggar's Opera* (1728). In the scene where he is in prison he is visited by Polly Peachum (whom he has really married), and by Lucy (daughter of Lockit the turnkey), each of whom he calls his wife. As *doxy* means 'mistress', the description is not quite accurate.

17. *the September gale and the rejoicings at the Peace*: in September, 1783—if that is the date referred to—there was a great gale at Liverpool which caused much damage, but whether it raged on the other side of the Atlantic I cannot say. It was in that year that peace was signed between the English Government and the United States.

19. *the Franconia Notch*: in New Hampshire; the highest point of the Franconia range is Mt. Lafayette.

22. *slabs*: a technical term for the segments of timber cut from the outside of a trunk in order to square it.

32. *Juvenalian*: corrected in the edition of 1890 to 'Horatian'—for which cf. note to p. 92. 16.

34. *log-compelling*: a reminiscence of *νεφεληγερέτα*, 'cloud-compelling', the Homeric epithet of Zeus.

36. *peninsular*: Boston (originally called Trimountain) was founded on a peninsula called Shawmut (1630).

PAGE 74. 2. *See Boston and die!*: a parody of the familiar saying about Naples.

3. *the caterpillar wooden bridges*: the phrase is noticed in the *Autocrat*, chap. vii: 'those "caterpillar bridges", as my brother professor so happily named them'.

8. *nunc dimittis*: 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace'—the canticle of Simeon (Luke ii. 29-32).

10. *Bunker Hill*: see note to p. 33. 28.

11. *the little end of the horn*, &c.: the disputer with Socrates is like one who enters the large end of a horn, and finds himself gradually driven by irrefutable reasoning into a tight place; for it was the nature of the Socratic 'elenchus' to lead a man by means of skilful questioning to admit the desired point against his will.

23. *the Pincian*: the Monte Pincio, in Rome.

24. *the Alchemist sun*: as turning things into gold. Lowell perhaps had in mind *King John*, III. i. 81, 'the glorious sun . . . plays alchemist'.

35. *the Eastern Question*: the European problem that in Lowell's day caused the Crimean War. Russia, which wanted a pretext for an opening into the Mediterranean, seized Moldavia and Wallachia, vassal states of Turkey, 'the sick man of Europe'. This led to an Anglo-French alliance with Turkey against Russia (see McCarthy's *Short History*, chap. xi). But unfortunately the Eastern Question still exercises its malign influence on European politics.

PAGE 75. 1. *Tancred*: one of the leaders of the First Crusade (1078-1112). After distinguishing himself at the sieges of Nicaea, Antioch, and Jerusalem, he received the principality of Tiberias. He became the ideal of mediaeval chivalry, and was made by Tasso the hero of his *Jerusalem Delivered*.

7. *Eumenides*: the Greek name for the avenging deities, who pursue the evil-doer.

11. *Waterville*: a town in Maine (as are Newport and Dexter), passed on the way to Moosehead.

PAGE 76. 12. *that Scythian fashion*, &c. Lowell is probably thinking of the Massagetae, whom, Herodotus says (i. 201), some people took to be Scythians; among them 'when a man has reached a great age, all his kinsmen meet together and sacrifice him, together with cattle of different kinds; and after boiling the flesh they make a great feast' (ibid. 216). The Scythians apparently allowed their aged to die in the course of nature and then decently interred them (ibid. iv. 73); and among the Issedones, though a man ate his father 'when he died', he does not seem to have accelerated his departure (ibid. 26). Among the Padaian Indians, 'when any of the community is sick, the men, if it is a man, or the women,

if it is a woman, who are most nearly related put the patient to death, saying that if he were wasted by disease his flesh would be useless for them; if he says that he is not sick, they decline to agree with him, but forthwith put him to death and feast on him' (ibid. iii. 99).

29. *quite up to the average ugliness*: in a letter (Dec. 1863) to Dr. Hill, President of Harvard, Lowell remarks that 'our buildings [i. e. Harvard] so nobly dispute architectural pre-eminence with cotton mills' (quoted in Hale's *Lowell*, p. 195).

PAGE 77. 8. *lazyships*: sinecures.

Alma Mater: 'fostering mother'—a name often applied to universities.

15. *man's first disobedience*: *Paradise Lost*, line 1.

PAGE 78. 4. *gregariously*: in a flock.

7. *eocene*: a technical term used by geologists for the earliest subdivision of the Tertiary period.

9. *One of the Fathers*: Justin Martyr, in his *Dialogue with Trypho*, c. 55, says: τὸν ἥλιον καὶ τὴν σελήνην, ἃ γέγραπται τοῖς ἔθνεσι συγκεχωρηκέναι τὸν θεὸν ὡς θεοὺς προσκυνεῖν ('the sun and the moon, which, it is written, God has conceded to the Gentiles to worship'); cf. c. 121. Justin based this doctrine on a misunderstanding of Deut. iv. 19; there is, however, considerable doubt whether he supported the lawfulness of this worship.

10. *at his rising*: this appears to be Lowell's addition.

26. *that quarrel of the Sorbonists*: the College of the Sorbonne was established about 1250 by Robert de Sorbon, or Sorbonne, for the faculty of theology in the University of Paris. Its members, while strictly orthodox in their own department, did not always abstain from heresies and wild speculations in other matters; thus J. T. Freigius, in his *Life of Peter Ramus* (1581), tells us that some of the doctors stoutly maintained that *Ego amat* was as good Latin as *Ego amo*. Cornelius Agrippa in the third chapter, 'De Grammatica', of his *De Incertitudine et Vanitate Scientiarum* (1530), excuses this construction by the assertion that it was used by Isaiah, who (xxxviii. 5) uses words which, translated, amount to *Ego addet*; but the statement is not borne out by the Hebrew text.

29. *St. Lawrence* was martyred in 257 by being roasted on a gridiron over a slow fire. See Chambers, *Book of Days*, ii. 196 (August 10).

PAGE 79. 13. *Maine law*: prohibiting the sale of alcohol (passed in 1851).

13. *Shenstone*: a poet (1714–1763), whose best-known poem is, perhaps, *The Schoolmistress*.
that famous stanza of his:

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

This Dr. Johnson repeated 'with great emotion', when he happened to 'lie at the inn at Henley, where Shenstone wrote these lines' (Boswell, March 21, 1776).

16. *as the skull of Yorick to his face*: *Hamlet* v. i. 169 sqq.

PAGE 80. 6. *Tityrus-like*: Virgil, *Ec.* i. i. 1: 'Thou, Tityrus, lying under the canopy of a spreading beech, dost meditate (i. e. practise) thy woodland Muse on slender pipe'.

13. *vetturino*: 'cabman'.

15. *the Italian Hercules*: i. e. Sant' Antonio was the most frequently invoked, as the Greeks ordinarily used *Ἡράκλεις* and the Romans Hercules (Hercle, mehercule, &c.). But there is a special reference to Aesop's fable of 'Hercules and the Waggoner'.

24. *thyrsi*: tendrils. The thyrsus was a staff, twined with ivy and vine-shoots, carried in Bacchanal revels.

PAGE 82. 5. *nice customs curtsy*: adapted from *Henry V*, v. ii. 291, 'nice customs curtsy to great kings'.

30. *Katahdin*: a mountain, 5,385 ft. in height, to the north-east of Lake Moosehead.

32. *Mount Kineo*: a promontory on the eastern shore of Lake Moosehead, 1,760 feet high.

PAGE 83. 2. *the gubernatorial patronymics*: the surnames of the members of the government.

14. *meaning is a plant of slow growth*, &c.: presumably because it takes so long to reach a full understanding of Shakespeare.

16. *doublets*: a name given to the same number turning up on both the dice at a throw.

18. *Pike's Peak*: one of the Rocky Mountains, in Colorado, 14,134 feet. Discovered by Captain Pike in 1806.

24. *Graylock*: (3,500 feet) in north-west of Massachusetts; *Saddleback*: (4,000 feet), south-west of Lake Moosehead in Maine; *Great Haystack*: (4,919 feet) in the Adirondacks.

25. *I love those names*: from Lowell's 'Pictures from Appledore', iii. 19 sqq. As there given the lines run:

I love these names,
Wherewith the lonely farmer tames
Nature to mute companionship
With his own mind's domestic mood,
And strives the surly world to clip
In the arms of familiar habitude.

The 'Pictures from Appledore' first appeared in *The Crayon* for January 3, 1855; the poem was reprinted with *Under the Willows* (1868).

29. *clip*: embrace.

31. *Mount Marcy*: a peak of the Adirondack mountains, 5,345 feet high. There are several mountains called Hitchcock in America.

32. *Hellespont*: named after Helle, sister of Phrixus, who was drowned in it.

Peloponnesus: 'the island of Pelops', the mythical son of Tantalus.

PAGE 84. 28. *jam*: i. e. of logs in a river.

33. *Canning or Kenning means King*: this derivation is given by Carlyle: 'King, *Könning*, which means *Can*-ning, Able-man' (*The Hero as King*); but really the word means literally 'a man of good birth'.—A. S. cyn, tribe, with suffix -ing. (Skeat.)

35. *loons*: a kind of water-bird; diver, grebe.

PAGE 85. 10. *frocking*: material for smock frocks, coarse jean.

15. *auspex*: a diviner from the flight of birds.

29. '*New England*': presumably gin.

31. *palaeozoic*: a geological term for the oldest period.

33. *Botany Bay*: near Sydney, New South Wales, famous for the English penal settlement (dating from 1787).

36. *the 'Roostick war*: the Aristook is a small river at the north of Maine, forming the boundary with New Brunswick. The disputes concerning this frontier were settled in 1842, by the Webster-Ashburton treaty. War had been imminent, but was avoided.

PAGE 87. 24. *Columbaria*: 'dovecots', a name applied to the vaults in which freedmen and the like were buried by the Romans. They contained rows of small niches to receive the funeral urns. See picture in *Dict. of Antiq.*

35. *deadheads* : those who get entertainment gratis.

the slave who pays : a reminiscence of Pistol's 'Base is the slave that pays'. *Henry V*, II. i. 89.

PAGE 88. 11. *Juan Fernandez* : the lonely island in the South Pacific, on which Alexander Selkirk, the original of Robinson Crusoe, lived for four years. For a good description, see Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*, chap. vii.

23. *Louis Quinze* : i. e. of the style in fashion during Louis XV's reign (1715-74).

PAGE 89. 9. *mordant* : a substance which fixes a dye.

26. *the mantle in the old ballad* : see *The Boy and the Mantle* (Percy's *Reliques*, Series III, Book I—and a modern version in Book III. Also in the *Oxford Book of Ballads*, p. 68).

29. *old Father Miller* : a species of moth is called the Miller.

33. *Praetorian bands* : these, the bodyguard of the Roman emperors, were instituted by Augustus, and suppressed by Constantine in 312. They obtained such power that they were able to make and unmake emperors.

34. *Janizaries* : a corps of Turkish infantry, founded in the fourteenth century, and abolished, with great slaughter, after a revolt in 1826. They too had raised and deposed sultans.

Mamelukes : a force composed of slaves converted to Islam ; they had great power in Egypt, until they were dispersed by Mehemet Ali in 1811. Thus all three are examples of royal bodyguards which have become a menace to kings.

Napoleon III : Louis Napoleon (nephew of Napoleon I) by the famous *coup d'État* of December 2, 1851, overthrew the Republic, which he had before supported, and proclaimed himself Prince President ; this revolution he brought about by means of the army, who massacred the people of Paris with the utmost brutality. He remained Emperor from 1852 till 1870.

PAGE 90. 14. *sculpin* : the best description is that in *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table* (ad init.) : 'the Sculpin (*Cottus virginianus*) is a little water-beast which pretends to consider itself a fish. . . . On being drawn from the water it exposes an immense head, a diminutive bony carcass, and a surface so full of spines, ridges, ruffles, and frills, that the naturalists have not been able to count them without quarrelling about the number', &c.

22. *the Zodiac's awful twain* : Pisces (the Fishes—two in number).

33. *Nemesis*: Vengeance, Retribution—personified and worshipped by both Greeks and Romans.

PAGE 91. 4. *nous*: 'intelligence', 'gumption'—the Greek νοῦς.

28. *Messieurs Louis Blanc and Co.*: i. e. socialists (cf. *Red Republican*, l. 30). Louis Blanc (1811–82) was a famous French socialist. In his book, *L'Organisation du Travail* (1840) he proposed the establishment of *ateliers sociaux* ('social workshops'), in which the conditions of labour would be greatly improved. He wrote also historical works, including one on the French Revolution.

PAGE 92. 16. *nil admirari*: 'to wonder at nothing', which Horace (*Epist.* I. vi. 1) declares to be the highest good; in this he merely translates the μηδὲν θαυμάζειν which expressed the Epicurean ἀρπαξία, 'indifference'.

17. *Prester John*: a legendary king who was (from the twelfth to the fourteenth century) believed to reign over vast and fabulously wealthy dominions in Central Asia. He was supposed to be a Christian priest also; for Prester = Presbyter. Later he was identified with a Christian king of Abyssinia. He is mentioned by Mandeville, Marco Polo, &c. (See allusion in *Much Ado about Nothing*, II. i. 278.) For a fuller account, see Baring-Gould's *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*.

18. *the horn gate of dreams*: according to Virgil (*Aen.* vi. 894), there are two gates of dreams—that of horn, through which come true dreams, and that of ivory, through which come false ones.

PAGE 93. 14. *Cardinal Richelieu used to jump over chairs*: D'Israeli (*Curiosities of Literature*) relates that Richelieu 'was once discovered jumping with his servant, who could reach the highest side of a wall. De Grammont, observing the cardinal to be jealous of his powers, offered to jump with him; and, in the true spirit of a courtier, having made some efforts which nearly reached the cardinal's, confessed the cardinal had surpassed him'.

19. *Monsieur Soyer*: Alexis Soyer, a celebrated French cook and dietary reformer (1809–53). He is the 'Mirobolant' of *Pendennis*. Cook to the Duke of Cambridge and the Reform Club. Wrote *A History of Food in all Ages* (1853).

20. *Pre-Raphaelite*: an artist who aims at producing work in the spirit that prevailed before the time of Raphael. The name is associated chiefly with the Pre-Raphaelite Brother-

hood, which consisted of Holman Hunt, Millais, D. G. Rossetti, &c.

21. *saleratus*: impure bicarbonate of potash or sodium bicarbonate used as an ingredient in baking-powders. An American word, from modern Latin *sal aeratus* 'aerated salt'. It has been immortalized in Bret Harte's *Iliad of Sandy Bar*.

25. *to moulder on Lethe wharf*: a reminiscence of *Hamlet*, I. v. 33.

36. *Ktahdn*: see note to p. 82. 30.

PAGE 94. 11. *basium*: 'kiss'. *Secundus*: Jean Second, a Dutch poet who wrote in Latin (1511-36). Montaigne classes 'les Baisers de Jehan Second' with the *Decameron* and Rabelais as works pleasant to read. (Book II, chap. 10.)

26. *wongen*: (spelt also wangan), 'a kind of house-boat for sleeping, eating, storage, &c.' (Webster).

34. *James Watt*: the famous Scot who invented the steam-condensing engine (1736-1819).

PAGE 95. 9. *the British Protectorate of the Mosquitoes*: the Mosquito Coast on the east of Nicaragua was a British protectorate from 1655 to 1850; it is now joined to Nicaragua.

Everett: Edward Everett, who was U.S.A. minister to England, 1841-5, and for the next four years President of Harvard, assisted Daniel Webster, the Secretary of State from 1849 to 1853, and then succeeded him in office.

PAGE 96. 4. *firkin*: a wooden cask.

29. *the ancient Roman soldiers used to carry*: the load has been estimated at 60 Roman pounds weight. This included food for half a month, stakes (cf. Virg. *Georg.* iii. 346), saw, spade, axe, rope, &c. It was carried on a board fixed to a kind of fork, which was strapped to the shoulders—a device invented by Marius.

33. *the miraculous Thundering Legion*: there is a story, related by Dio Cassius, and treated with merited scorn by Gibbon, that the legion which defeated the Marcomanni was helped by a thunderstorm, sent in answer to the prayers of certain Christian legionaries (A. D. 179, in the reign of M. Aurelius).

PAGE 97. 3. *peripatetic*: itinerant. The word is used chiefly in connexion with the disciples of Aristotle, who taught whilst walking in the Lyceum.

4. *mosaic*: i. e. broken.

7. *Christian's pack*: see Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.

10. *Batavian*: Dutch, Batavia being the ancient name

for the country between the Rhine and the Waal. *the Batavian elixir* is of course gin, 'Hollands'.

11. *carrying on an extensive manufacture*, &c. : I take this to mean that he was trying to think, but lacked the brains necessary for the purpose.

20. *a strawberry*, &c. : there is an old tale of a toper who was often overcome with the strength of his potatoes, and was accordingly advised by a friend to keep a strawberry in the bottom of his glass, as this was a sure preventive of intoxication. The plan was not wholly a failure, for, though the experimenter got as drunk as before, he was able to attribute his indisposition, not to the wine he had drunk, but to 'that d—d strawberry in the bottom of the glass'.

23. *gloss of volition* : an explanation or appearance of being intentional.

24. *gyrations* : revolutions.

26. *bed of justice* : the notorious *lit de justice* (lit. the French king's seat when he attended *parlement*) ; when the king was present the members of the *parlement* had no power. The last such 'bed' was held by Louis XVI in 1787. Lowell here appears to be using the phrase loosely to mean 'law-court', 'trial', so as to get a pun on 'bed'.

35. *bail* : a hoop-shaped handle.

PAGE 98. 32. *river-driver* : a term applied by lumbermen in Maine to a man whose business it is to conduct logs down running streams.

PAGE 99. 5. *Napier* : John Napier of Merchistoun (1550–1617), the inventor of logarithms. The tercentenary of this invention was held in Edinburgh in July, 1914.

17. *laudari a laudato* : 'to be praised by one who is himself praised', i. e. by an expert (Cic. *Fam.* v. xii. 7 ; and xv. vi. 1, quoting from Naevius).

27. *Helen* : see note to p. 43. 9.

Merlin : the wizard of the Arthurian legends. According to tradition he was the son of an evil spirit. Cf. *Faerie Queene*, III. 3. 13, and Lowell's *Witchcraft* (Collected edition, vol. ii, p. 362).

30. *ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν* : 'king of men', the Homeric title for Agamemnon.

35. *A.M. and LL.D.* : artium magister (master of arts) and legum doctor (doctor of laws).

PAGE 100. 4. *stunt* : check in growth (Webster).

19. *the bronze ones of St. Mark* : these four bronze horses,

now over the principal door of St. Mark's at Venice, are attributed to the Corinthian sculptor Lysippus. They were taken from Rome by Constantine to adorn his new city at Byzantium, and brought thence to Venice when Constantinople was captured in 1205, under the doge Henry Dandolo. (Cf. Gibbon, chap. lx, and Byron, *Childe Harold*, iv. 12. 13). When Napoleon conquered Venice in 1798 he removed the horses to Paris, but they were restored in 1815.

35. *that Homeric balance*: see *Iliad*, viii. 69 sqq.; cf. *Paradise Lost*, iv. 996.

PAGE 101. 22. *you drove*: see note to p. 98. 32.

PAGE 102. 15. *sitzbad*: a sitz-bath, hip-bath (Germ.).

extract green cucumbers, &c.: a reminiscence of the Laputan projector who 'had been eight years upon a project for extracting sun-beams out of cucumbers, which were to be put into vials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers' (Gulliver's *Voyage to Laputa*, chap. v).

PAGE 103. 18. *pokerish*: an American slang word, meaning 'uncanny'—infested with 'pokers', or hobgoblins.

34. '*pison-elder*': poison-elder, called also poison-dogwood or sumac, is a shrub which grows in swamps.

PAGE 104. 2. *Young Telemachus*: 'This was my nephew, Charles Russell Lowell, who fell at the head of his brigade in the battle of Cedar Creek' (note in edition of 1890). Cf. Hale's *Lowell*, chap. xi.

20. *deacon-seat*: a long settee placed before the fire in a lumberman's cabin (Webster).

PAGE 106. 15. *Ozymandias, King of kings*!: in reference to Shelley's sonnet 'I met a traveller from an antique land'.

25. *Hincks*, Edward: investigated and wrote on Egyptian and Assyrian inscriptions (1792-1866).

Rawlinson: Sir Henry Creswick Rawlinson (1810-95), a great Assyriologist, who deciphered the cuneiform inscription of Darius Hystaspes at Behistun (1846). He discovered the cuneiform vowel system simultaneously with Hincks.

27. *Nimroud*: see note to p. 46. 3.

28. *Bloomer*: this costume was adopted by a Mrs. Bloomer in America, in 1849.

29. *chronic*: i. e. worn perpetually. One need hardly add that it is not the horrible slang use of the word now so increasingly prevalent.

31. *the Greek Kalends*: i. e. a time that will never come. The Romans paid taxes, &c., on the Kalends (the first day of the month), but would defer an unwelcome debt 'ad Kalendas Græcas', as there were no Kalends in the Greek calendar.

PAGE 107. 6. *the Colosseum*: the huge Amphitheatrum Flavium at Rome, begun by Vespasian, continued by Titus, and finished by Domitian. It was 158 feet high, covered nearly 6 acres, and accommodated 87,000 spectators.

11. *selva selvaggia*: 'a wild, savage forest', like that in Canto XIII of the *Inferno*. 'Savage' is derived from Latin *silvaticus* = belonging to a wood. Cf. Spenser's spelling, 'salvage'.

12. *the forest of Arden*: in *As You Like It*.

18. *laker*: a fish from the lake; used especially for the lake trout.

19. *cusk*: a fish something like a cod.

20. *Agassiz, Louis*: the celebrated Swiss geologist and naturalist (1807-73) who became Professor at Harvard. He was the first to ascend the Jungfrau. Longfellow wrote a poem on his 50th birthday, and Lowell an ode on his death (*New Atlantic Monthly*, 1874). Lowell, in his Harvard Anniversary Address, remarked, 'We can lay claim to no great teachers, . . . unless it be Agassiz, whom we adopted'. (For portrait, see Hale's *Lowell*, p. 198.)

30. *St. Jerome believed in a limitation of God's Providence*, &c.: see his *Comment. in Abacuc* (i. e. Habakkuk), chap. i. The general sense of the passage is that we should derogate from the majesty of God by supposing that He cares alike for rational and irrational creatures.

36. *the Latin name for moose*: *Alces americanus*.

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL IN ITALY AND ELSEWHERE

First published in *Graham's Monthly Magazine*, April-June, 1854.

AT SEA

PAGE 109. 2. *Lucretius made this discovery*: Book II (*ad init.*): Suave, mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis, E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem (''Tis sweet from land to watch the great hardships of another, when the mighty sea is in turmoil from the winds').

13. *since there was a senate*: of course, a gibe at the American Senate.

14. *Petrarch*: the famous Italian scholar and poet (1304-74).

choragus: χορηγός, one who bore the expenses of training a chorus in a public play at Athens. Lowell here uses the word rather inexactly.

that sentimental dance: cf. Lowell's Essay on *Rousseau and the Sentimentalists*, where he explains more fully why he calls Petrarch 'the first great example of the degenerate modern tendency'.

18. *Chateaubriand*: the well-known French writer (1768-1848), whom Lowell (loc. cit.) calls 'the mere lackey of fine phrases'.

20. '*sea bounding beneath him*', &c.: see *Childe Harold*, iii. 2.

PAGE 110. 2. *wilted*: hanging slack, opposed to taut.

5. *Wordsworth's 'Ecclesiastical Sonnets'*: most of these—there are 132 in all—were written in 1821 and published the following year. By this time Wordsworth had grown 'increasingly respectable and conservative' (*D.N.B.*), and his pen had lost much of its former power, so that a continuous perusal of the *Sonnets* is likely to prove an exhausting experience.

8. *ne quid nimis*: 'nothing to excess' (Terence, *And.* i. i. 34). It is the common Greek adage, μηδὲν ἄγαν.

10. *Sebastian Bach*: the great German composer (1685-1750).

fugue: a musical composition in which a theme is frequently introduced with variations.

15. *finback whale*: the rorqual (so called from its prominent dorsal fin). It is fifty to sixty feet long.

25. *W. M. T. and A. H. C.*: see Introduction, p. 21.

PAGE 111. 16. *Portuguese men-of-war*: little marine animals which are carried along by a kind of sail on their backs.

21. *Calderon*: Pedro Calderon de la Barca, the greatest dramatist of Spain (1600-81); 118 of his regular dramas are extant. Several were translated by Fitzgerald, and Shelley translated scenes from the *Magico Prodigioso*. Lowell in old age, 'when sad or unwell would read Calderon, the "Night-ingle in the Study", in whom he always found a solace' (Hale's *Lowell*, p. 271). Schlegel classed Calderon with Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare.

30. *Gradus ad Parnassum*: lit. 'step to Parnassus', a book of aids to the writing of Latin verse.

thesaurus: lit. 'treasury'—used in much the same sense—a storehouse of suitable words and phrases.

32. *did the flying-fish*: see Moore's poem, *To the Flying-Fish*, beginning 'When I have seen thy snowy wing'. For Lowell's opinion of Moore as a poet, see his essay on *Rousseau*.

PAGE 112. 8. 'Twas fire: these lines are presumably Lowell's.

17. *vacant interlunar nights*: a reminiscence of *Samson Agonistes*, 89:

The sun to me is dark
And silent as the Moon,
When she deserts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

Dr. Johnson defines *interlunar* as 'belonging to the time when the moon, about to change, is invisible'.

33. *projection*: the transmutation of metals. 'Powder of projection' was the powder of the philosopher's stone.

PAGE 113. 6. *clipper*: a fast-sailing ship.

stunsail: = studding-sail, a small extra sail set to increase speed.

sky-scraper: = skysail, a light sail above the royal in a square-rigged ship.

34. *poured from the frozen loins, &c.*:

A multitude, like which the populous North
Pour'd never from her frozen loins.

Paradise Lost, i. 351-2.

35. *grouty*: crabbed, surly.

PAGE 114. 3: *Chapman*, George: dramatist and poet (1559 ?-1634), famous chiefly for his translation of Homer, which is immortalized in Keats's sonnet. For Lowell's appreciation of Chapman's *Homer*, see his *Library of Old Authors*. The reference is to *The Tragedie of Byron's Conspiracie*, III. i. 6.

20. *the elder Edda*: the name given to the oldest body of Scandinavian poetry. It consists of thirty-three poems, dealing with the gods and heroes of northern mythology. The Edda was discovered in 1643, and attributed (probably without foundation) to Sæmund Sigfusson, who lived in Iceland c. 1055-1132. Some of the poems have been translated by William Morris. The Younger Edda, in prose, is the work of the Icelandic scholar Snorri Sturleson (c. 1230).

21. *Minnesingers*: the generic name for the lyric poets of Germany, from about 1170 to 1250; the best known of them was Walther von der Vogelweide. Their theme was chiefly love (*minne*); their style is highly elaborated and artificial—very different from the sturdy grandeur of the elder Edda. Lowell makes a similar comparison in his *Witchcraft*: 'How many metamorphoses between the elder Edda and the Nibelungen, between Arcturus and the *Idyls of the King*!'

PAGE 115. 9. *San Miniato*: a fine example of Romanesque architecture, on the outskirts of Florence; the present church was built in 1013, on the site of an earlier one. No mention is made of this procession in the current books on Florence.

23. *like Montaigne in his tower*: Montaigne had his library in a circular room at the top of a tower. 'There, without order, without method, and by piecemeal, I turn over and ransack now one book and now another. Sometimes I muse and rave; and walking up and down I indite and enregister these my humours, these my conceits. . . . There I pass the greatest part of my life's days, and wear out most hours of the day. . . . I endeavour to make my rule therein absolute, and to sequester that only corner from the community of wife, of children, and of acquaintance.' Florio's Montaigne: *Of Three Commerces (Essais, Book III, chap. iii)*.

25. *Dire, redire, et me contredire*: 'to say, repeat, and contradict myself'. If this is a quotation from Montaigne, I have been unable to find it.

27. *montagna bruna*: in the *Inferno* (xxvi. 133) the 'flame' of Ulysses tells Dante how they came to a 'Mountain, dim with distance', on which they were wrecked; it is apparently the Mount of Purgatory. The legend is purely Dante's invention.

31. *St. Saga*: i. e. the days when the Icelandic epics were composed; perhaps a pun (in Lowell's manner: cf. note to p. 53. 27) on the Italian *saga* (= witch, sorceress).

Faustus: the story of Dr. Faustus, the scholar who sells his soul to the devil, goes back to the Middle Ages. Marlowe's *Faustus* suggested the theme to Goethe, who made of it his masterpiece (1790, second part 1832). Berlioz's opera appeared in 1846, and Gounod's in 1859.

Don Juan: the original of this character, the type of the libertine, lived in Seville in the fourteenth century. Besides Byron's poem (begun in 1818), Don Juan is the subject of operas by Gluck (1761) and Mozart (1787); and

Byron's poem inspired the painting, *La Barque de Don Juan*, by Delacroix (1841).

32. *Tannhäuser*: the knight who (in old German legends) visits the queen of love in the Venusberg. The Pope refuses him absolution, which, he says, Tannhäuser can no more obtain than the papal staff can bud; however, soon afterwards, the staff budded—but the knight had vanished. The legend is immortalized in Wagner's opera (1845).

33. *the Gallic cock-crow*: i. e. the French Revolution; there is the usual play on *gallus* (Lat. for 'cock'). So in his *Witchcraft* Lowell speaks of 'the shrill cock-crow of *wir haben ja aufgeklärt*'.

34. *The Public School*: i. e., of course, the American public (or common) school.

PAGE 116. 1. *Outre-mer*: 'beyond the sea'.

4. *scotched, not killed*: see note to p. 52. 15.

5. *the old Scandinavian snake*: the great Midgard snake, which encompassed the world. Thor, in his visit to Jötunheim, attempted to lift this snake under the guise of Utgard's cat.

13. *unthrift heirs of Linn*: see the ballad, *The Heir of Linne*, in Percy's *Reliques* (Series 2, Book II). It is included in *The Oxford Book of Ballads*.

17. *horse-mackerel*: edible fish (called also scad), which go about in great shoals, and so might appear like a sea-serpent.

18. *Half-way Rock*: I have not located it.

23. *Professor Owen*: Sir Richard Owen, the great naturalist and palaeontologist (1804–1892).

25. *Kimball*: presumably Gilmour Kimball, the American surgeon and anatomist (born 1804).

Barnum: see note to p. 26. 14.

28. *Captain Spalding*: I cannot trace him.

pink-stern: a ship with a narrow stern.

35. *tomcod*: a small American fish, also known as the frost-fish.

PAGE 117. 4. *Monkbarns*: the name is applied to Professor Owen as an antiquary. Jonathan Oldbuck, Laird of Monkbarns, in Scott's *The Antiquary*, was always teasing his nephew, Hector McIntyre, about his misadventure with the *phoca* (in chap. 30).

5. *phoca*: 'seal'. A sea-serpent was seen in 1848, in the South Atlantic, by Captain M'Quhae and Lieutenant Drum-

mond, of H.M.S. *Daedalus* (see *Annual Register*, 1848, p. 133), but Sir R. Owen explained it away as a gigantic seal.

6. *trilobite*: a small marine creature of the palaeozoic period.

8. *eocene*: see note to p. 78. 7.

10. *pleiosaur*: an antediluvian animal. Cf. note to p. 139. 15.

18. *Hakluyt*: Richard Hakluyt, an Englishman of Dutch extraction (1553–1616), who wrote several great works on discovery. His greatest is *The Principal Navigations, Voiages, Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation, made by Sea or over-land, to the remote and farthest distant quarters of the Earth, at any time within the compasse of these 1500 yeeres.* (1598–1600.) This work is the authority for the Elizabethan voyages.

Purchas: Samuel Purchas (1577–1626), author of *Purchas, his Pilgrimage, Haklytus Posthumus*, and other works dealing with voyages.

Martin: Martin Martin (d. 1719), a native of the Hebrides, wrote *A Description of the Western Islands* (1703). Of this book Dr. Johnson said, 'No man now writes so ill as Martin's "Account of the Hebrides" is written. A man could not write so ill, if he should try. Set a merchant's clerk now to write, and he'll do better' (Boswell, April 7, 1778).

19. *Orkneys*: corrected in the edition of 1890 to 'Western Islands'.

27. *a German Doctor*: probably Dr. Heinrich Barth, who carried on explorations in Central Africa from 1850 to 1855.

PAGE 118. 2. *hortus siccus*: a collection of dried plants stuck in a book.

6. *Job Hortop*: 'When we came in the height of Bermuda, we discovered a monster in the sea, who showed himself three times unto us from the middle upwards, in which parts hee was proportioned like a man, of the complection of a Mulato, or tawny Indian.' Hakluyt (Everyman edition, vol. vi, p. 350). Job Hortop had been set on land by Sir John Hawkins 'within the Bay of Mexico, after his departure from the Haven of S. John de Ullua in Nueva Espanna, the 8. of October, 1568'.

9. *Webster, in his Witchcraft*: this book, *The displaying of supposed Witchcraft*, published in London, 1677, is amongst those which Lowell notices in his essay on Witchcraft (*Among My Books*). The author, John Webster, Practitioner in

Physick, exposes many fraudulent claims of witchcraft. See Chambers, *Book of Days*, vol. ii. 311, for a picture of a Sea-bishop, 'taken in Polonia in 1531'.

14. *St. Antony of Padua*: a famous mediaeval saint (1195-1231). 'On one occasion, at Rimini, there was a person who held heretical opinions, and in order to convince him of his error, Anthony caused the fishes in the water to lift up their heads and listen to his discourse.' Chambers, *Book of Days*, vol. i, p. 777. (Lowell refers to him elsewhere—Letter Introductory to *Biglow Papers*, 2nd Series, No. III).

16. *Sir John Hawkins*: 'About these [Canarie] Ilands are certaine flitting Ilands, which have beene oftentimes seene, and when men approched neere them, they vanished'. Hakluyt (Everyman edition, vol. vii, p. 10).

19. *Henry Hawkes*: 'The Spanyards have notice of seven cities which old men of the Indians show them should lie towards the Northwest from Mexico. They have used and use dayly much diligence in seeking of them, but they cannot find any one of them. They say that the witchcraft of the Indians is such, that when they come by these townes they cast a mist upon them, so that they cannot see them' (ibid., vol. vi, p. 283). Henry Hawkes was a merchant 'which lived five yeeres in Nova Hispania', or Mexico, and 'drew this relation' for Hakluyt.

30. *wonder-horn . . . Thor strove to drain*: Thor, on his journey to Jötunheim, was challenged by Utgard Loki to drain a horn, which he was unable to do though he tried thrice. Loki explained later that the horn reached to the ocean, and that Thor by his mighty draughts had diminished its waters.

33. *a tempest*: i. e. Shakespeare's *Tempest* (as is shown by the printing in the 1890 edition).

33. *Marco Polo*: the famous Venetian traveller (1254-1324). His *Book of Travels* remains (says Mr. John Masefield) 'the chief authority for parts of Central Asia, and of the vast Chinese Empire'. The reference is to Book I, chap. xxxvi, where he writes: 'Of the town of Lop—of the desert in its vicinity—and of the strange noises heard by those who pass over the latter.' (Everyman edition, pp. 99 sqq.) Some commentators have supposed that this passage suggested to Milton the lines that follow—*Comus*, 207. It is perhaps simpler to regard them as a reminiscence from the *Tempest*, especially the passage beginning, 'Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises' (III. ii. 147).

PAGE 119, 12. *El Dorado*: the legendary country of unbounded gold (lit. 'the gilded'), sought in vain by so many old travellers (e.g. Sir W. Raleigh). Orellana claimed to have found it near the Amazon. In reality, California is more an 'El Dorado' than any part of South America.

Bruce's Abyssinian kings: James Bruce was a famous Scotch explorer (1730-94). He travelled through Abyssinia and visited the source of the Blue Nile, which had been already discovered by the Jesuits. Though he made no great fresh discoveries, his work was of value as giving an impetus to further exploration in Africa. In 1790 he published, in five quarto volumes, his *Travels to Discover the Sources of the Nile in the Years 1768-73*.

13. *Prester John*: see note to p. 92. 17.

18. *Vulgar Errors*: the name is that commonly given to Sir Thomas Browne's *Pseudodoxia Epidemica, or Enquiries into Very Many Received Tenents and Commonly Presumed Truths* (1646).

the fishes which nidificated: i.e. built nests. See p. 59. 36.

19. *the monopodes sheltering themselves from the sun*: this may be illustrated by a passage from the *De Proprietatibus Rerum* of Bartholomaeus Anglicus (thirteenth century): 'And others there be in Ethiopia, and each of them have only one foot, so great and large that they beshadow themselves with the foot when they lie gaping on the ground in strong heat of the sun; and yet they be so swift that they be likened unto hounds in swiftness of running, and therefore among the Greeks they be called Cynopodes' (quoted in J. H. Robinson's *Readings in European History*, vol. i).

23. *the Acephali*: 'headless men'; Herodotus (iv. 191) mentions among the inhabitants of Libya, asses with horns, dog-headed men, and acephali with eyes in their breasts.

25. *Roc*: an enormous bird, in the story of *Sinbad the Sailor*, which could lift elephants in its claws and carry them off to its nest.

28. *the tails of the men of Kent*: according to Sir T. Browne, 'elder times . . . ascribed . . . the long tails of Kent, unto the malediction of Austin' [i.e. St. Augustine], *Pseud. Epidem.*, Book IV, chap. x. Polydore Vergil assigns the peculiarity, not to all Kentish men, but to the descendants of the men of Strood, who had cut off the tail of Becket's horse as the archbishop rode through the town. Cf. Andrew Marvell, 'The Loyal Scot', 99, 'For Becket's sake Kent always shall have tails' and Addison, *Spectator*, 173: 'Roman Catholics

imagine a Kentish man to be known by his tail'. Cf. Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, i. 384.

the no legs of the bird of paradise: this idea arose from the state of the skins as exported, or from their legs being feathered at the extremities. It was then supposed that they were always in the air, except when they hung from trees by their tail feathers. Cf. *Hudibras* (Part II, canto III, 416):

That, like a bird of Paradise,
Or herald's martlet, has no legs,
Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs.

29. *the Unicorn . . . all manner of poisons*: 'this vulgar error' is dealt with at length by Sir T. Browne, *Pseud. Epidem.*, Book III, chap. xxiii. He allows that it may be an antidote against some poisons.

31. *the Fountain of Youth*: supposed to restore youth; imagined as being in the Bahama Islands, or in the dominions of Prester John. Cf. Tylor, *Early History of Mankind*, p. 363.

32. *that Thessalian spring*: Alexander ab Alexandro, a Neapolitan jurist of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, gives a list of springs which punished perjury in his *Dies Geniales*, Book V, chap. x (Rome, 1522). He quotes instances from Sardinia, Bithynia, Arcadia, Corinth, and elsewhere, but makes no mention of Thessaly. The guilty person was detected in various ways: when dipped into the Sardinian spring he became blind if he had sworn falsely, but gained a clearer vision if his oath was true; at Tyana he broke out into boils and blains if guilty; elsewhere the water scorched and slew the perjurer. This last fact is vouched for by Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* xxxi. 2 (18). Other references are given by Andreas Tiraquellus in his notes to the *Dies Geniales* (Lyons, 1586). For the material for this note I am indebted to the kindness and learning of Professor Bensly.

35. *the Amazons of Orellana*: Orellana, Pizarro's lieutenant, claimed to have seen a race of woman warriors during his voyage down the Amazon (called after the female warriors of the Greek imagination). Cf. Prescott's *Conquest of Peru*, Book IV, chap. iv.

PAGE 120. 2. *stolen that, &c.*: cf. *Othello*, III. iii. 159:

he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

5. *Mr. J. E. Worcester*: Joseph Emerson Worcester, American lexicographer (1784-1865).

13. *ingenious*: corrected to 'ingenuous' in the edition of 1890; a reference to Juvenal's *ingenui vultus puer ingenuique pudoris* (*Sat.* xi. 154). 'Ingenuity' is, of course, the noun corresponding to 'ingenious', 'ingenuousness' to 'ingenuous'.

IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

PAGE 121. 25. *Mrs. Grundy*: the name is used for 'conventional propriety'; in Tom Morton's *Speed the Plough* (1798) a Mrs. Ashfield is very jealous of her neighbour, and constantly wonders, 'What will Mrs. Grundy say?'

PAGE 122. 6. *the grains of rice . . . story*: see Hans Andersen's tale of *The Tinder Box*.

10. *the Sierra Morena*: the mountain range between Castile and Andalusia; called *Morena* from its Moorish or dark colour. Here Don Quixote met with Cordenio, the disappointed lover (Part I, Book III, chaps. ix-xii).

25. '*your Raphaels, Correggios*': from Goldsmith's *Retaliation* (last lines):

When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios, and stuff,
He [Sir Joshua Reynolds] shifted his trumpet, and only took
snuff.

Raphael Sanzio (1483-1520) and Antonio Correggio (1494-1534) were two of the greatest Italian painters.

35. *Cape Cod*: the peninsula at the east of Massachusetts.

PAGE 124. 18. *cuneiform*: lit. 'wedge-shaped', from the shape of the characters found in ancient inscriptions in Persia and Assyria. See note to p. 106. 25.

27. *Havanna*: i.e. sugar, the principal export of Cuba in Lowell's day.

30. *ship's husband*: an agent appointed by the owners to attend to the ship's business while in port, especially to her stores, equipment, and repairs. The term is now little used, these duties being performed by the marine superintendent.

31. *poor relation*: an allusion to Lamb's essay on *Poor Relations*.


35. *yawing*: deviation from the course. For the word, cf. *Hamlet*, v. ii. 113.

PAGE 125. 9. *en rapport* : lit. 'in communication with'—i. e. to make him see a joke.

16. *stories of the older physiologists* : e. g. Iphis (see Ovid, *Metaph.* ix. 665–96) was changed into a youth by Isis. See also Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* vii. 4. Montaigne relates in amusing fashion a similar tale (*Essais*, i. xx, and again in his *Journal de Voyage*).

21. *shingle* : see note to p. 39. 25.

27. *St. Elmo's fires* : the electric light, seen chiefly on the masts of ships, during stormy weather.

28. *Marvell's corporants* : corporant (through Old Spanish *corpo santo* from Latin *corpus sanctum* = holy body) is another name for St. Elmo's fire. Andrew Marvell in his *First Anniversary*, 270, says : 

While baleful Tritons to the shipwreck guide,
And corporants along the tacklings slide.

It would appear from Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast* (chap. 34) that the word 'corporant' was used by American sailors in his time (about 1840).

29. *suffered a sea change* : from the familiar song in *The Tempest*, i. ii.

PAGE 126. 12. *calenture* : properly, a tropical fever ; here a vision, such as might be seen in delirium. Wordsworth uses *calenture* as a verb in similar sense.

15. *bumby* : by and by.

36. *rote* : noise of the surf.

PAGE 127. 10. *Malta is one, &c.* : Malta was captured by Napoleon (1798) from the Knights of St. John, who had held it since 1530 under the suzerainty of the King of Sicily. The English took it in 1800, since when it has been the most important British naval station in the Mediterranean.

ITALY

PAGE 128. 2. *Subiaco* : about fourteen miles east of Tivoli (the ancient Sublaqueum).

3. *the Ponte Sant' Antonio* : described p. 138. 30.

6. *hydrodynamics* : the science which deals with the motions of fluids.

10. *the 20th April* : 1852. Lowell made this trip during the last week of his visit to Rome in that year.

22. *travertine*: a porous, light-yellow rock, much used in Italy for building (the Coliseum, e. g., is built of this stone).

25. *that wondrous ode*: *Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood*.

33. *Byron's pump sucks . . . especially . . . at Terni*: see *Childe Harold*, iv. 69.

35. *Terni*: the waterfall of Terni in Umbria, about 48 miles north of Rome, is formed by the Velino just before it falls into the Nera. Byron compares the iris, or rainbow over the fall, to 'Love, watching madness with unalterable mien' (*ibid.* 72).

PAGE 129. 12. *Orrilo*: (the name should be Orillo), a magician, in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* (Book VIII), who could restore his limbs or his head when they were cut off. The secret, however, lay in one hair, and when this was severed by Astolpho, Orillo died.

17. *But Milton . . . in his eye*: all admirers of Lowell will be glad that this deplorable sentence was omitted in the revised (1890) edition.

20. *Giro*: 'circular tour'.

21. *the Sibilla*: a hotel at Tivoli.

24. *fifteen pauls*: = one scudo and a half (cf. p. 145. 17). In the coinage of the Papal States, 1 *scudo* = 10 *paoli*, and 1 *paolo* = 10 *bajocchi*. One *paolo* is equivalent to about $5\frac{1}{2}d$.

27. *the Claude*: i.e. a picture in the manner of the French painter, Claude Lorraine (1600–82), famous for the beauty and grace of his landscapes.

28. *Piranesi-Rembrandt*: Giambattista Piranesi (1720–78), an etcher and architect, called 'the Rembrandt of Architecture'. His views of Rome are well known. Lowell's phrase presumably refers to Piranesi's use of shadow.

31. *Girandola*: 'a discharge of rockets and other fireworks from a revolving wheel'; described by Lowell in a letter to his sister (see Scudder's *Life*, i. 341).

PAGE 130. 15. *Gaetani*: the people of Gaeta, a port about fifty miles north-west of Naples and sixty-five from Tivoli. It was besieged several times in history—e. g. by Alphonso V of Arragon, in 1435.

PAGE 131. 3. *a purse of Fortunatus*: i.e. inexhaustible. From the Italian fairy tale of Straparola. Fortunatus had also a wishing-cap; but these gifts were his ruin.

piccolo quarto d'ora: 'little quarter of an hour'.

5. *half-dime*: five cents, or $2\frac{1}{2}d$.

8. *Colophon*: the finishing touch of a book (Gk. κολοφών).

14. *Virgil's time or Ennius's*: referring to the *Georgics* of Virgil, and to Q. Ennius (239–169 B.C.), the father of Roman epic poetry; only a few fragments of his works are extant.

19. *the Temple of Cough*: Il Tempio della Tosse, the name given by local antiquaries to a small octagonal-domed building; probably, however, it is a sepulchre. It may once have been used as a Christian church. (See Hare and Baddeley, *Walks in Rome*, p. 672; information from this most valuable book has been used in several of the ensuing notes.)

22. *Dr. Wistar*: Caspar Wistar (1761–1818), an eminent American physician and anatomist; well known also as an abolitionist. The climbing shrub *Wistaria* is named after him.

the villa of Mecaenas: the spelling is corrected in the edition of 1890. It is most unlikely that Maecenas had a villa at Tibur; the building was perhaps a temple of Hercules.

28. *the horses on the Monte Cavallo*: the colossal steeds of Castor and Pollux, found in the Baths of Constantine, and set up at the base of the obelisk in the Piazza di Monte Cavallo. (For their story, see Hare and Baddeley, p. 313).

29. *the Villa d'Este*: built in 1549 for Cardinal Ippolito d'Este. Its gardens are particularly fine. As, however, Ariosto died in 1533 he can hardly have seen it.

36. *Italia Unita*: this union was achieved in 1860, when Victor Emmanuel, by the help of Garibaldi, became King of Italy.

PAGE 132. 23. *Lord Buchan*: David Stewart Erskine, Earl of Buchan (1742–1829), who was fond of boasting about his ancestry and relations.

27. *Non saprei, signorìa*: 'I don't know, your Lordship'.

33. *great dome*: of St. Peter's.

PAGE 133. 6. *the Villa of Hadrian*: an immense ruin—'once a stupendous eclectic conglomeration of beautiful buildings', which Hadrian spent almost his whole reign (A.D. 117–38) in building. See Hare and Baddeley, p. 666, for extract from Gregorovius's *Life of Hadrian*.

22. *the Sibyl's Temple*: a small circular building, so called, but really a temple of Vesta; formerly used as a church.

27. *ciceroni*: 'guides'.

34. *crustaceous*: see note to p. 59. 30.

PAGE 134. 12. *praeceps Anio*: Horace, *Odes*, I. vii. 13.

14. *the dissolve frigus of the Landlord*: see *Roderick Random*,

chap. x, which Lowell elsewhere describes as the cleverest scene of the book (*A Good Word for Winter*). Strictly speaking, it was not the landlord, but Roderick, who used the quotation (Horace, *Odes*, I. ix. 5).

PAGE 135. 7. *Mrs.* —: the 1890 edition supplies the name 'Rich' (cf. Scudder's *Life*, i. 329).

11. *Tito*: unidentified.

14. *Serapeion*: temple of Serapis, the Egyptian god, whose worship (together with that of Isis) was exceedingly popular at Rome under the Empire. Doubtless Hadrian's Villa would contain a Serapeion.

15. *Praetorian Guard*: the bodyguard of the Roman emperors.

16. *Naumachia* in Greek means 'sea-fight'. In Rome, however, the word was applied to sham naval contests, representing famous battles of history, and to the places used for such spectacles. The first was given by Julius Caesar in 46 B.C. (Suet. *Iul. Caes.* 19); the greatest was that given by Claudius in A.D. 52, in which no fewer than 19,000 men took part. The arena of the Circus Agonalis (or some such place) was flooded for the purpose; but private individuals gave these shows on a smaller scale (see Hor. *Epist.* I. xviii. 61). Hadrian's Villa contained a 'naumachia'.

20. *Mazeppa*: see Byron's *Mazeppa*, ix.

28. *exacerbating*, &c.: i.e. increasing the force which flies from the centre, and deadening that which seeks the centre.

The phrase ratio proportioned, &c.: 'a vague recollection' of Newton's law of gravitation, viz. that bodies attract each other with a force *inversely* proportionate to the squares of the distances.

PAGE 136. 1. *Eccomi quà!*: 'here I am'.

9. *tabula in naufragio*: 'a last means of safety'; lit. 'a plank to which to cling in a shipwreck'. *Tabula ex naufragio* is used by Cic. *Att.* iv. 18. 3.

15. *served Archimedes for his problem*: Archimedes, the famous mathematician (287–212 B.C.), claimed that with a long enough lever and a firm enough fulcrum he could move the earth—*ὁδὸς ποῦ στῶ, καὶ τὴν γῆν κινῆσω*.

21. *evisceration*: disembowelling.

22. *glary*: dazzling, shiny.

26. *forestiero*: stranger, foreigner.

28. *rack*: a horse's gait between trot and canter, both legs

of one side being lifted almost at once, and all four feet being off the ground together at moments.

32. *Saint Vitus*: his name was given to the disease (chorea) because of his supposed power of curing it. St. Vitus suffered as a martyr under Diocletian.

PAGE 137. 3. *Waterton's alligator*: Charles Waterton (1782–1865) made explorations in America 1812–23. He published (1825) his *Wanderings in South America*. The allusion is to Waterton's adventure with a cayman, 10½ feet long, which he was anxious to capture without injuring. He intended to ram down its throat the mast of the boat, but, seeing the creature was afraid, he vaulted on its back, and twisted up its fore-legs so that they served for a bridle. The cayman (to quote Waterton's account) 'now seemed to have recovered from his surprise, and probably fancying himself in hostile company, he began to plunge furiously, and lashed the sand with his long and powerful tail. I was out of the reach of the strokes of it, by being near his head. He continued to plunge and strike, and made my seat very uncomfortable. It must have been a fine sight for an unoccupied spectator.' Eventually they were hauled in, and Waterton killed and dissected the cayman.

5. *a species of equitation*: a punishment for unpopular persons in the wilder parts of the States consisted in mounting them astride on a rail and carrying them through the town to be pelted by the mob. Mark Twain describes such an incident in *Huckleberry Finn*.

7. *Horse and hattock!*: 'according to some of the Scotch stories, the witch after bestriding her broomstick, must repeat the magic formula, *Horse and Hattock!*' Lowell's *Witchcraft*. *Hattock* = 'little hat'.

22. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*: 'let the experiment be made on a cheap body'.

23. *Christopher Sly*: see *The Taming of the Shrew* (Introduction).

PAGE 138. 3. *Perchè mi scerpi*, &c.: 'Why dost thou tear me? hast thou no breath of pity?' *Inferno*, xiii. 35. The words are spoken by Pietro delle Vigne, a suicide, whose soul, transformed into a tree, Dante finds in the dismal Wood of Self-murderers. This lies in the Second Ring of the Seventh Circle of Hell.

7. *the great dome*: see note to p. 132. 33.

15. *Staffa*: in reference to Fingal's Cave.

23. *a flora of its own*: before the uprooting of the shrubs, &c., in 1874, the Coliseum had a flora of 420 species.

36. *casetta*: 'cottage'.

PAGE 139. 6. *preteriteness*: the state of being over and done with.

8. *Conclusum est*; *periisti*: 'all is over; thou hast perished'.

10. *Monte Cavi*: one of the extinct volcanoes of the Alban Hills—the highest and steepest of the chain.

15. *saurians*: lizard-like antediluvian animals (e.g. ichthyosaurus, pleiosaurus).

16. *like that which cried to the Egyptian pilot*: Plutarch (*De Oraculorum Defectu*, 419 B, C) tells that a flying voice, crying, 'Great Pan is dead', was heard by Thamus, a sailor, 'about the isles Echinades'; and that when he announced the news at Palodes, there arose a wailing in all the air. Cf. Mrs. Browning's *The Dead Pan*.

19. *the eye*: i.e. fire.

26. *hartshorn*: sal volatile.

30. *a concert of the spheres*: the notion of the music of the spheres originated with the Pythagoreans, who held that the distances between the heavenly bodies corresponded with musical intervals, and that therefore the planets must produce musical notes in their motion.

PAGE 140. 7. *since the time of the Republic*: i.e. since the Republic came in.

8. *oscurante*: 'obscurantist, reactionary'; i.e. in this case opposed to republicanism.

red: i.e. republican, France being in 1852 under Napoleon III. It was, too, the French who destroyed the Roman Republic in 1849.

12. *climbing Jacob's-ladders*: i.e. seeing visions. An allusion to the ladder seen in a vision by Jacob (Gen. xxviii. 12).

36. *poverino*: 'poor wretch'.

PAGE 141. 28. *porcheria*: 'a dirty business'.

PAGE 142. 12. *Claude's pictures*: see note to p. 129. 27.

14. *Tubal Cain*: Lowell has apparently confused Jubal, 'the father of all such as handle the harp and organ', with Tubal-cain, 'an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron'. (See Gen. iv. 20-2).

18. *incedit rex*: 'walks majestic as a king'—a reminiscence of Virgil's 'incedo regina' (*Aen.* i. 46).

21. *the Via Sacra*: the road leading from the Circus

Maximus to the Forum, along which the triumphal procession marched.

22. *caryatid*: a column in the form of a woman, supporting the *entablature*, i.e. the architrave, &c.

29. *Monticelli*: one of the Monti Corniculani, near the Sabine mountains.

31. *Soracte*: a high mountain in Etruria, on which was a temple of Apollo. It is famous from its mention by Horace (*Odes*, I. ix. 2) and Virgil. Now called Monte S. Oreste.

PAGE 143. 3. *Hogan Moganships*: a corruption of the Dutch *Hoogmogendheiden*, 'High Mightinesses', the title of the States-General. The term, in various spellings, is common in seventeenth-century English.

10. *Torneo*: apparently the site of some temple of Apollo, but the name appears in no gazetteer.

20. *S. with Grecian front*: perhaps Sarah Everett Hale, sister of Dr. E. E. Hale, who died young; *Saxon M.* being perhaps Story's sister Mary, who married George Ticknor Curtis, and who died in 1848. Both were members of 'The Band' of friends, which included Lowell and Story. See Hale's *Lowell and His Friends*, chap. vi.

35. *being done by Mercury himself*: Hermes (Mercury) reckoned amongst his many qualities theft, lying, and cheating. On the day of his birth he stole fifty cattle from his brother Apollo, and he endowed Pandora with the gift of lying. He was the patron of thieves, and father of Autolycus, the prince of thieves.

PAGE 144. 1. *Favorisca*: lit. 'do me the favour', i.e. to enter.

13. *fortemque Gyan fortemque Cloanthum*: Virgil, *Aen.* i. 222.

21. *combinazione*: 'agreement'.

29. *witenagemot*: the Anglo-Saxon parliament (lit. meeting of the wise).

PAGE 145. 1. *Macchè*: = *ma che*; lit. 'but what'.

17. *buonamano*: one of the many words in Italian for a 'tip'.

PAGE 146. 19. *morra*: 'Morra is played by the men, and merely consists in holding up, in rapid succession, any number of fingers they please, calling out at the same time the number their antagonist shows. Nothing, seemingly, can be more simple or less interesting. Yet, to see them play, so violent are their gestures, that you would imagine them possessed

by some diabolical passion. The eagerness and rapidity with which they carry it on render it very liable to mistake and altercation; then frenzy fires them, and too often furious disputes arise at this trivial play that end in murder. Morra seems to differ in no respect from the *micare digitis* of the ancient Romans' (Eaton's *Rome*, quoted by Hare and Baddeley, p. 589). Cf. Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, i. 75.

PAGE 147. 1. *povero stalliere*: 'poor ostler'.

9. *since '49*: on July 3, 1849, the French, under General Oudinot, entered Rome, and upset the Roman Republic, which had been proclaimed in March by Garibaldi. The French re-established Pius IX, and left a garrison in the city until 1870.

11. *mantis religiosus*: the edition of 1890 reads, more correctly, *religiosa*. This (called also *mantis oratoria*) was a kind of grasshopper or cricket—the Greek *μάντις* (see Theocr. x. 18) or *καλαμαία*. Lowell's primary sense is, of course, 'priest' (the usual meaning of *μάντις* being 'seer, prophet'); but he puns on the word.

12. *curculio*: weevil.

24. *Frascati*: a small town about fifteen miles south-east of Rome. It is a bishop's seat.

33. *Civita Vecchia*: a port thirty-eight miles north-west of Rome.

PAGE 148. 20. *the dwellings of men high up on its sacred cliffs*: those of the workmen. 'We climbed up to the roof of the church, where one finds the image of a well-built town in miniature—houses and shops, fountains (in semblance, at least), churches, and a great temple—all in the air, and beautiful walks between.'—Goethe (quoted by Hare and Baddeley, p. 528).

21. *its annual eruption*: cf. *infra*, p. 191.

24. *Portici*: on the Bay of Naples, below Vesuvius ('the imprisoned Titan'). The Titans, sons of Uranus and Gaea, being defeated in their war with the Gods, were cast down into Tartarus.

PAGE 149. 6. *Cenci*: 'rags'.

8. *metamorphosis*: transformation. The *Metamorphoses* is the best-known work of Ovid (43 B.C.—A.D. 17).

that darkest Roman tragedy: the horrible crimes of Francesco Cenci led to his murder (in 1598), in which his daughter Beatrice was implicated. Shelley's tragedy has made the story familiar.

10. *endive* : a kind of chicory, used as salad.

the slimy Triton in the Piazza Barberini : the figure is by Bernini.

23. *the chariot of Achilles* : at the tail of which Achilles dragged the corpse of Hector thrice round the walls of Troy (*Iliad*, xxiv. 14 sqq.).

the son of Thetis : Achilles. Thetis was a sea-goddess.

28. *the Quattro Fontane* : a street, near the Barberini Palace, named after four statues of river-gods in its fountains.

29. *propugnaculum* : lit. 'bulwark', 'defence', i.e. springs.

32. *tufo* : 'sandstone'.

breccia : rock of angular stones, &c., cemented by lime, &c.

PAGE 150. 6. *the author of Vestiges* : Robert Chambers (1802–71), whose *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, published anonymously in 1844, in many ways forestalled the theory of natural selection as announced by Darwin in 1859.

13. *doganiere* : 'customs-officer'.

20. *the Barberini Palace* : begun by Urban VIII, and finished by Bernini in 1640. It is an immense and magnificent building.

21. *the Farnese* : the most splendid palace in Rome ; begun by Paul III (1534–50) ; it was finished by his nephew, Cardinal Alessandro Farnese.

22. *the Borghese* : begun in 1590, finished by Paul V (Camillo Borghese, 1605–21).

PAGE 151. 4. *San Lorenzo* : the great basilica of San Lorenzo fuori le Mura, on the road to Tivoli.

30. *albergo* : 'inn'.

32. *rin fresco* : 'refreshment'.

34. *Consul Rienzi* : Cola di Rienzi (1313–54), a Roman of humble birth, who raised the people against the tyranny of the nobles. He became 'tribune of the Holy Roman Republic', in which position he had practically the powers of a dictator. At first he used his power well, and endeavoured to form a united Italy ; but afterwards he became tyrannous and bloodthirsty, and finally was murdered by the Roman mob. His story, one of the most extraordinary in history, has been made familiar by Wagner and Lord Lytton.

PAGE 152. 3. *Clotho* : one of the three Moerae, or Fates. According to the usual legend, Clotho spins the thread of life, Lachesis measures its length, and Atropos ('the blind Fury with the abhorred shears') cuts it off.

9. *Charon's ferriage*: Charon ferried the souls of the dead across the river of Hades, charging a fee of an obolus (about $1\frac{1}{2}d.$). The coin was put in the mouths of the dead for this purpose.

23. *George Sand*: a famous French novelist (1804-76). Her real name was Aurore Dupin, baronne Dudevant.

Eugène Sue: French novelist (1804-57).

Gioberti, Vincenzo: Italian philosopher and statesman (1801-52).

26. *Swedenborg*, Emanuel: Swedish theologian and mystic (1688-1772), founder of the religious sect called after him.

Strauss, David Friedrich: German rationalistic theologian (1808-74), famous chiefly for his *Leben Jesu* (which would of course be in the Index Expurgatorius).

PAGE 153. 17. *Palestrina*: the ancient Praeneste, where was a famous temple of Fortuna.

22. *Nimroud*: see note to p. 46. 3.

24. *Memphian*: adj. of Memphis, the great Egyptian city, which after the fall of Thebes became the capital.

26. *shade of ancient pain*: i.e. C. Marius, the famous Roman general and popular leader, seven times consul (157-86 B. C.). During his long life he had reverses of fortune, especially when Sulla gained the supremacy, and Marius was forced to flee from Italy.

29. *And thou that in the Sibyl's tome, &c.*: the next stanza makes it clear that this refers to Cardinal Wolsey, but an industrious search into his life has revealed nothing that throws any light on the passage, the grammar of which is inexplicable until the incident referred to is discovered. The *Sibyl's tome* is presumably put for the Book of Fate and has no reference to the Sibylline books purchased by Tarquin the Proud.

35. *her slippery wheel*: the *locus classicus* for Fortune's wheel is perhaps Fluelen's speech, *Henry V*, III. vi. 31 sqq.

PAGE 154. 2. *Pelasgic*: see note to p. 28. 31.

25. *apotheoses*: deifications.

PAGE 155. 21. *tibiae*: shin-bones, drumsticks.

27. *felt of him*: an Americanism for 'felt him over' (Webster).

31. *Thessalian hags*: the Thessalians were notorious for their use of poisons, and incantations by which they could draw the moon from the sky.

36. *Plato's men*: 'Plato defined man thus: "Man is a two-footed, featherless animal", and was much praised for the definition; so Diogenes plucked a cock and brought it into his school, and said, "This is Plato's man". On which account this addition was made to the definition: "with broad flat nails".' Diog. Laert., *Life of Diog.*, c. vi (trans. Yonge). The definition (ἄνθρωπος ζῶν ἄπτερον, δίπουν, πλατυώνυχον) is found in the pseudo-Platonic *Definitions*, 415 A. Cf. Dryden's *Absolom and Achitophel*, 169.

PAGE 156. 16. *The prosperity of a dinner, &c.*: adapted from *Love's Labour Lost*, v. ii. 869-70,

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it.

PAGE 157. 2. *threnody*: song of lamentation, elegy.
33. *Olevano*: a few miles north-east of Palestrina.

PAGE 159. 15. *Froissart*: the famous chronicler of the Hundred Years' War (1338-1404).

18. *Afrite*: an Arabian demon or ghou (spelt also Afriet, Afrit). It is said that Solomon caught one and made it obedient to him.

26. *scomodissima*: 'very bad'.

PAGE 160. 6. *formicated*: swarmed, like ants (Lat. *formica*).

12. *Heraclitus*: the famous philosopher of Ephesus (c. 535-475 B.C.). According to an old (but baseless) story Heraclitus wept, while Democritus laughed, at the follies of humanity. See Juvenal, x. 28 (and Mayor, ad loc.), and Montaigne's essay (Book I, chap. 1).

PAGE 161. 10. *bajocchi*: see note to p. 129. 24.

11. *pizzicarolo*: 'pork-butcher'.

26. *Birbone*: lit. 'vagabond'.

31. *the tortoise that sustains the globe*: 'the Tortoise that upholds the earth is called in Sanskrit Kûrmarâja, "King of the Tortoises", and the Hindus believe to this day that the world rests upon its back. Sometimes the snake Sesha bears the world on its head, or an elephant carries it upon its back, and both snake and elephant are themselves supported by the great Tortoise'. Tylor, *Early History of Mankind*, p. 340 (cf. *Primitive Culture*, i. 364). This myth closely resembles others found in North and South America.

33. *Birbante* : 'rogue'.

36. *Jehoiada-box* : see note to p. 54. 1.

PAGE 162. 1. *Andate vi far friggere* : 'go and roast yourself'.

21. *mezzotinted* : a mezzotint is a kind of engraving.

25. *doganiere* : 'customs officer'.

PAGE 163. 21. *Chè per poco, &c.* : 'A little longer and I will quarrel with thee' (*Inferno*, xxx. 132).

PAGE 164. 1. *the cerebrum*, or brain proper, is situated in the forward and upper part of the skull; in man it occupies almost the whole cavity. The *cerebellum* ('little brain') is much smaller and lies behind and below the other. Their functions are not fully understood, but the cerebrum appears to be the seat of the intelligence and of voluntary activities, the cerebellum of the less conscious processes.

7. *to spindle* : to shoot out into a slender stem.

23. *unassuetude* : novelty.

PAGE 167. 3. *Longinus* : cf. 'Longinus in his discourse *Περὶ ὕψους* has commended timely oaths as not only a useful but sublime figure of speech'.—Letter Introd. to *Biglow Papers*, 1st Series, No. II. Longinus was a Greek critic, d. A. D. 273, who is known chiefly for his treatise *On the Sublime*. The reference is to Sections 16, 17 of this work, where Longinus treats of Adjuration as one of the Figures of Speech that helps Sublimity.

4. *Fuseli, Henry* : (or Fuessli), a Swiss author and painter (1739 ?–1825). He translated *Macbeth* into German. After studying art at Rome, by the advice of Sir Joshua Reynolds, he came to England, and became ultimately Keeper of the Royal Academy. I have not found the passage in which he commends swearing. Leigh Hunt (*Autobiography*, chap. x) gives a vivid picture of Fuseli, and records the old man's 'passion for swearing'.

10. *the Colonna* : a celebrated Roman family, amongst whose members were popes, cardinals, generals, &c.

16. *Benissimo* : 'very well'.

25. *calotype* : one of the earliest kinds of photograph, preceding the glass plate.

PAGE 168. 1. *Aleatico* = *leatico*, the name of a kind of grape from which is made an exquisite wine of the same name.

8. *frittata* : 'omelet'.

27. *fiasco* : 'flask'.

28. *the giant who was so taken in* : see Grimm's story of *The Brave Little Tailor*.

PAGE 169. 5. *Septentrions* : 'northerners' (Lat. *septentriones*, the seven stars that compose the Great Bear).

17. *terrae filius* : 'son of the soil', i.e. giant ; in Greek mythology the Giants had Ge (the Earth) for their mother.

2. *flunkey* is possibly connected with 'flank', but *henchman* has no connexion with 'haunch'.

PAGE 170. 6. *arra* : originally from a Hebrew word, through the Greek ἀπαβών (=pledge). As a cry to horses it is evidently the same as the Spanish *arre*, from which comes *arriero*, a muleteer. This word, according to Ford, means 'a gee-upper, for his *arre arre* is pure Arabic, as are almost all the terms connected with his craft' (*Gatherings from Spain*, chap. vii).

21. *Bishop Wilkins* : the reference is not, as suggested by Mr. E. V. Lucas, to Peter Wilkins (the hero of *The Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins*, by R. Paltock, 1751), but to John Wilkins (1614-72), Bishop of Chester, who wrote *The Discovery of a World in the Moone* (1638).

PAGE 171. 3. *in situ* : 'in position'.

5. *Scalinata* : 'staircases'. The Scala di Spagna is especially frequented by models.

20. *vino asciutto* : 'thin wine'.

PAGE 173. 30. *progued* : past tense of *progue*, or *prog*, = *prod*.

ahrred : see note to p. 170. 6.

32. *Tom Coryate's compasses* : i.e. legs. Thomas Coryate (1577?-1617) was a traveller and writer. On one occasion he came from Venice to London, 1,975 miles, almost entirely on foot. He hung up in Odcombe Church, Somerset, the shoes in which he made this journey. In 1611 was published an account of his travels, entitled *Coryats Crudities* ; to this were affixed many mock panegyrical verses, by various authors. Later in life he made extensive journeys in the East, again mostly on foot. Amongst other titles, he called himself 'the Odcombian Legge-stretcher'.

PAGE 174. 26. *Chi è* : 'Who is it ?'

Due forestieri : 'two strangers'.

34. *in the costume which Don Quixote wore* : i.e. naked.

Don Quixote was acting the part of the slighted lover. See note to p. 122. 10.

PAGE 175. 1. *frittata col prosciutto* : 'omelet with ham'.

8. *eccoci finalmente arrivati* : 'here we are arrived at last'.

35. *Cellini* : Benvenuto Cellini, the famous Florentine sculptor (1500-70); he excelled both in metal work and sculpture. His *Autobiography* is one of the most interesting books in existence.

PAGE 176. 1. *Santa Scholastica* : see note to p. 33. 36. In this Benedictine convent, near Subiaco, Conrad Schweinheim and Arnold Pannartz, the German printers, set up their press, and produced the works of Lactantius, the *Civitas Dei* of St. Augustine, and Cicero's *de Oratore*. In 1467 they transferred their works to the Palazzo Massimo at Rome.

25. *peeping*, &c. :

One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave.

Wordsworth, 'A Poet's Epitaph', st. 5.

29. *wir haben ja aufgeklärt* : 'we have indeed enlightened'; it should stand, '*wir sind aufgeklärt worden*' (=we have been enlightened). See note to p. 115. 33.

31. *a dear friend* : see Introduction, p. 21. This letter, dated June 24, 1859, is given (with certain variations) by Norton, i. 325. The trip described in it was to Hull, in Boston Harbour.

34. *Passawampscot* is not given in the gazetteers, but presumably it is in Boston Harbour.

PAGE 177. 11. *lampadone* : an ancient Greek candelabrum of sixteen lights, the gem of the Museum of Etruscan Antiquities at Cortona.

14. *Pre-Raphaelite* : see note to p. 93. 20.

34. *groundsel* : an unusual word for 'threshold'.

PAGE 178. 2. *husking-bee* : a meeting of neighbours or friends for husking [i.e. stripping off the husks of] Indian corn (Webster).

34. *Hobbinol* : the pastoral name given by Spenser (*Shepherd's Calendar*) to his friend Gabriel Harvey, the poet.

PAGE 179. 20. *Panahmy* : presumably the Isthmus of Panama.

36. *locandiera* : 'inn-keeper', 'hostess'.

A FEW BITS OF ROMAN MOSAIC

PAGE 181. 1. *hit the white*: i.e. the bull's eye. Cf. *The Taming of the Shrew*, v. ii. 187, and *Hamlet*, iv. i. 42, 'as level as the cannon to his blank'.

2. *his Italian Guide-Book*: i.e. *Childe Harold*. Cf. p. 128, 30.

when he called Rome 'my country': *Childe Harold*, iv. 78.

14. *Via Aurelia*: the Aurelian way, called after the builder, Aurelius (who is otherwise unknown). It ran north from Rome, through Civita Vecchia (Centumcellae), to Pisa. Lowell had come by boat from Pisa to Civita Vecchia (cf. p. 162).

25. *Charon*: see note to p. 152. 9.

PAGE 182. 3. *Yecip*: this should be 'Yee-ip' (ed. of 1890).

7. *Bernini's angels*: the statues of angels on the Ponte S. Angelo (Hadrian's Pons Aelius) are from the designs of Bernini (1598-1680). The idea of Clement IX was that angels should welcome the pilgrim on his approach to the shrine of St. Peter. The bridge was restored, and greatly mutilated, in 1898.

polking: dancing the polka.

11. *sbirro*: 'policeman'.

12. *doganiere*: see note to p. 162. 25.

16. *the column of Antoninus*: erected A. D. 176, in honour of Marcus Aurelius; discovered in 1709, and now standing in the centre of the Piazza Colonna.

17. *Dogana*: 'custom-house'.

24. *the Tenth Legion*: Caesar's favourite legion. For full details see Stock's edition of *Caesar de B. G.*, p. 199.

25. *Chasseurs de Vincennes*: the rifle corps of the Duc d'Orléans, originally garrisoned at Vincennes (1835).

28. *King Stock*: as being the centre of the financial world.

29. *apotheosis*: see note to p. 154. 25.

PAGE 182. 5. *Marathon*: the famous victory of the Athenians over the Persians, 490 B. C.

6. *Lexington*: see note to p. 33. 20.

8. *metempsychosis*: transmigration of the soul.

firmamental: i.e. like those of the firmament, or sky.

9. *historionomers*: one versed in the principles which regulate the course of history. A nonce word, formed after astronomer (*N. E. D.*).

11. *orrery*: an apparatus to show the motions of the planets round the sun (called after Charles Boyle, fourth Earl of Orrery, at whose expense it was made in 1715).

12. *peridynamis* and *apodynamis*: these words, which are not in the *N. E. D.*, Lowell apparently uses instead of 'perihelion' and 'aphelion', the points in a planet's orbit where it is respectively nearest to and farthest from the sun; his general sense being 'the waxing and waning of dynasties'.

27. *Caracalla's baths*: the *Thermae Antoninianae*, begun by Caracalla in 212; they could accommodate 1,600 bathers, and are now second in size only to the Colosseum of all the ruins in Rome. They are less overgrown and so less beautiful now than at the time of Lowell's visit.

33. *the foundations of the Capitol were laid*: Livy (i. 55) gives this legend. It was evidently invented to provide an etymology for *Capitolium*, as though from *caput*.

PAGE 184. 8. *San Paolo fuori le mura*: the great Basilica of St. Paul outside the wall, built to commemorate the Apostle's martyrdom. It contains mosaics representing Christ surrounded by Apostles and the Holy Innocents. Burnt down in 1823, but rebuilt.

PAGE 185. 14. *Piazza Rusticucci*: in front of the Piazza S. Pietro; here one obtains the first view of the colonnades of St. Peter's.

15. *Basilica*: this word, originally meaning a royal palace, was applied to a particular kind of building, used as a law court, and afterwards as a Christian church. In Rome the name was given especially to the seven churches founded by Constantine.

16. *Bramante*: the colonnades were really built by Bernini in 1657-67. Bramante (1444-1514) designed the new St. Peter's, to take the place of the old church, destroyed by Julius II. The work was continued by many architects, of whom the most famous was Michelangelo (under Julius III); but it was not finished for 176 years.

20. *impetuous recoil*: from *Paradise Lost*, ii. 880.

31. *all the dance and song, &c.*: a reminiscence of Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale*.

PAGE 186. 2. *fatally-chosen*: i.e. as though decreed by the Fates, inevitably right.

22. *iconoclast*: lit. image-breaker; so, one who destroys cherished beliefs.

28. *Panza* : Sancho Panza, Don Quixote's squire.

PAGE 187. 8. *Humbug* : the word was, as a matter of fact, invented about 1750.

14. *Pegasus* : the horse of the Muses—though not so described in the earliest classical mythology. See note to p. 193. 4.

28. *Puseyism* : i.e. Tractarianism, the High Church movement advocated by the *Tracts for the Times* (1833–41). Named after Edward Bouverie Pusey (1800–82), with Newman, Keble, Froude, &c., the principal writer of the *Tracts*.

PAGE 188. 21. *his Moses . . . his prophets and Sibyls* : the *Moses* was sculptured for the tomb of Julius II, and is now in the Church of S. Pietro in Vincoli. The *Prophets* and *Sibyls* figure in Michelangelo's great painting of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel (in the Vatican).

23. *those great pagans* : Lowell probably means the four allegorical figures, of *Day and Night*, *Dawn and Twilight*, which are below the statues of Giuliano and Lorenzo de' Medici in the Sagrestia Nuova of San Lorenzo. Michelangelo's *Bacchus*, *Brutus*, and *Adonis* are in the Bargello.

29. *the canopy over the high altar* : the bronze Baldacchino, designed by Bernini (1633). The Pope alone celebrates mass at the high altar, and only on special occasions.

32. *putti* : 'boys'.

PAGE 189. 11. *how much the church cost* : 'The expense of the main building alone has been estimated at £10,000,000. The annual expense of repairs is £6,300' (Hare and Baddeley, *Walks in Rome*).

19. *a separate atmosphere* : 'the temperature of St. Peter's seems, like the happy islands, to experience no change. In the coldest weather, it is like summer to your feelings, and in the most oppressive heats it strikes you with a delightful sensation of cold—a luxury not to be estimated except in a climate such as this' (Eaton's *Rome*—quoted by Hare and Baddeley).

34. *Bishop Goliath* : see note to p. 58. 34.

35. *sufistic* : i.e. symbolical—from Sufi, a Mohammedan pantheistic mystic.

PAGE 190. 1. *the first step of a true traveller* : cf. the line quoted by Hazlitt ('On going a Journey') : 'Out of my country and myself I go.'

3. *hunts foxes* : there are meets twice weekly from November till March.

6. *the Sistine Miserere* : see Introduction, p. 14.

8. *treason to Sheffield* : see note to p. 63. 29.

23. *till the Italian gave him a fork* : forks were introduced from Italy by Tom Coryate. See note to p. 173. 32.

25. *Browning has given the best picture* : *Christmas Eve*, x.

PAGE 191. 25. *the Trinità dei Monti* : a church built in 1495, famous for the singing of the nuns of the adjoining Convent of the Sacré Cœur. The Easter illumination of St. Peter's is described in W. W. Story's *Roman Diary* (see Henry James's *Life*, i. 147, and cf. Scudder's *Life of Lowell*, i. 339).

PAGE 192. 4. *Avanti* : 'Forward', 'Go on'.

15. *travertine* : see note to p. 128. 22.

PAGE 193. 4. *Schiller's Pegasus in yoke* : the general idea of Schiller's poem is that Pegasus, being bought in the market by a farmer, Hans, is found unserviceable for running in harness or drawing a plough. Finally a beauteous youth appears, who asks Hans for permission to try the horse ; he unyokes and mounts Pegasus, who soars off into the air. Longfellow's *Pegasus in Pound* is somewhat similar in thought.

9. *Provident Judas* : John xii. 3, 4.

14. *the Nymph Cochituate* : Cochituate is a lake in Middlesex Co., Mass., used as water supply for Boston. Cf. Lowell's *Ode Written for the Celebration of the Introduction of the Cochituate Water into the City of Boston*.

25. *to spindle* : see note to p. 164. 7.

30. *Utah* : acquired by the United States from Mexico in 1848, but not admitted into the Union until 1894.

PAGE 194. 5. *Le superflu, chose très-nécessaire* : 'the superfluous is a very necessary thing'. Lowell uses this quotation also in his *Essay on New England Two Centuries Ago*. It comes from Voltaire's *Mondain* (1736) :

O le bon temps que ce siècle de fer !
Le superflu, chose très-nécessaire,
A réuni l'un et l'autre hémisphère.

The epigram is neither original (for Molière uses it) nor profound.

17. *the grotto of Egeria* : a ruined Nymphaeum of the

second century ; formerly called the Grotto of Egeria. See Byron, *Childe Harold*, iv. 115 sqq. ; and, for an interesting account of Herodes Atticus, its former owner, Hare and Baddeley, *Walks in Rome*, p. 290.

20. *Pio Nono* : Pius IX, Pope from 1846 to 1878. He promulgated the dogmas of the Immaculate Conception and of the Infallibility of the Pope. See note to p. 28. 14.

PAGE 195. 18. *parvenuism* : a parvenu is a vulgar upstart : ' nouveau riche '.

20. *where Michael Angelo . . . baths* : Michelangelo at the order of Pius IV converted the Tepidarium of Diocletian's Baths into the church known as S. Maria degli Angeli.

27. *Victor Hugo* : though a very great poet, dramatist, and novelist, Victor Hugo tended to the bombastic in his writings (1802-85).

33. *Milo* : a great athlete of Crotona, six times victor in wrestling in the Olympian and Pythian games. ' Passing through a forest in his old age, he saw the trunk of a tree which had been partially split open by woodcutters, and attempted to rend it further, but the wood closed upon his hands, and thus held him fast, in which state he was attacked and devoured by wolves.' Smith's *Class. Dict.*

PAGE 196. 1. *Eve* : i.e. the Creation of Eve, on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

2. *David* : one of Michelangelo's youthful statues (1504), at Florence. See note to p. 38. 19.

his Sibyls, his Prophets : see note to p. 188. 21.

his Sonnets : these, the work of his old age, were chiefly inspired by his admiration for Vittoria Colonna. They have been translated into English by J. A. Symonds. Cf. Landor's *Imaginary Conversation* between Vittoria Colonna and Michelangelo Buonarroti.

6. *gôitre* : ' a swelling of the neck '.

26. *Vaurien* : ' good-for-nothing '.

27. *the Fool's Paradise* : the ' limbus fatuorum ', a special purgatory for those incapable of conscious sin ; so there was a ' limbus infantium '. Cf. the satirical passage in *Paradise Lost*, iii. 445 sqq.

29. *Faniente* : ' do-nothing '.

PAGE 197. 29. *qualche cosa per carità* : ' something for charity's sake '.

35. *Triregno*: the triple crown of the Pope, representing his position as High Priest, Emperor, and King.

36. *the pence of Peter*: an annual tribute of one penny, paid at the feast of St. Peter to the Pope; formerly paid by every family, but now restricted. Henry VIII abolished this tax in England.

PAGE 198. 11. *Eh già*: 'certainly'.

26. *Fortunatus purses*: see note to p. 131. 3.

29. *St. Vitus' dance*: see note to p. 136. 32.

30. *prima ballerina*: 'première danseuse'.

the Apollo: presumably an American theatre.

PAGE 199. 12. *Fanientes*: see note to p. 196. 29.

14. *as the witches parody the Christian offices of devotion*: see Lowell's *Witchcraft* for the mock baptisms, &c., practised by witches.

19. *anti-Fourierist*: François-Charles-Marie Fourier (1772–1837) was a famous French writer on social matters. One of his theories was that if each person chose the form of work most congenial to himself, there would be willing workers in every department; his opponents declared, in the ultimate, that all work was distasteful to everybody. Yet even they must admit that these *Fanientes* enjoyed their so-called work.

26. *Felicità*: 'prosperity'.

Grazia: 'thanks'.

PAGE 201. 22. *old man of the sea*: the creature which got on Sinbad's back, and which he could not dislodge till he had made him drunk (Fifth Voyage).

PAGE 202. 4. *the Sasso di Dante*: a stone, in the Piazza del Duomo at Florence, said to have been a favourite seat of Dante's; it is now let into the wall. Of this Mrs. Browning wrote:

On the stone

Called Dante's,—a plain flat stone scarce discerned
From others in the pavement—whereupon

He used to bring his quiet chair out, turned
To Brunelleschi's church, and pour alone
The lava of his spirit when it burned.

(*Casa Guidi Windows*.)

5. *Horace's Sabine farm*: see, e.g., *Odes*, II. xviii. 14. It was given to Horace by Maecenas, and kept him in comfort for the rest of his life. Its situation was near the Digentia, about fifteen miles from Tibur (Tivoli).

the tomb of Virgil: on the road between Naples (his favourite resort) and Puteoli (Pozzuoli). A tomb, said to be Virgil's, is still shown there; there are legends that St. Paul visited it, and that Petrarch planted a laurel on the spot. Formerly it contained a marble urn, with the famous couplet:

Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc
Parthenope: cecini pascua, rura, duces.

9. *the Bear Inn*: Locanda dell' Orso. See Montaigne's *Journal de Voyage*, ed. Lautrey, p. 205. It is said that Dante also stayed at this inn.

17. *Austrian drums*: the Grand Dukes of Austria held Florence from 1814 till 1859, with the support of a large army. Tuscany was incorporated with the rest of Italy in 1860, under Victor Emmanuel.

18. *Ancora mi raccapriccia*: 'I am again horror-stricken'.

26. *O, che bellezza!*: 'Oh, what beauty!'

28. *the Greeks and Trojans over the body of Patroclus*: *Iliad*, xvii. When Achilles refused to fight, because Agamemnon cheated him of his prize, the captive Briseis, Patroclus his friend disguised himself in the arms of Achilles, and went into the battle. At first the Trojans fled before him, but afterwards, perceiving their mistake, they fell upon him and slew him. Then there was a great contest to recover his body.

PAGE 203. 15. *the Villa Albani*: built in 1750 by Cardinal Alessandro Albani, who adorned the garden with an obelisk stolen from the Prince of Palestrina. The view from the terrace has been spoilt by buildings erected in front.

17. *Price*: Sir Uvedale Price (1747-1829) was a friend of Charles James Fox, with whom he travelled on the Continent. He published in 1794 *An Essay on the Picturesque*.

18. *Racine*: the great French dramatist (1639-99). His tragedies, written according to the rules of unity, &c., are very formal compared with Shakespeare's.

24. *Fountains Abbey*: see note to p. 58. 33.

27. *Prince Polonia*: the name given by Thackeray to a Roman banker, presumably as being a Polish Jew. See *The Newcomes*, chap. xxxix.

32. *the garden of the French Academy*: the French Academy of Art (founded by Louis XIV in 1666) was transferred in 1801 to the Villa Medici.

PAGE 204. 8. *the Colonna Palace*: begun by Martin V (fifteenth century), and continued at intervals. It was used as a residence by several Popes. It probably takes its name from the neighbouring site of the fortress of the Colonna family.

9. *the Fountain of Trevi*: erected by Niccolò Salvi for Clement XII (1735). See Hawthorne's description in *Transformation*, chap. xvi.

18. *Nimrods*: i. e. hunters; from Nimrod, who was 'a mighty hunter before the Lord' (Genesis x. 9).

31. *Good old plan, &c.*: quoted (inaccurately) from Wordsworth's *Rob Roy's Grave*.

PAGE 205. 3. *the panache of Henry Quatre at Ivry*: He cried to his troops: 'Si vous perdez vos enseignes, ralliez-vous à mon panache blanc; vous le trouverez toujours au chemin de l'honneur et de la victoire.' Cf. Macaulay's *Ivry*, 21:

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant
crest . . .

and again 38 sqq. At the battle of Ivry (March 14, 1590) Henry of Navarre defeated the armies of the League.

6. *Gessler*: Austrian governor of the three Forest Cantons of Switzerland (early in the fourteenth century). Gessler hoisted the ducal cap on a pole in the square of Altorf, and commanded the Swiss to salute it as they passed. William Tell refused to obey, and was condemned to the famous punishment of shooting at an apple placed on his son's head. Gessler was eventually shot by William Tell, and Switzerland freed from the Austrian yoke. The story has become celebrated through Schiller's play and Rossini's opera.

7. *anguillicept*: 'eel-catcher'—a word coined for the occasion.

9. *vulnerable, like Achilles*: Thetis, according to later legends, dipped Achilles in the river Styx, rendering him invulnerable, except for the heel by which she held him—and in which he was subsequently wounded fatally by the spear of Paris, guided by Apollo. Hence the name 'Achilles tendon' for that connecting the heel with the calf.

15. *Briseis*: i. e. a prize which eluded his grasp. See note to p. 202. 28.

23. *Gaudeant anguillae, &c.*: 'Eels may rejoice if that fellow be dead, who tortured them as though they were guilty of

a capital offence'. Since they contain three false quantities, a hiatus, and a phrase (*morte reus*) which is not Latin, the verses are almost certainly Lowell's.

27. *Chapman*: see note to p. 114. 3.

30. *Jeremy Taylor*: the famous divine; chaplain to Laud and Charles I, and Bishop of Down and Connor (1613-67). He was famous for the eloquence of his sermons, and he still lives in his *Holy Living* (1650) and *Holy Dying* (1651). Lowell speaks of 'the ethereal tincture that pervades the style of Jeremy Taylor, making it, as Burke said of Sheridan's eloquence, "neither prose nor poetry, but something better than either"', and goes on to analyse the charm of his sentences (*Essay on Dryden*, Collected Edition, vol. iii. p. 121).

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